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TWO ROSES.

Bastien Lepage.

JEANNE D'ARC LISTENING TO THE VOICES.

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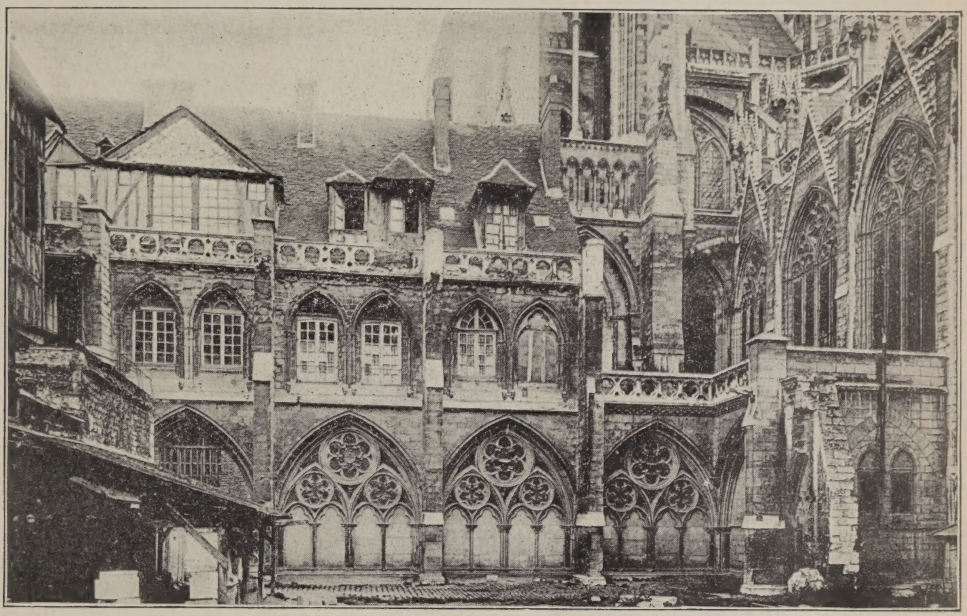


COURTYARD AND SIDE ENTRANCE TO CATHEDRAL, ROUEN.

SUMMER DAYS IN ROUEN.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

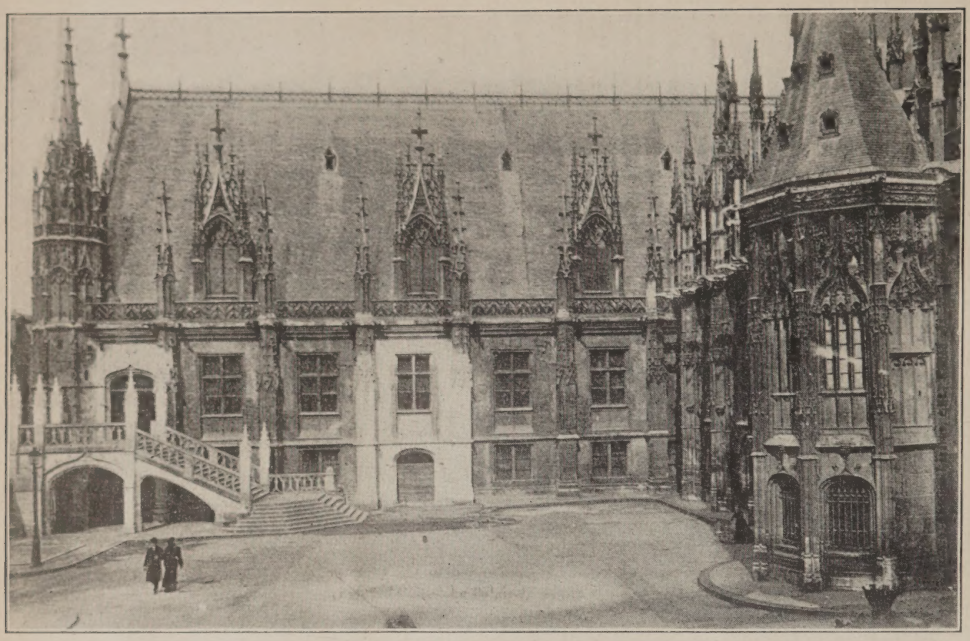
A week of incessant downpour and persistent fog in London had made the prospective Channel crossing a haunting nightmare. But as we neared the coast the clouds lifted, the rain ceased, and, though the mist and leaden sky persisted, we found the sea smooth as glass. Suddenly the sun burst forth,—*la belle* France lay before us in her radiant beauty, and the quaint old City of Calais smilingly welcomed us to the French coast.

"A doll—a doll, dressed in fisherman's costume—but one franc, *chère* Mademoiselle!" "No, no, buy my cherries! Only ten sous for these ripe red cherries!"

"It is the doll that will tell thee of France when thou art far away, *ma mignonne*. Wilt thou not buy of thy old grandmother?"

"Out of the way there, *grandmere!* Do you not see that the demoiselle is weary and wishes wine that will refresh her?"

A few short hours before we had left a grey, silent city. Londoners, at best, can scarcely be described as a gay, light-hearted people, and during those days of rain and gloom the national character



THE PALACE OF JUSTICE.

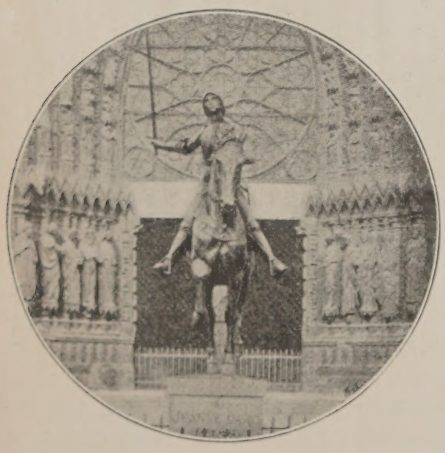
had grown no less serious. Here all was animation, gayety. We rubbed our eyes. Were we dreaming or had some fairy wand waved over our somber world, converting it into a place of radiance and light, of gay chatter and careless mirth? For centuries the French and English have lived side by side, separated only by the narrow Channel that can be crossed in a single hour, yet differing more widely than any other two nations of Europe.

Not the conquest of England by William the Conqueror, nor later the capture of Normandy by Henry the Fifth, was able to fuse into one the Saxon and Norman races—which but proves, after all, that the lasting life is the life of the people, not that of dynasties.

It was to visit the old Norman city of Rouen that I had crossed by way of Calais. The modern steam cars bore us swiftly through richly cultivated fields and tiny villages to the outer walls, near which we found our small French inn.

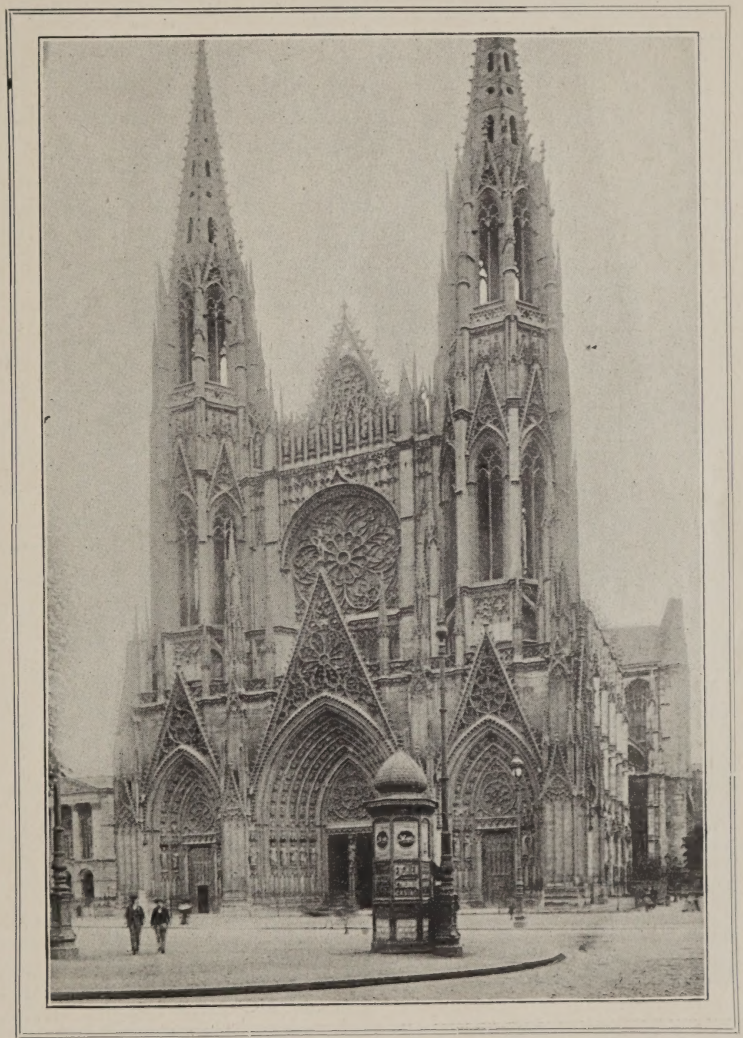
The question of price and locality of rooms being settled, the landlord became our genial host,—introducing us to his wife and family, who immediately concerned themselves in our welfare, anxious that we should see and enjoy all there was of interest in their native city.

"If Mademoiselle will follow the Rue Jeanne d'Arc and turn in by *la Grosse Horloge,* the Cathedral will stand before her. Naturally it is there one goes first, though many find St. Ouen more beautiful."



STATUE OF JEANNE D'ARC IN FRONT OF ST. AUGUSTINE, PARIS.

I was impatient to see this famous Cathedral, remembering that William Morris, looking back over the happy events of his life, had declared that the moment which gave him most delight was that in which the full glory of the Rouen

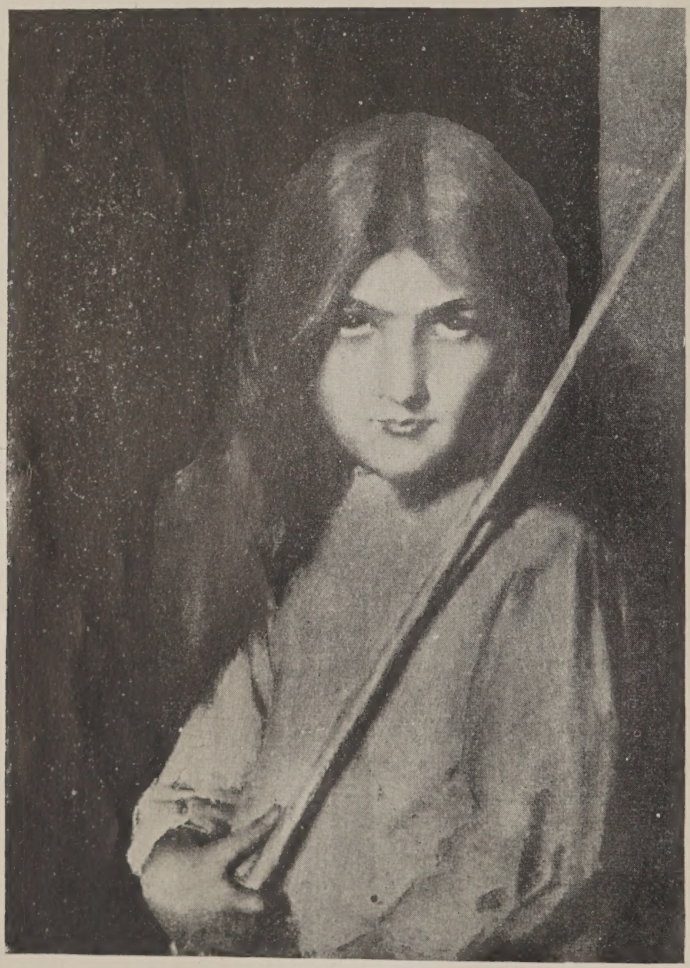


CATHEDRAL OF ST. OUEN.

Cathedral first burst upon his astonished vision.

In those days its approach was through dark and tortuous streets, so that the surprise of its beauty was more poignant. Yet in spite of the innovator, of the widening of crooked ways, and the pulling down of picturesque and unsanitary mediaeval buildings, we found that enough remained of the quaint old town to more then repay a visit from the devotee of things ancient, mysterious and lovely, while to those interested in the life of the people the old Cathedral will prove a golden page of history, on which they have written their holiest, happiest thoughts. In the quaint carvings, the sculptured figures of saints and angels,

we learned the soul-life of the ancient city. For the Cathedral was the centre of mediæval thought and here rich and poor brought their treasures in service of their Lord and Master. Each artisan became an artist, because he worked, not with his hands alone, but with his whole heart and soul,—love and faith were his inspiration and teachers. The written history of Rouen tells of bloodshed and carnage, but the story that we read in the transcendent loveliness of her Gothic churches is no less true. One is the outward, the other the hidden life of her people.



YOUNG JEANNE D'ARC.

By Henner.

Rouen was a large city when Paris was a mere hamlet among the marshes. The Romans called it Rotomagus and builded great walls about it, which have long since disappeared. Converted to

Christianity in the third century, the people erected an oratory, in 260, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, on the spot where later the first cathedral was built.

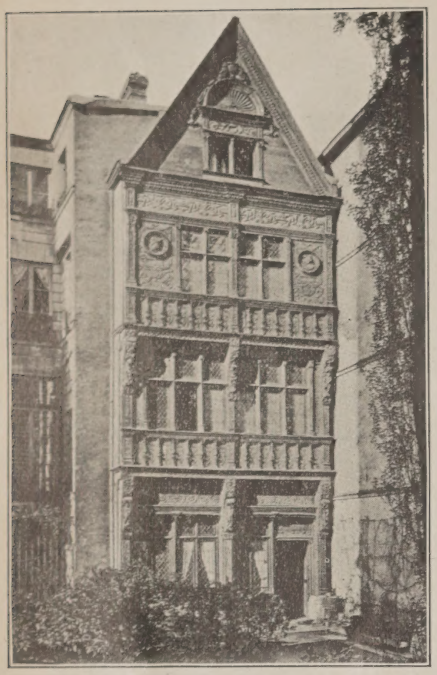
In 769 Charlemagne assisted here at the Easter service, and Olaf, King of Norway, was baptized in this church, in 1004. Here, too, the nuptials of William the Conqueror and Mathilda of Flanders were celebrated. Unfortunately this cathedral was burned when Rouen was destroyed by fire, in 1200, and the present one dates only from the beginning of the thirteenth century. It was St. Romain, archbishop of that earlier cathedral, whose deeds have been so closely interlinked with the most dramatic life of the citizens of Rouen. I can not do better than give the legend as recorded by the old chronicler, Pasquier:

RUE DE LA GROSSE HORLOGE.

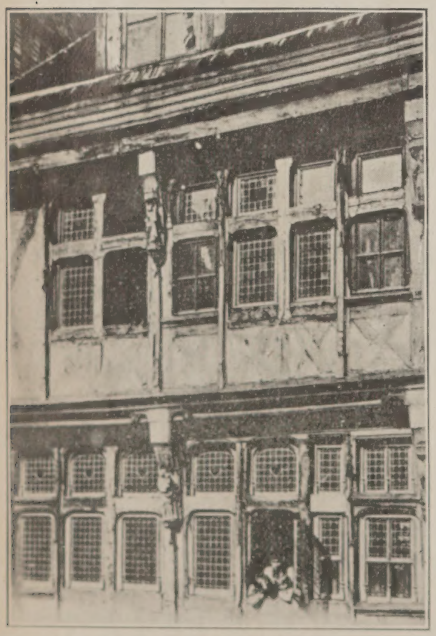
"You must learn, then, if you please, that the deans, canons and chapter of the church of Rouen hold it for a most veritable history, which has been handed down from time immemorial, that under the reign of Clotaire the second there was a dragon, since called gargoyle, which did infinite damage in the outskirts of the city to men, women and little children; not even sparing ships and vessels which were upon the Seine, but overturning them. And that St. Romain, then Archbishop of Rouen, moved by most ardent charity, betook himself to prayer and orison; and armed with a surplice and a stole, but much more with the faith and assurance in God, which he possessed, went without hesitation to the cavern where the hideous monster dwelt; that in furtherance of this grand and mysterious exploit, before leaving he had made the officers of justice deliver up to him a prisoner condemned to death, whom they were conducting to the gibbet; that he conquered that hitherto-unconquerable dragon, put his stole about its neck, and gave it, gagged and muzzled, to the prisoner to lead. . . .

"The gargoyle, or dragon, was slain and burned before the rejoicing people, and to immortalize this splendid victory, King Dagobert gave to the chapter of the Cathedral the right to release a condemned prisoner on each yearly feast of the Ascension, the only condition being that the man who thus escaped death should carry on his shoulders the shrine of St. Romain."

This story is painted on the windows of the old church of St. Ouen, and repeated again and again in the art and history of Rouen; and in the Palais de Justice one can still find authentic documents regarding the prisoners released by the canons on Ascension Day, from the reign of the earliest Norman dukes until 1790, when the Revolution abolished this privilege. The procession of the



HOUSE OF DIANE DE POITIERS



ANCIENT HOUSE ON THE RUE ST. ROMAIN.

"Fierete" or released prisoner, was one of the most amazing ceremonies handed down from mediæval times. From break of day the wildest excitement prevailed in the wall-girt city, each faction claiming that their choice would be the one selected by the Cathedral Chapter. Over the waiting multitude floated the strains of the *Veni Creator,* bidding the people pray with the priests for divine light. From the Palais de Justice the members of Parliament, clad in scarlet robes, marched into the chapel to attend la *messe du prisonnier,* after which all sat down to a banquet called the *festin du cochon.*

In every household the same repast was served with more or less magnificence, that all might be fortified for the festivities of that great day. Meanwhile the canons of the Chapter, after deep and earnest prayer, had agreed upon the prisoner to be pardoned. Coming into the great hall of justice, the chaplain read aloud his name, and priests and officials went in procession to the prison. Bareheaded, bound in irons, the condemned one was led before them. After many solemn ceremonies his chains were taken off and he was dressed in new clothes, while from every church the sweet-toned bells pealed forth the *Te Deum,* and in all the surrounding country each peasant drank the prisoner's health. Carrying upon his shoulders the shrine of St. Romain the pardoned sinner marched in a great procession from the cathedral to the Church of St. Maclou. At sight of him delirious cries of joy rent the air, the people went wild with excitement and happiness. Justice had been conquered by mercy, and their own dear St. Romain had rescued another of their brothers from a shameful death. The details of the crimes committed by these liberated prisoners throw much light on the curious customs of those early days. Women as well as men often won the protection

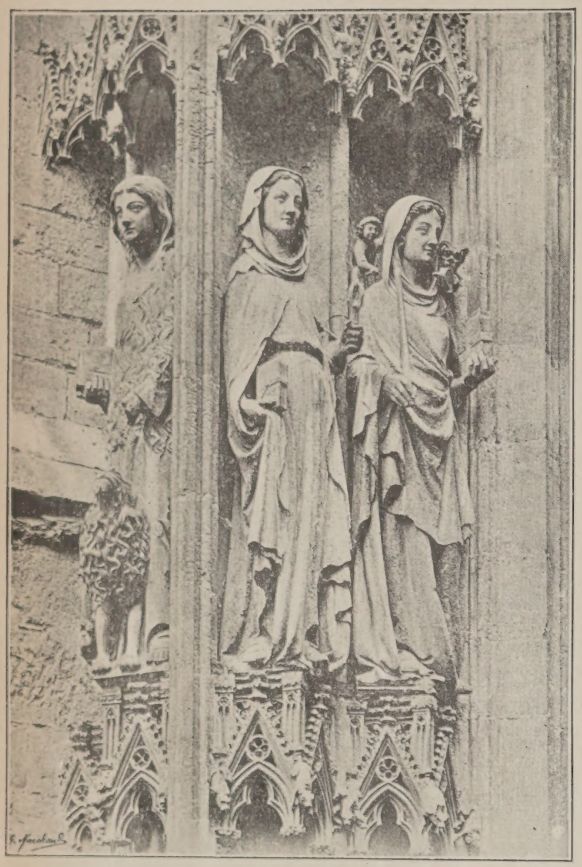
of the Cathedral Chapter. Reading the history of Rouen we are lost in wonder that the canons did not demand the exercise of their great privilege when an innocent girl languished in the darkest cell of their old donjon. But no voice was raised in defence of Jeanne d'Arc, and across the record of Rouen's glorious past, across the radiance of her beauty, lies always the shadow of a young girl's death. They kept her first in an iron cage, then in a cell with irons on her feet, chained to a log of wood; they convicted her on false testimony and burned her at the stake. To-day France is striving to wash out the ignominy of that hour by proclaiming her one of God's saints.

Jeanne d'Arc was condemned, not because of her so-called heresies, nor because she outraged the conservative temper of the fifteenth century by wearing man's apparel and leading the French army to victory. Private feuds, humiliated pride, and fierce jealousies, kindled the fagots which consumed her, even more surely than did the superstitions of the English soldiers, who, refusing to battle against a sorceress, forced Henry the Sixth to demand her life. Unless we know something of the early history of Rouen, it is impossible to understand why this city should have been chosen as the place of her trial, or why the University of Paris should have been her enemy and the friend of the English king.

The duchy of Normandy, with Rouen as capital, had been founded by Rollo in 875. His descendant, William the Conqueror, sailed from this city to subjugate the English. From that time the kings of England were also dukes of Normandy, ruling Rouen with a hand of iron. Revolts of the people against this foreign oppression fill her histories for many succeeding generations. At last Rouen wrested her liberty from the Norman dukes, only to fall under the rule of

CREVETTE FISHER, ROUEN.

AN OLD HOUSE NEAR THE CATHEDRAL.

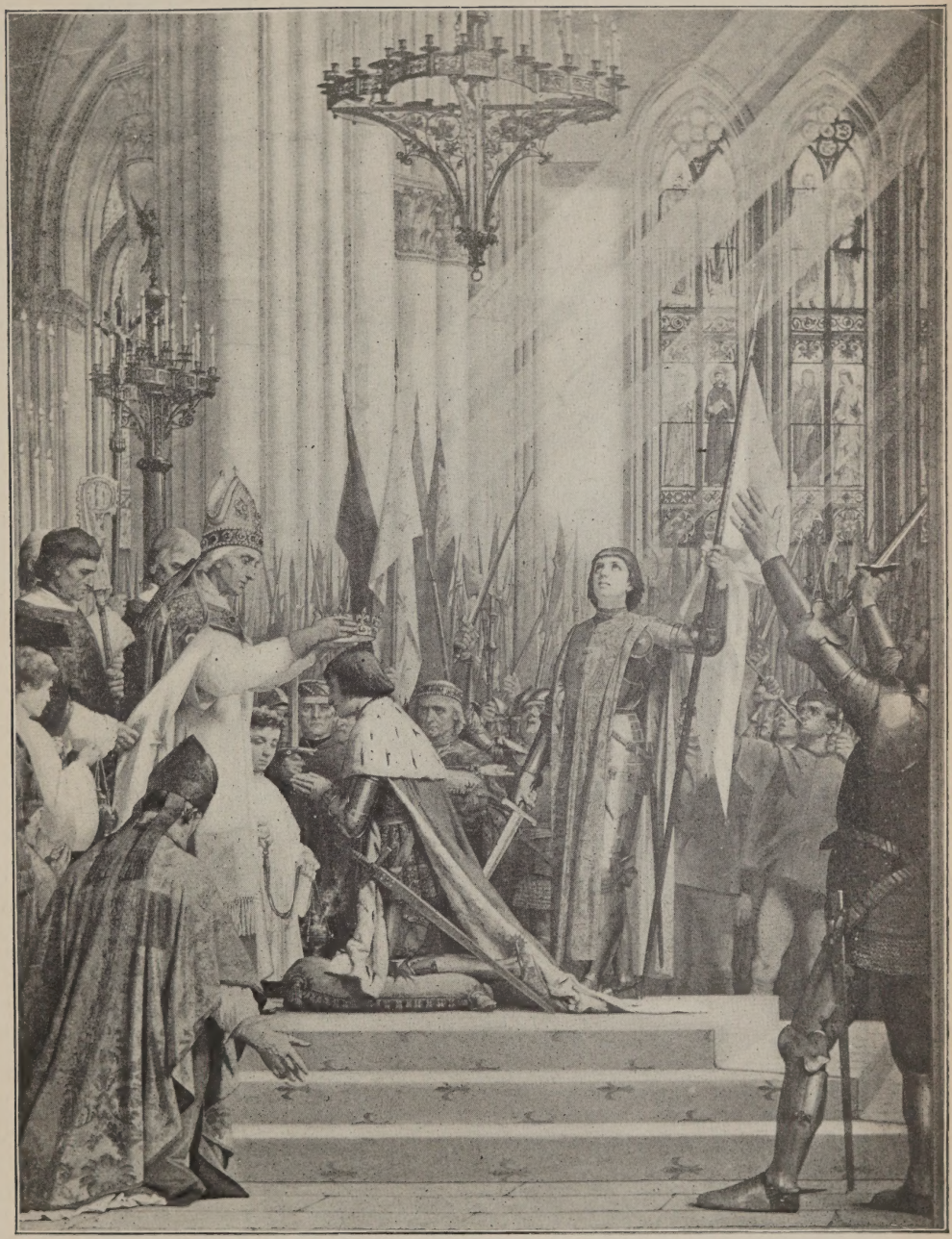


FIFTEENTH CENTURY SCULPTURE FROM ROUEN CATHEDRAL.

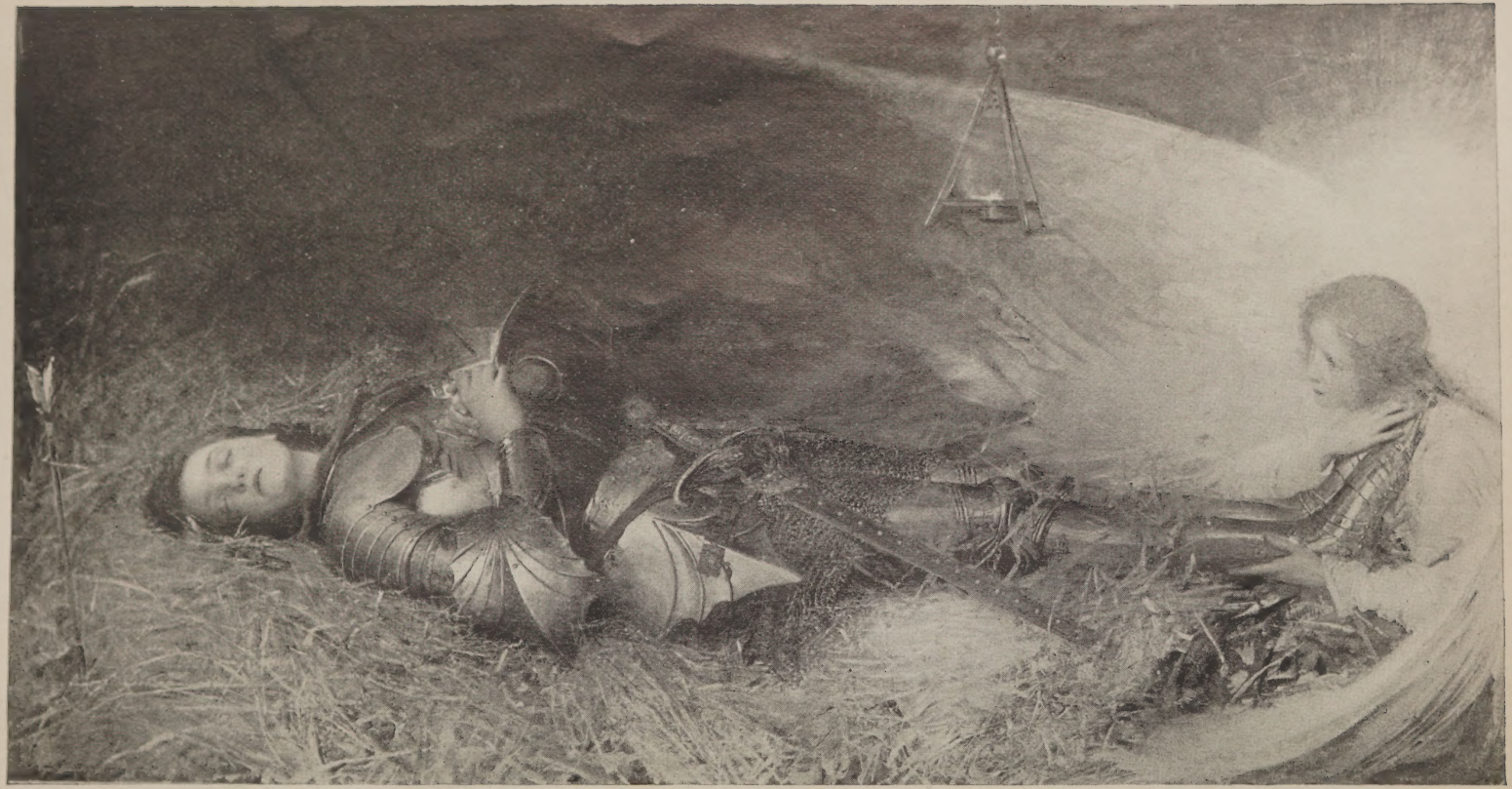
kings of France, to become a French instead of a Norman city. But when the Maid of Orleans was taken prisoner by a French vassal of the Duke of Burgundy, and sold to England for ten thousand francs, Rouen still owed allegiance to the English king, her lawful sovereign; and the University of Paris had refused to recognize Charles the Seventh of France, and had sworn fidelity to the House of Lancaster. As proof of its devotion, the roses of England were sculptured on the walls of the Sorbonne!

Such had been the influence of Jeanne on the people of France, such their enthusiasm for her cause, that England well knew their faith in her could be destroyed only by her public condemnation and death as a heretic. An ecclesiastical court alone could convict her of heresy and make the people accept the statement that this heaven-sent oracle was an envoy of Satan. Therefore, political influence was brought to bear on the University of Paris, to compel its members to furnish some high dignitary of the Church to conduct the public trial which Henry the Sixth decreed should take place in Rouen. Bishop Cauchon was their willing tool. He had entered the priesthood through worldly ambition — it being at that time the only path to wealth and power open to men not born of noble parents— and had become a server of the English and follower of the Burgundian duke. Hating the brave young girl who had defied him, through whose courage his episcopal see of Beauvais had fallen into the hands of the French King,—thus depriving him of political power,—he claimed the right of conducting the trial because she was a prisoner who had been captured in his diocese. Thus the religious court which tried and condemned an innocent girl was in reality a body of politicians, working to secure favor from the king of England who was also duke of Normandy, and whose support they desired in order to defeat Charles the Seventh of France, whom they refused to recognize as king.

On February 21st, 1431, the infamous trial was begun. Clad in a page's costume of dark woolen, Jeanne was led before her judges in the episcopal palace of Rouen. "She could move but slowly, being heavily weighted down by iron chains." The eyes that met hers were cold and unpitying, but gazing toward



JEANNE D'ARC AT THE CORONATION OF THE KING.



Joy. JEANNE D'ARC.

heaven with "that bright, dauntless look, that nameless something in her appearance, that caused her to be described as divine," her courage never faltered, and when told that she must swear to answer truthfully all questions put to her, she replied "The revelations that have been made to me by God I have told to none save Charles my king, and I will not reveal them to you, even though you should cut off my head, because I have had them through vision and secret counsel and am forbidden to reveal them." Nor is there any proof that she ever betrayed what she held to be her "trust from God," or denied the divine origin of her Voices, though such a document exists, signed with her cross. Not knowing how to read it was easy to substitute this recantation for a paper which had been read to her, and which she had agreed to sign, and evidence has been found showing that this was done. Before resorting to this deception, however, her judges had used every means in their power to entrap her and compel her to deny that her mission was from God. On May ninth, after months of confinement and illness, she was conducted to a chamber in the great tower, where they confronted her with the horrible instruments of torture and the waiting executioners. Dauntless in her sublime courage she exclaimed: "Were you to tear me limb from limb and force the soul out of my body I would say nothing but what I have said, or if I did I would declare afterward that it was the torture which had made me utter it." Fortunately she was not subjected to this terrible test, as but three of her judges were in favor of resorting to this extreme measure. Her treatment from the coarse English guards, who remained with her night and day, made her implore the court to place her under ecclesiastical espionage. "Let the record of all that I have said and done be sent to our Holy Father," was her constant prayer. "During the day she was chained by the neck, the feet and the hands, and at night another chain was placed around her body and fastened to a post in the centre of the room. So cruelly did she suffer from the conduct of her guards and the weight of these chains that she preferred death to a prolongation of her torture."

On the day that we reached Rouen there was a great military procession in honor of some high Paris dignitaries. The streets were in gala array, crowded with thousands of happy faces. The peasants had gathered from all the surrounding country to witness this procession. Clad in gay costumes they lent color and charm to the brilliant scene. Sunshine was flooding the open squares and penetrating the darkest recesses of the old cathedral, as it shone through the exquisite stained-glass of the *cinque-cento* windows. But despite this glorious sunshine, the beauty of the churches and the gayety of the moving crowds on this, my first day in the mediæval city, the "shadow of Rouen" lay too darkly on my heart for me to enjoy the happy present. As the brilliantly-decorated officers entered the Palais de Justice I could think only of that procession which conducted a young girl to the scaffold; and the sound of Jeanne's bitter weeping drowned for me the martial music of the gay French band. I seemed to see her childish figure as she ascended the scaffold, clad in white and crowned by that hideous mitre on which all could read "Heretic—Relapsed—Idolator—Schismatic"—I saw them chain her to a post, hand her the cross—black clouds of smoke arose and hid her, as on that bright May morning it screened her from the weeping multitude. Suddenly a cry of triumph seemed to echo through the old city—"My voices were of God!" Then silence fell upon me, and I realized that the procession was over, the crowded streets de-

serted, and the pale evening light sinking into purple shadows to usher in the star-lit night.

"Has Mademoiselle seen la Maison de Diane de Poitier? Much has been destroyed in our old town to make space for the broad, sunny boulevards, but a few of the ancient houses remain. There is another in the Rue St. Romain which Mademoiselle will surely enjoy. Your compatriots, who love the old things, reproach us that we have demolished them, but the health of our people demand the sunshine. The narrow streets may have been more beautiful, but we like best the broad new ones." Wandering through the few curious, narrow ways which still remained, overhung by richly carven frontels, I realized that she was right. Darkness and dampness, however picturesque, can never compensate for sunshine, especially in a city where the long winter months are enwrapped in fog and mist. For Rouen is one of the sea-gates of France and lies close to the mouth of the English Channel. Whatever of damp and greyness does not blow in from these waters is furnished by the rivers, the forests, and great hills which engirdle the city. They say that in each year there is an average of one hundred and fifty rainy days. To that I bear no testimony, as during our entire visit we had glorious sunshine. Each day the blue sky leaned lovingly to meet the green hills that surround Rouen, and which glowed to crimson and amethyst in the sunset and sank into purple shadows as the night closed down.

Happily I soon became absorbed in the thrifty, busy lives of the people, their good-natured friendliness chased away the dark memories of the past and succeeded in interesting me in the commercial Rouen of to-day. "Have you visited our potteries, Mademoiselle? Of course you have heard the story of Louis XIV and how he made the *fäience* of Rouen world-renowned. He was the first sovereign to use china, instead of gold or silver plate, upon his table. After his terrible war with Spain, finding the country's exchequer exhausted, he sent his table service of gold to the mint, and called upon his patriotic nobles to donate all articles of gold and silver that could be converted into coin. Generously they responded, adopting for their tables the exquisite china ware of Rouen. Some of the old plates still exist, with bars of gay music painted amid their encircling flower-garland."

Returning from the pottery we stopped in the Hotel de Ville to see the monumental tomb of Gericault. His body lies in Père la Chaise, for though Rouen gave him birth, Paris claims him, as she does all the great men of France whose feet have once trodden her streets. And when we think of Gericault, the brave pioneer of the Barbizon School, we instinctively place him, not in the land of his birth, but in Paris, in the very centre of that whirlwind of opposition which his genius first aroused. Rouen has merely an "exact reproduction" of his *Raft of the Medusa,* the *original* hangs in the gallery of the Louvre. To-day money could not purchase this treasure from the French Government, but during his lifetime it received little praise, and only the persistence of a friend finally induced its purchase by the directors of the Louvre, for the miserable sum of twelve hundred dollars.

Normandy has sent many of her talented sons to Paris to swell the triumphal chorus of her achievements. It is the strong, fresh blood of the provinces that supplies vigor and strength to the enervated metropolis. France would never have become a Republic but for them. The citizens of Rouen were among the first to claim for the people liberty from feudal lords and tyrannical kings. How the rulers, those heroes of fiction, are

stripped of their glory when we study the history of these mediæval towns! Even Henry the Fifth, Shakespeare's brilliant leader, becomes only the cruel, relentless foe, who watched the brave inhabitants of Rouen die of hunger, who heartlessly refused to permit the twelve thousand helpless old men, women, and children to pass through the ranks of his army, and seek food and shelter in the surrounding villages. Besieged Rouen was starving, and had had recourse to the last terrible expedient of a beleaguered city. All who were helpless to defend her were expelled lest they die of hunger within her walls and thus breed pestilence. With a heart of stone King Henry drove the weeping women with their little ones into the ditches that lay between his soldiers and the city walls, from whence their wailings could be heard by both armies, as they lay dying of hunger, or of wounds inflicted by the deadly missiles from both besieged and besiegers. Who can recall such scenes and not be convinced of the progress of humanity? To-day the entire civilized world would rise in protest against such barbarism. Yet in the history of all these ancient towns we read again and again of such cruelties. Were it not for the testimony of Rouen's Gothic churches we would forget that in those old times were many days of peace and quiet, when her inhabitants worked in joy and gladness, unmindful of the tyrants who ruled them. Art is the most truthful of all historians —it tells, not of passing political events, but of the daily life of the people, the slow and constant growth of their character.

Rouen has been called the "City of Churches." On their walls are recorded her children's faith and love and devotion. Day after day we strove to decipher their story, to comprehend the spirit of that age of faith. Always we were lost in amazement at the sublime genius of the architects who created and the workmen who executed the lofty archways, the radiant rose-windows, the sculptured figures which embodied the entire history of the Scriptures. We learned to love these men who had bequeathed to us such treasures of art, and to believe that, in spite of her written history, had we known the citizens of Rouen in those early times we would have found them no less friendly and delightful than the gay, cheery people to whom we bade farewell with such deep regret. As our train sped towards Paris, we saw for the last time her lofty spires rising resplendent in the sunlight. Beneath lay the fair city, in its arcadian setting of wooded hills and silver rivers; and beyond, the green, waving fields and blossoming orchards of dear old Normandy beckoned us onward.

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

"You know very well that Billy never runs away," replied Nettie, indignantly. "But we met a man, and Sarah asked him if *Niggers* have gizzards—you know Ben Anderson told you that Dr. Hayward said they have—and he kept us there ever so long talking. He said, Grace, that *Niggers* have souls, just like white people. He said that Dr. Hayward was a young fool, and he looked as if he thought Ben Anderson is another for believing it."

"Who is he?" asked Grace. She was fastening the girth, and her head being under the saddle-skirt may have accounted for the faintness of her voice.

"Some of the company down at Mr. Ransley's, I reckon," replied the indifferent Nettie. "I think he must be a preacher. He talked so much like Alice."

Grace laughed. It was such a queer little laugh that Sarah could not help but look at her in wonder.

"Run along, girlies, if you want to get to town to-day!" she said.

They scampered away, she following them slowly.

"Alice is busy making the elderberry wine," she said, entering their room, "and so I will help you to dress."

"Then I can sit on the floor to put on my slippers!" announced Nettie, suiting the action to the word. "Alice says I am too big to do that. Grace, why is it that the only time mother and Alice will admit that I am grown up is when I want to do something that is agreeable to myself?"

"But Nettie is not grown up, is she, Sarah?" asked Grace, playfully, as she laid out the gingham frocks.

"She is not as grown-up as you are, Cousin Grace, and she is more grown-up than I am," said Sarah, confusedly.

"So she is a betwixt-and-a-between!" cried Grace. "Now, how do you like that, Nettie?"

"I don't care," rejoined Nettie. "I shall be old some day."

"That you certainly shall. Then you will give your eyes to be young again," announced Grace.

"What is being young?" cried Nettie, scornfully, springing to her feet, now that her slippers were neatly tied. "Having to wear your hair short and your dresses to your knees, and not being allowed to sit up when there is company, and—"

"And what?" asked Grace, who was brushing Sarah's curls.

"And everything!" finished Nettie. "Grace, mayn't I wear my hair in a French twist this afternoon?"

"Now, Nettie, you know mother would scold me if I were to give you permission. Besides, your hair is too short. I will plait it nicely, and tie it with some of my cherry ribbon. And you shall have another piece to wear at your throat."

Nettie clapped her hands for joy, and when Grace left to get the ribbon, confided to her cousin that she dearly loved her sister Grace. Sarah admitted a like affection, for had not Cousin Grace praised her curls, saying they were the prettiest she had ever seen?

"I wish I had a riding-skirt," said Nettie, as they stood once more on the stile-block.

"It would spoil your pretty frock," Grace declared, as she spread the green saddle cover over Billy's back, for Sarah to ride upon. Nettie climbed into the

saddle, Grace lifted Sarah and placed her behind, and then the horse was turned toward the road. Sarah wiggled and twisted, and with great difficulty kept her seat. In view of this poor horsemanship, Nettie wisely refrained from starting Billy to racking, and he was permitted leisurely to pursue his way to the town, which was about a mile distant. They turned into the first cross street, Billy going without guidance to a stile which stood before a barn-like structure.

"That's the church," confided Nettie, "and we always hitch Billy here."

Relieved once more to find herself on her feet, Sarah thought: "It is mighty tiresome to ride horseback," the while her eyes took in her surroundings. She had never seen so many houses together, and as she stood on the stile-block, while Nettie fastened Billy to the fence, she wondered if people lived in all of them, and if so, where on earth did all those people come from. Nettie was regarding her with dissatisfaction.

"Get off the stile, Sarah," she commanded. "You mustn't stare like that! People will think you are tacky if you do, and laugh at you."

Sarah scrambled to the ground, but as they passed up the main street, her cousin's admonitions were forgotten. She could not believe that what she beheld was real. The houses were so many and so tall, the windows so large and filled with such beautiful things! And the people! There were so many she grew fearful, and clung to Nettie's arm. Suppose she were to get separated from her companion, and lost in this crowded place! Her conduct exasperated Nettie.

"Such a ninny!" she thought, beginning to feel ashamed of her cousin. "She's as green as cucumbers. I wish I had left her at home!"

"O Nettie! Look at that dollie!"

They were passing a drug-store, in whose window a wax doll was displayed. Sarah had come to a stand-still, and her little hands were clasped on her breast in rapturous admiration. Nettie, with shame-dyed face, caught the child roughly by the arm, and was dragging her on, when the door opened and a man stepped out. The picture made by the wonder-filled Sarah brought a smile to his face.

"There is Judge Hilton laughing at us!" thought Nettie, now thoroughly angry with her cousin.

"That is a pretty baby doll, isn't it?" he asked.

"It is bee-autiful, sir! I did not think there was anything so bee-autiful in the world."

The Judge laughed softly, filling Nettie's cup of humiliation.

"Don't you think a sure-enough baby would be more beautiful?" he asked.

"Oh, no, sir! for they don't ever hold their eyes open so wide, and their hair gets all tangled up, and their mothers never could make such bee-autiful dresses for them."

"So you would rather your mother would buy you a wax doll than a baby sister?" he asked, pinching the pink ear that showed under the rich brown curls.

"I have no mother," and Sarah's voice unconsciously took on a mournful cadence.

"Oh!" exclaimed the man, under his breath. He glanced quickly toward Nettie, and, recognizing her, inquired about her young companion.

"She is my cousin, Sarah Kenny," explained Nettie, struggling to steady her voice.

"Tom Kenny's little girl? Ah, yes! I remember now."

Nettie's keen eyes saw that a shadow fell on his face. He took Sarah's disengaged hand, and started with the children toward a confectionery stand.

"He is going to give us a treat," thought the astute Nettie, and realizing that this unexampled generosity was due

to her little cousin, she became voluble regarding Sarah's history; and when the man who had loved Sarah's mother heard that her husband had taken a second wife and sent the dead woman's only child from him to his careless relatives, his clasp on the tiny fingers tightened, and a great longing for the little maiden came into his soul. He watched her earnestly, as perched on the high stool, she ate the cakes and drank the lemonade which he had provided, and saw that it was a miniature of the girl's face he so loyally remembered. There was not a trace on it of the rival whom she had married, not because he possessed her love, which, the Judge felt assured, had belonged to him, but because Tom Kenny held her own religious belief, which her other lover did not. But now he found a strange justice in the fact that the man whom she had chosen because of common faith had supplanted her by another, and that other professing the creed of the man she had foresworn.

"I should have done better than that, Elizabeth!" he thought, as he watched the child moving away from him. "They are simple folk, those relatives of her father. They will try to make a good Catholic out of her, and that is all; for they will not do more for their niece than they have done for their own daughters. Poor little pilgrim-child!"

Ignorant of the thoughts she had wakened, Sarah continued her wonderful way in tranquillity. Nettie had already found her country cousin's unorthodox ways a valuable asset.

"I ate so many cakes I am ready to burst," she confided to Sarah. "I reckon it cost him a quarter, besides the bag of candy he bought for you. Let us go into this street, where nobody will see us, and eat some candy."

"But this street is more bee-autiful," said Sarah. "And we can eat our candy here as well as there."

"You must never let anybody see you eating candy in the street. Only tacky people do that," explained Nettie, masterfully leading off her small cousin. They walked on slowly, Nettie, notwithstanding the dangerous condition of her stomach, devouring the sweets. Finally, Sarah, noting the rapid depletion of the supply, said:

"Don't you think we ought to save some for Cousin Grace?"

"No, for she would ask you where you got it, and then she would forbid you to take any more from Judge Hilton. You must not tell any one about our treat. And that is why we must eat it all before we get to Ida's. She is very inquisitive and then would tell on us, because it would make her jealous. Judge Hilton never treated her in his life."

"I can't eat any more," declared Sarah.

"Neither can I," admitted Nettie, reluctantly. "But I'll tell you what we'll do with it. I'll unbutton your dress and put it in your blouse. We will not stop very long at Ida's, and you must keep your face to her. If she sees this lump on your back, I'll tell her you have a boil, and she must not touch it. Then we'll have some candy to eat to-morrow when we are reading the story."

The bag of sweets thus disposed of, to Nettie's satisfaction and Sarah's physical disfigurement, the two started for the large white house, where Ida Barton lived, holding the unpleasant position of unpaid companion and general assistant to a distant female relative. Ida was a pretty girl, at the dissatisfied age of fifteen. Her position was irksome to her high spirits, and the realization that there was no escape from it made her, at times, willing to take desperate chances to secure a change. She was sitting in a homemade hammock, her feet impatiently tapping the ground, when she beheld her visitors mounting the green

slope, which separated the old house from the street.

"Here is that silly girl again!" she thought, with the superior scorn of age for youth. In her heart, however, she welcomed the intrusion on the loneliness of the long, warm afternoon, and rose to meet her company.

"This is my cousin, Sarah Kenny, Ida," said Nettie, as they met. Ida, in imitation of her stately cousin, touched the tips of Sarah's fingers, and said:

"I was sitting in the hammock. I hope you don't mind if I stay here? It is so warm in the house."

"Her cousin Matilda is asleep and the house is shut up, and she knows she mustn't take us in, but she is so high-headed she won't say so," whispered Nettie, as Ida went forward to bring a broken-backed chair from the porch. They talked for a while with the formality established by Ida's studied reserve. This was broken by Sarah, who, forgetting the august company, exclaimed:

"O Nettie, look at that bee-autiful wheel-barrow!"

Nettie blushed furiously, expecting Ida to laugh at her cousin; but that young lady, weary of her rôle or captivated by the babyish innocence of her little guest, asked, condescendingly:

"Would you like to take a ride in it?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" she cried. Straightway, the new, gaily painted wheel-barrow was brought by Ida from its place, and the happy-hearted Sarah climbing in was rolled down the green sward. After a while Nettie and Ida consented to take a ride, and soon there were three happy children at play. Nettie presently unbuttoned Sarah's dress and the candy was brought forth, and generously shared with their hostess. But they were recalled from their pastime by the opening of a shutter. It made Ida remember that there was a chain around her life, and recalled Nettie to the fact that day was fading, and the turkeys had not been brought up from the woods.

CHAPTER III.

SARAH HEARS A STORY AND MAKES A NEW FRIEND.

Immediately after breakfast the following morning, Sarah was advised by Alice to run out and play. The young martinet had secretly resolved that the newcomer should not interfere with the household regulations, which, because of her mother's weariness and her elder sister's indifference, had practically passed into her hands. She had determined to create in Nettie a liking for domestic work, since the girl had failed to inherit it, and nothing must thwart this righteous intention. The storm, long brewing in Nettie's heart, broke, when she saw that it was Alice's intention to deny her the assistance of her young cousin. The war of angry words which followed speeded the peace-loving Sarah from the kitchen, and as she wandered aimlessly in the orchard, she was conscious of a great longing for Aunt Dilly and the barren farm-house which had been her home. She could not go back for a long time, she knew, for the place had been rented, and the old Negress and her husband had moved away. This the lawyer had told her. He had also said that her father had bidden her to be contented in her new home and not give her relatives any trouble.

"But they are giving me trouble," she said dolefully, feeling that she must cry. She looked around for a comfortable seat, before indulging her woe, and spied a large, smooth stone near an apple tree. She seated herself but found that the inclination for tears had gone, and in its place was a quiet joy, which was always hers when she was alone in field or wood. The orchard was an old one, having been planted by the original owners of the

place. The path which Sarah had followed from the house wound, with many broad curves, under the sweeping branches of the apple, past the stately pear, through thickets of peach and cherry to a hedge of prickly quinces, which marked the orchard's northern boundary. Here was a wide pond, its tiny decaying wharf showing that, in former days, the miniature lake had added enjoyment to the tranquil days of youths and maidens and venturous children. On the edge of of the pond clumps of marsh-flowers were growing, and from her seat on the stone Sarah could see their lavishly scattered gold. Below her was a small, deep hollow, a dimple on the face of this fair scene, and Sarah decided that it would make a most desirable playing-place. She thought that after she had cried she would go down.

The grass was very green in the orchard, and she began to imagine the pleasures in store for her, when spring having rolled around again she could come here to see the dandelions and violets blooming. Perhaps there would be lambs here, too, as there used to be sometimes in the orchard at home, and in making friends with the downy little things her enjoyment would be enhanced. Maybe Santa Claus would bring her that wonderful doll which she had seen yesterday. That hollow was just the place to play with her. She would make in it a throne out of stones, a throne with steps, and would cover it with grass for green velvet. She would next gather violets to lay before the throne and up the steps, for the purple carpet upon which royalty walks. Then she would drive four small sticks into the ground, and these she would cover with white violets. On top of the sticks she would pin a sheet of paper, which she would decorate with dandelions for the golden canopy, supported by ivory pillars, under which queens always sit. Upon this wonderful throne she would place the wonderful doll, and all the knights and ladies would come and bow before her and kiss her hand. Next she would make a coach for this sovereign. Sarah's dream was broken in upon by the soft voice of Grace speaking her name.

"It is nicer out here than in the house, isn't it?" she asked, looking down on the thoughtful face of the child.

"Yes, ma'am, but the house is nice, too."

"Do you really think so? I wish I could really think so," she said. "I will tell you when I think it must have been a nice house," she continued, dropping on the grass beside the drab little figure, and clasping her up-drawn knees with her gloved hands. "It was a long time ago, before I was born. A man and his wife lived here then, with their little children, two boys and a girl. They were very rich and had numbers of Negro servants to do the work and tend the crops. The house was furnished beautifully, and they had fine horses to ride when they went hunting, and grand carriages when they went to church and visiting. Every summer they left this warm climate, and went away to the mountains or the seashore, where it is cool and where they enjoyed themselves even better than they did at home.

"When the children were grown, ah! the gay times they had! Such balls and parties and dances! such company and dresses and pleasures! You could scarcely believe them to be true, Sarah, if you were to hear the stories which the old family servants tell of the times this house knew. The older son married after a while, and brought his bride home. Trouble followed her coming. You see the daughter had fallen in love with a young Irishman, whom her father had employed to build a stone fence around the family burial ground, which

is over in the clover field. Have you noticed it, Sarah?"

"No, Cousin Grace," whispered the child.

"Some time I shall take you over there and show it to you and the beautiful wall which the young stranger built," said Grace. "He was not an ordinary stone-mason, but a sculptor in the making. The girl knew this, and she also knew that it was his intention, when he had money enough, to go to an art school and study sculpture. She believed in him and loved him, and out here in the orchard and up yonder on the little lake they used to talk of their love and their future, when he would be a great artist and she his happy wife. Along this very path, Sarah, they would walk in the moonlight, arm in arm. Some of the Negroes knew it, for Negroes prowl around a great deal after night; but they loved their young mistress and would not betray her. It was a pretty romance, but all romances end one way or another. This one ended badly.

"The new wife was an exceedingly proud and haughty woman. She scarcely considered her husband's family equal to herself, and was always talking about the grandeur of her father's home, the society in which he moved, and the good training of his servants. The servants were the only things she could hope to improve in her new home, and she set about it with determination. She asked her father-in-law to lock them in their cabins every night at eight o'clock, to prevent them from mixing with Negroes on other plantations, for she said the Negroes in this part of Kentucky were a bad lot—of course she meant as servants, not as human beings. Perhaps she did not look upon them as human beings! Her father-in-law, being a sensible man, refused her request; so she used to watch at night to see which of them left their houses, for she had told them they must stay at home.

"Her sister-in-law did not know that she was doing this, and the first night the new wife sat up to spy on the servants she saw the girl walking along this path with the young man. It shocked her so greatly that she crept back to the house and went to bed. She imagined that her sister-in-law's companion was the son of a neighboring planter, and while she was sorry the girl would meet him secretly, she decided to say nothing for the time being. On another night, hearing low singing on the pond and supposing some of the Negroes were amusing themselves there, although she had forbidden them to do so, she put a dark cloak over her white dress and stole through the orchard to the water. She hid behind a tree, but when she recognized the voice of the Irishman, she nearly fainted. She went back as quickly as she could and rousing her husband told him all. He said he would speak to his sister in the morning, for now was not the time to interfere. She taunted him with cowardice, saying he had no pride, or he would kill the low-born Irishman for daring to lift his eyes to his sister. Some night they would run off and get married, and then what should they do, with that disgrace to bear? He tried to reason with her, but she declared that she had not joined his family to be dishonored, and if he did not go immediately for his sister, and order the impudent stranger from the plantation, she would call his brother. He at least was not afraid to meet the Irishman.

"Her words stung him to madness, and he snatched up his pistol and ran from the room. As he reached this part of the path, he saw the young couple coming toward him, arm in arm. The sight, and the memory of his wife's taunts, made him beside himself. Angry words passed between the two men.

Then the girl told her brother that he had no right to speak that way. It was to her father she was answerable and not to him. The passions of all were aroused; then the lie was passed, and the brother turned his gun upon his defenseless opponent. The girl, seeing her lover's danger, rushed forward to strike down the pistol. She was too late to prevent the awful deed, although she saved her lover by receiving in her own body the bullet intended for him. When she fell between them, the weapon dropped from the murderer's hand, and he turned and fled from the spot, shrieking that he had slain his sister.

"His wife, who was awaiting his return, hearing the shot, ran out and found the Irishman kneeling on the bloody ground, with the dead girl in his arms. He carried her to the house, and then informed the horrified family that he and the dead woman had been married for a month. She was his wife and they could not drive him from her bier, and he vowed that when she was buried, he would spend the remainder of his days in looking for the murderer and bringing him to justice. But he was never found. When the family learned that the new wife was the cause of all their sorrow, they sent her back to her father's home. The poor mother died soon afterward, and when the war broke out, the father and son went to it. The father was killed in battle, and when peace was declared the son sold the plantation, and father bought the house and two hundred acres of the land.

"And so the happy days ended in a black night, little Sarah. I often think of the story of the girl. Did she do right in loving a man not of her own religion and station, or was it her destiny, which she could not have prevented, even if she had tried?"

The story-teller's arms had fallen from around her knees, and her face, with the sun-bonnet pushed back from it, showed paler than its wont. Her blue eyes, (Sarah noted that there was no laugh in them now) were fastened on the pond, where the flowers were flaunting their golden banners, and her voice had a note in it that touched the soul of the child.

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MICHAEL DAVITT.

BY T. J. DILLON, M.D.

Here, chained beneath the tyrant's hand,
By martyrs' blood, we swear,
To Freedom and to Fatherland
We still allegiance bear.
Nor felon's fate, nor English hate,
Nor hellish-fashioned jail,
Shall stay this hand to wield a brand
One day for Innisfail.

Davitt.

I remember as if it were yesterday the first time I saw Michael Davitt, and yet it is eight and twenty years ago. It was on the occasion of one of the most memorable demonstrations of public enthusiasm in the annals of the city of Dublin. Word had gone forth that the one-armed Irish patriot had been released after seven years and seven months' imprisonment, and the good people of Dublin set about giving him and his fellow prisoners a fitting reception on their restoration to freedom. The men who accompanied him were Sergeant McCarthy, Corporal Thomas Chambers and John P. O'Brien, who had also been released.

I shall never forget the tall, spare, erect figure of Davitt with his raven hair and eagle eyes as he stood on the wagonette, under the folds of the stars and stripes, his armless sleeve dangling at his side, and his left hand waving his slouched hat in response to the welcoming cheers of the people as they surged around him. I could not take my eyes off him, and all else seemed but a blur. The picture remains to me as the one portrait of this Irish hero. The streets were packed with a dense and cheering throng as the patriots went on their triumphal way. On reaching the hotel, the crowd was so great that the ex-prisoners had to be hoisted through a window and into the room of Dr. Grattan, a Protestant Nationalist. The Doctor was an old friend of my family. He had written a book, now out of print, entitled "Vox Populi," which prefigured the movement of which Davitt was to be the father. Two days after these stirring events poor McCarthy, as a result of his prison treatment, died suddenly at the breakfast table of Charles Stewart Parnell, in Morrison's Hotel. His funeral procession was followed by 60,000 men, with forty bands, and was witnessed by 200,000 people.

Thomas Chambers sleeps peacefully in the old graveyard of St. Augustine's, South Boston, and alas! the "cradle of the Land League," at Stroud in Mayo, has become the grave of the Father of the Land League. Like the hare on its native mountains, when hunted hither and thither by the unrelenting hounds, in its last supreme efforts to escape seeks the place from which it sprang, so poor Davitt, hunted and hounded almost since his birth, finds rest at last in the same sacred spot from which he was driven as a helpless child.

His grave will be a Mecca, to which, in reverence and devotion, thousands of the children of the sea-divided Gael will make their pilgrimage. His best epitaph is his own last message: "To all my friends I leave kind thoughts, to my enemies the fullest possible forgiveness, and to Ireland my undying prayer for her absolute freedom and independence, which it was my life's ambition to try to obtain for her."

Davitt's utter unselfishness in his work for Ireland can perhaps be best exemplified by the fact that he was always poor in the world's goods. The people, headed by Dr. Croke, the patriotic Archbishop of Cashel, wished to raise a testimonial for him, but Davitt at once refused. On one occasion he handed over the entire proceeds from the sale of one of his books, amounting to four thousand dollars, to help the Irish cause when funds were needed, and had almost to go without his Christmas dinner as a result. I have often thought of those things when I have been obliged to listen to some well-to-do "Irish patriots" in America sneering at "Mike" Davitt, "the latchet of whose shoe they were unworthy to loose."

His "Leaves from a Prison Diary" is dedicated to a blackbird, "Joe." He told me the story with his own lips. Harnessed like a beast of burden, this maimed and sensitive man had to drag great loads through the prison grounds. After a time, his health failing him under the rigor of his work, the governor of the prison allowed him to tend his garden within the walls. One day a tiny blackbird fell into the garden, and Davitt cared for and tended it like a mother. It solaced his lonely lot and became his solitary companion. It perched upon his breast and fetched and carried little pellets of paper, like a retriever, and awoke him with its sweet song in the morning. At last the long-looked for day of release came, and Davitt once more breathed the air of freedom. His companion, "Joe," should not be denied a

similar right, and so he bade a fond good-by to the bird and gave him his liberty.

The first time I had the pleasure of the personal acquaintance of Michael Davitt was in the early days of the Land League. An immense meeting was held in Athy, County Kildare, under the presidency of the late Dr. O'Neill, coroner of the county. I went down in the train from Dublin with the party, which included, besides Davitt, Mr. A. J. Kettle, Mr. Graham and Father Denis O'Callaghan of South Boston. Davitt was in great spirits that day, and I remember him joking with Mr. Graham, who was an extensive farmer in County Dublin. "How many landlords have you, Graham?" asked Davitt. "Seven," replied Graham. "Well," said Davitt, "my friend, if you start shooting your landlords, you will have your hands full."

The meeting, as the chairman said, was the greatest since Mullaghmast and Davitt made one of his most scathing speeches, denouncing in unmeasured terms landlordism and Castle Rule, which he described as the curse of Ireland. Father O'Callaghan made what I believe was his "maiden speech" on the cause of Ireland, that day, and was, no doubt, inspired, like so many others, by the sincerity and singleness of purpose of Davitt. We had a banquet at Dr. O'Neill's in the evening, and I could not help remarking the dexterity with which Davitt used his single hand, and that the left. He handled knife and fork without the slightest apparent awkwardness. On preparing to take his leave, the host politely offered to help him on with his overcoat, but he as politely declined, saying he had long ago learned that if a man wanted anything done, he should do it himself. The loss of his arm did not seem to discommode him. I have seen him give his arm as gracefully to a lady as a courtier of Louis XIV might have done, and his handwriting is like copper plate.

The Rev. Harold Rylett, who was a conspicuous figure in the early days of the Land League, and who is now editor of the London Tribune, on a recent visit to Boston told me a story of Davitt. They had both been invited to address a meeting in Lancashire, close to Haslingdeen, where Davitt had lost his right arm some years before, in a mill accident. When walking along the road, Davitt, who was ahead, suddenly stopped at a graveyard and looked wistfully over the wall. Rylett, catching up with him, asked what had attracted his attention. Davitt, pointing to a corner of the graveyard, replied: "There is a part of me buried over there." The Unitarian parson and the convict were fast friends, for they both loved Ireland, and were both disciples of Henry George.

The first meeting of the Land League was held at Irishtown, Mayo, on April 20, 1879, close by the ruins of Davitt's early home. From this house, when Michael was but a child, his parents, with their helpless family, were evicted. The memory of that heartrending scene might well have inspired the hope expressed by Davitt in these words: "If I am standing to-day upon a platform erected over the ruins of my leveled home, I may yet have the satisfaction of trampling on the ruins of Irish landlordism."

In these early days of 1879, I well remember seeing Michael Davitt, accompanied by Thomas Brennan, first secretary of the League, who is now in Nebraska, driving week after week on a jaunting car to the King's Bridge or Broadstone, on their way to the meetings in the south and west. Little did the people think then that, like Paul Revere, they had struck a spark that would "kindle the land into flame with its heat."

I saw him many times in those days,

at meetings and at the League rooms in Dublin. His swaying eloquence and incisive arguments were beginning to be felt by his countrymen, and became an inspiration to the young men of the day. The agitation was assuming such threatening proportions, that the Government resolved to act, and Davitt, Killen and Daly were arrested. The prisoners succeeded in making a burlesque of the trial, and the proceedings were finally dropped.

In the beginning of the year 1881, Parnell and the Irish party of the day were making a desperate fight against coercion in the House of Commons. They had all-night sittings, and sessions lasting as long as forty-one hours at a stretch, and the Government was becoming desperate. Suddenly one evening Parnell asked the Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt, if it were true that Davitt had again been arrested. The answer was in the affirmative, and the indignation of the Irish members knew no bounds. The tall, commanding figure of John Dillon was seen to rise, and he demanded to be heard. The speaker arose also, but Dillon, folding his arms, remained standing and was "named." He refused to retire until sufficient force was brought to remove him, and soon he, with Parnell and the whole party, were expelled from the House. John Redmond, the present leader, had but that day joined the party, and he shared the fate of his colleagues. Thus began the parliamentary career of the most eloquent and successful tactician of the present day.

The arrest of Davitt and suspension of the Irish party roused the country as it had never been roused before. The Coercion Act became law, and about twelve hundred "suspects" were thrown into prison. I knew a great many of them. So insidiously does prison life undermine the health of the strongest, that even these short-term men died like flies on their release. Others of them became blind from the constant glare of the white prison walls. How Davitt survived his long and severe imprisonments and retained his buoyant spirits, has always been a mystery to me.

The Land League was soon suppressed, and warrants were issued for the arrest of all the leaders. I remember being in the excited crowd that day, in O'Connell Street. The police, baton in hand, were charging the people, and as two detectives drove past me, they were stoned by the crowd. The cry was raised that they were on their way to the home of John Dillon, and a wild rush was made to intercept them. But their horses were too fleet, and ere the crowd arrived at Mr. Dillon's residence, he was on his way to Kilmainham by another route.

Joe Biggar brushed past me that day, with his pockets bulging, as usual, with papers, and an ever-present smile on his face. He boldly walked into the offices of the Freeman's Journal, with the detectives at his heels, and nimbly passing out by another entrance, effected his escape. A friendly yacht took him far from Ireland that night. Most of the leaders, including Parnell, Sexton, O'Brien, Redmond and Brennan, were sent to Kilmainham.

The morning of the 6th of May, 1882, dawned bright and hopeful for Ireland. The people of Dublin were gathering in their thousands to witness the pageant of the state entry of the new Lord Lieutenant, Earl Spencer. Every one was in high hopes that at last justice would be done. As I stood in College Green, the "Red Earl" rode past, mounted on a spirited horse, and, hat in hand, acknowledged the greetings of the people. Trinity College, that stronghold of Toryism, alone was hostile. The students threw firecrackers and bags of flour at the Lord

Lieutenant and among the horses of his escort. This discourteous and disloyal reception to the representative of the Sovereign from the so-called "Loyalists" so outraged the ideas of Irish hospitality, that the crowd set upon the students and a free fight took place between "town and gown," which lasted all the day.

In one of the carriages which followed the Lord Lieutenant was a young Englishman, Lord Frederick Cavendish, whom no one recognized. The long procession passed on to Dublin Castle. Towards evening the glad news spread amongst the people that Michael Davitt had been released that day, and huge bonfires were erected in many of the streets to celebrate the event.

Phœnix Park, which usually is crowded on summer evenings, was almost deserted, everybody having flocked to the city. Soon strange, ominous rumors began to fly. One had it that the Castle had been blown up, another that Lord Spencer had been shot. A general rush was made to the newspaper offices, and at last the truth became known—that Lord Frederick Cavendish and Under-Secretary Burke had been assassinated. "Extra" after "extra" was eagerly bought up, and no one slept that night. Early next day I went, with countless others, to Phœnix Park and saw the red blood dyeing the roadway, exactly opposite the lodge of the Lord Lieutenant. No one knew what to think or do. A day full of hope and rejoicing had ended in a night of bewilderment and apprehension. The enemies of the Irish cause attempted to connect Davitt in some way with this tragic occurrence, but he had been in jail, and his ways of liberating Ireland were not those ways. The bonfires set blazing in his honor were represented as the expression of the people's rejoicing over the death of an innocent stranger.

I sat in the courtroom in London and listened to Davitt's wonderfully able defence in the Parnell Commission trial. He cross-examined the witnesses as ably as Sir Charles Russell himself, and his magnificent speech brought tears to the eyes of the judges. The erect head, the dark beard and the defiant eye made up a picture seldom seen in an English court, and the resonant voice deepened the impression. To show the bitterness of feeling against the Nationalists by the garrison in Ireland, even against their own kin who had become Nationalists, I remember Davitt's first question to Captain Tanner, brother of Dr. Charles Tanner, M.P.: "Did you, Captain Tanner, refuse to enter your mother's house, where her dead body lay, because your brother Charles was inside?" Even a mother's death could not soften the asperity of a brother's heart against the brother who had committed the awful crime of loving his country more than his class.

On one occasion it was my privilege to attend a great convention in Dublin, where I saw the fierce passions that almost consumed the frail form of Davitt striving for mastery. An immense crowd of delegates had gathered from all parts of Ireland, and Parnell, cool, self-poised and masterful, presided. Gathered around him on the platform were Sexton, Redmond, T. P. O'Connor, and others of his immediate followers. Davitt had espoused the faith of Henry George, and "Progress and Poverty" was read with avidity by the young men of the country. In all the hotels and places where men congregate, the burning question of "Land Nationalization" versus "Peasant Proprietary" was excitedly discussed on the eve of the great convention. It looked as if the gathering and all Ireland, as a result, would be split in twain on this rock of contention.

Parnell, it seemed, had urged Davitt not to bring the question forward, on

the ground that it would cause disunion and disaster. Davitt, like the man he was, at length agreed that he would not be the cause of dividing Ireland, and merged his individuality for the common weal. At the convention next day, one of the delegates arose to move an amendment in favor of the policy of "Land Nationalization." It was received with wild cheers. Parnell, cool and imperturable as ever, reminded the convention that the foremost man in the cause of the nationalization of the land was Davitt, and if he was not willing to introduce the question, and divide the convention, it was not fitting that another should take his place. Davitt, with teeth set, bowed to the will of Parnell and the country was saved from the disastrous consequences of division. Then Davitt arose to move his resolution on the constitution of the executive committee. He argued that the members of Parliament should stand as any other men for election and not be ex-officio members of the governing body of the League.

T. P. O'Connor took the platform and argued against this proposal. With his masterful eloquence he pleaded for the recognition of the elected members of Parliament, and fiercely attacked Davitt. The delegates jumped to their feet, and with loud cries protested against any one raising his voice against the one-armed ex-prisoner. Again T. P. turning to the chairman, exclaimed "Where would this great movement be but for the leader of the Irish Parliamentary party, Charles Stewart Parnell?" A cheer broke from the assembly, testifying their fealty to the great leader. The convention was thus swayed from one to the other, seething in its excitement like the whirlpool of Niagara.

A priest rushed forward to restrain O'Connor, but Parnell sternly commanded him to retire. In the midst of the intense excitement Davitt was seen exchanging a few earnest words with Parnell. The latter, with finger pointed, firmly expostulated with Davitt who, with eyes ablaze, his whole frame trembling and his arm outstretched, came to the front of the platform. A sudden stillness came over the troubled sea of humanity, and then came hissing from the pallid lips of Davitt, "Long before T. P. O'Connor was known in Irish politics I had suffered in chains for Ireland's cause, and to show Mr. T. P. O'Connor —non-parliamentarian though I be, that Michael Davitt will never throw the brand of discord among his countrymen, I withdraw my amendment." Thus for a second time, true-hearted, brave, unselfish Davitt offered himself on the altar of Irish unity.

I remember about this time being one of a party—at the Imperial Hotel in Dublin—which included Mayor Paul Madden of Cork, Leander Richards, an American journalist, John Wise Power and Mr. Ennis, sub-editors of the Freeman's Journal, and one or two others. The younger men of the party were inclined to have a little fun that evening. They were in what is called in America a "jollying" mood. One of them advised the Mayor to take a trip to America while he held office, for the Americans dearly loved a "personage." As Mayor he would be received with open arms in Fifth Avenue and the Back Bay, but as plain Mr. Madden they would spurn him from their doors. Presently a Mr. Plunket came in, who was duly introduced to Leander Richards as Lord Plunket, a wealthy landlord. At once in true American style Richards proceeded to "interview" him. His "lordship" upheld the dignity of his position and told many strange things of his class which were duly chronicled in the American press. There had arrived that day at the hotel a correspondent of the great Tory organ, "The London Standard," who

was commissioned to write up the sufferings of the landlords, and the iniquities of the tenants, who were supposed to be a race of Hottentots. On his arrival this gentleman sought out Mr. Davitt, who was also staying at the Imperial, then the headquarters of the Nationalists. Davitt assured him he would be treated with courtesy and that he could go through the country without fear of being molested. This correspondent joined our party at the table and was subjected to some of the good-natured "jollying" that was going the rounds. He proved to be a cad of the first water, and some of "the boys" resolved to work the third degree upon him. He soon left the table in a rather uneasy frame of mind and retired to his room. Early next morning Davitt was aroused by a loud knocking at his door, and thinking the house was on fire arose hastily. On opening the door he discovered "his friend the enemy," in the person of the correspondent of the Standard, standing in his night robes, pale as a ghost, and trembling from head to foot. When he recovered sufficient composure he handed Davitt several documents which he held in his hand and exclaimed "Good God! what kind of a country have I discovered!"

Davitt took the papers and scrutinized them carefully. There were three threatening letters written in red ink with elaborate coffins and skulls and cross bones in heavy black. The letters were in different hands, evidently disguised, and threatened the Englishman that if he did not depart that they had sworn by the bones of Strongbow, and the Bible of Cromwell, and the sword of King Billy, they would drown him in the Boyne Water.

Davitt became highly indignant, having given his word that the journalist would be unmolested. He said it was but a meaningless joke and begged of him to take no notice of the matter, but his pleading was in vain. The Englishman was thoroughly frightened, and as fast as rail and steamboat would carry him he quitted the shores of Ireland, never to return. Davitt, greatly annoyed, tried to find the practical jokers, but as there were no informers among the Dublin Irish in those days his search was in vain.

As this incident will show he never bore ill will to individuals, but only to institutions such as landlordism, Dublin Castle, and English misrule in Ireland.

I will relate another incident where a correspondent of the London Times, because he showed an honest desire to tell the truth, was treated in a very different manner. I was staying with the respected and patriotic curate of Luggacurran, Father Maher, when the evictions took place which caused the memorable visit of William O'Brien and Denis Kilbride to Canada to beard Lord Lansdowne in his citadel of Ottawa. The evening before the evictions a young English gentleman, a barrister of the Inner Temple, called on Father Maher. The priest, who was the soul of hospitality, cordially invited him to dinner notwithstanding the fact that he represented the great "Thunderer" of London. The young man's mind had evidently been poisoned against the tenants' cause, but his natural sense of justice made him open to conviction. Thousands of soldiers, police, and emergency men flooded the once peaceful valley, and the people who had lived for generations on the soil were ruthlessly turned out of their homes. Evening after evening when the brutal work of the day was accomplished we all repaired to the house of the priest,—including the London Times correspondent. For the first time in the history of that anti-Irish journal a series of articles favorable to the Irish peasant was appearing. But soon our young friend was

recalled, and he returned to England, denouncing almost as vehemently as Davitt himself the system that had brought so much misery and suffering upon the people of Ireland. It was thus, by witnessing such spectacles of brutality on the one side and patient suffering on the other, that Englishmen like Sir Wilfrid Blunt and many others of note were converted to Home Rule.

ment that the latter would be unable to attend the great convention at Faneuil Hall. He looked bronzed and full of life, as did also his companions. We were met by a great crowd at the dock, and Davitt who hated to be photographed was induced to join a group and be taken. He would sooner be taken by a policeman I think than by a photographer. As we drove through the cheering

THE IRISH LEADERS, DAVITT, REDMOND AND DILLON ON THEIR WAY TO AMERICA, 1902

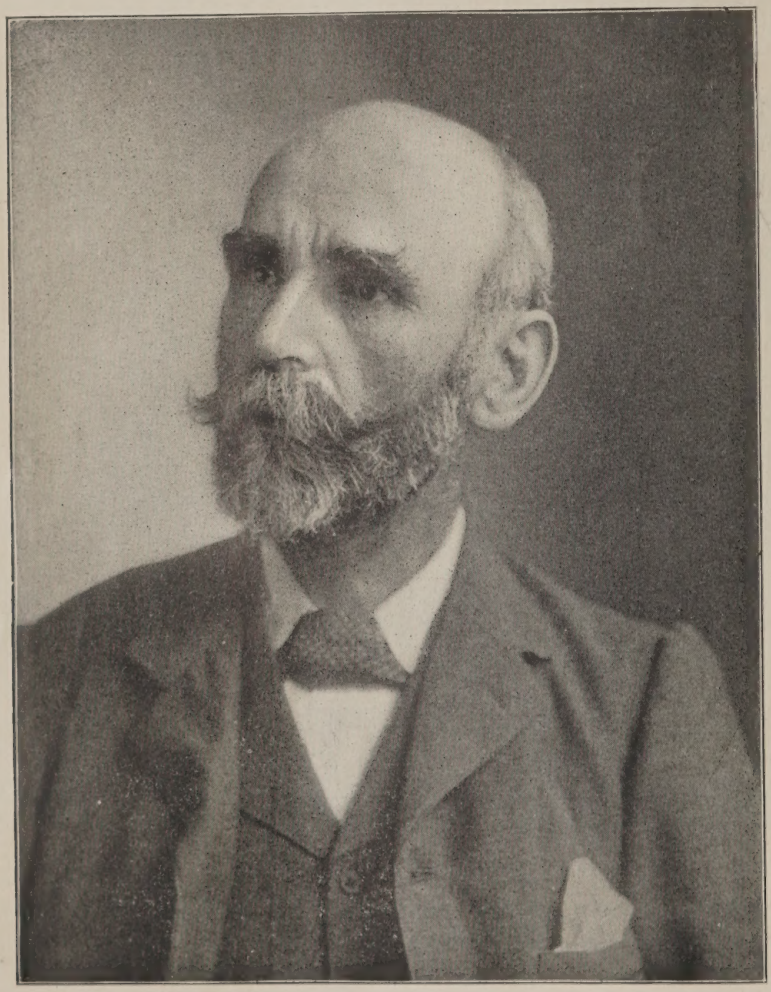
On Friday morning, October 17th, 1902, for the first time an Irish delegation entered Boston Harbor. It was composed of John E. Redmond, John Dillon, and Michael Davitt. Through the courtesy of the steamship officials a few of us were privileged to go down the harbor and board the ship. Davitt greeted us with a warm shake of the left hand. One of his first enquiries was for Patrick A. Collins, and he expressed his disappoint-

crowds to the hotel many an evicted and exiled tenant, with tear-stained cheeks, blessed the Father of the Land League.

Three days after their arrival the first convention of the United Irish League of America was held at Faneuil Hall, and never did the old "Cradle" rock so violently as when the cheers of the delegates greeted the Irish chairman, the son of the '48 man, and the ex-convict. Mrs. Martin,—the wife of John Martin and

sister of John Mitchell—was an interested spectator. Bourke Cockran made one of his greatest speeches on this occasion.

When Davitt arose he was received with tumultuous cheering, for at last, after nearly ten years of internecine strife, were the leaders of Parnellites and anti-Parnellites, Young Irelanders, and Fenians, united on one platform.



MICHAEL DAVITT.

Davitt began in the following characteristic fashion. "About thirty-one years ago I was breaking stones one day in Dartmoor prison when my companion in felicity put me this conundrum 'Can you tell me,' said he, 'what is the most difficult position to be in in life?' I gave it up. 'Well,' said he, 'it is to be where you can neither fight nor run away.' But my friend had never been asked to speak in Faneuil Hall after Bourke Cockran, John Finerty, and John Dillon."

He went on to tell of the success of the League in Ireland, and his project of

Michael Maines. John Dillon, M. P. John E. Redmond, M. P.
M. A. Toland. Dr. J. T. Gallagher. Dr. D. L. O'Keefe.
Michael Davitt. John O'Callaghan. Col. Roger Scannel.
Dr. H. V. McLaughlin. Dr. T. J. Dillon. J. Loftus.
M. H. Crehan. M. J. Kelly.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE AT THE DOCK, CHARLESTOWN, MASS., 1902.

a great news agency that should not be dominated and controlled by London. He spoke of the fight of the Irish Nationalist members, mainly Catholic, in defense of the Protestant Boers because it was the cause of liberty. He told of General Dewet and General De La Rey asking him to convey to John Redmond and his colleagues their sincere thanks for the help which they rendered to the Boer cause in the British Parliament; of riding with General Philip Botha on the morning of a battle in South Africa, when Botha asked, "Mr. Davitt, can you tell me how many of your people there are in America?" And he replied "about twenty millions." "How many have they sent to South Africa against Ireland's enemy," asked Botha, and Davitt much humiliated had to reply "Forty men." Botha then said to him. "If after Paardeburg your people in America had sent us five thousand men we would have smashed England in South Africa." Davitt wound up his speech as follows. "The clock of Faneuil Hall never registers any hour but six. It stood there twenty-one years ago when I stood on this platform. Necessarily one is twenty-one years nearer the end of the narrow span of life, but there is a consolation in the thought that one is twenty-one years nearer the end of the struggle against English infamy in Ireland. I have believed firmly and fondly from the hour we started the Land League in Irishtown, that I would live to see the day when landlordism would be decently buried in Ireland. I hold to that belief to-night. Not only that, I believe I will see the end of English rule in Ireland."

This was Davitt's prophecy on his last

visit to Boston. One part of it has been fulfilled, for landlordism has been buried decently or otherwise, and the other part, if all the signs of the times speak truly, will soon be an accomplished fact.

A few days after the convention Davitt was invited with John Dillon to address a meeting in Lowell. He came in the morning from New York, and was obliged by his engagements to return by the midnight train. I met poor Davitt tired and weary at the North Station on his return from the meeting, having left before it was over. He was alone, and he and I took the elevated to the South Station. He had not eaten since early morning and we entered a nearby hotel. He talked at length of his plans for the future and at twelve o'clock I bid him a last farewell.

A little over two years ago I was passing through New York on my way to Washington, and hearing Davitt was in the city I felt it my duty to call upon him. He was not in when I called, and on a second visit he had left word how sorry he was to have missed me, and hoped to see me later. His hope, I regret to say, was never fulfilled. A few days afterwards I visited President Roosevelt at the White House. One of the first things he said to me was "Have you seen Davitt? He was here the other day, and presented me with a blackthorn stick, and he told me it would keep away the bad fairies and help me to win my election, and I believe him. Do you know," said the President in his earnest way, "I am very fond of Michael Davitt. And so was every true man of the Irish race, and every true lover of liberty the world over, "fond of Michael Davitt.'

DAVITT'S HOME ON DUBLIN BAY.

LAST SCENE ACT II. "THE GIRL PATSY."

AFTER THE PLAY.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

The dramatic season, as far as the public is concerned, ended with the May. Standing on the darkened stage in the sunlight of June, with the riff-raff of past successes lumbering the scene, there rises the irresistible temptation to laugh at it all; for what is left but a useless heap of scenery and properties, after all the striving, the jealousy, the heart-break, the loss of money and labor? This moralizing might be pretty, but it would not be the exact truth. Because never are the people of the stage so busy, even at the height of the season, as when the season closes. Rehearsals of all kinds begin; the summer players, who cater to the roof gardens, rehearse their sketches; the new plays are being prepared; and while the stars and managers fly to Europe or other places for rest, they take with them plays to be read and to be studied. If one is to indulge in retrospect, the view must take in, not the apparently deserted stage of the moment, but the last decade. The growth of the theatre in that period, not merely in New York, but in the entire country, has been fairy-like in its character. A decade back and no theatre ventured north of Fortieth Street; the system was domestic and simple, outside of Daly's; the importance of the stage did not begin to compare with that of the literary magazine. Now all is changed, and the theatre looms

portentous and magnificent in the life of the time. A new one is built every week, theatrical circuits are made every month, and the grinding out of plays falls just short of the output of sausage, with the difference that the latter is all used.

Two plays meandered into town at the close of the season and got the usual roasting from the tired reviewers, who, for mysterious reasons, resent end-of-the-season dramas. The fact that the husband of Kathryn Kidder wrote The Embarrassment of Riches, and his connection with Columbia College, did not save him. His drama proved to be interesting, in spite of a slow first act, and a ragged third; for the second had vitality and color, and brought before us for the first time the so-called Settlement institutions, which have become a feature of social work in New York and elsewhere. The second act pictured the office of a Settlement house with its manager carrying on the usual routine of the place. The chief incident was concerned with the opening of a gambling-house next door by the boss of the district, one Phelan. At the instance of the young gentleman in charge of the Settlement the police make a raid on the place. A party of sight-seers caught in the raid make their escape by fire-escapes into the Settlement office. As they are a dignified and socially prominent party, an English Duke among them, the resulting scenes are very amusing; and when they are finally rounded up, to use the police phrase, and marched to jail, the audience is pretty well exhausted with laughing. With a more interesting first act and a less ragged third act the drama should prove a success. The scene between the Settlement worker and the political boss suggests an undercurrent of feeling not always recognized by the discerning. Phelan is a gross creature, brutal, vicious, ugly as a bull-dog; there is nothing like him among the Tammany district leaders, who are for the most part gentlemen in dress and manners; but Phelan stands for the Columbia idea of a Tammany district leader, and he is brought into contrast with the virtuous, refined Settlement worker for the sole purpose of intensifying the racial bitterness that animates too many of the Settlement people. There is a suspicion among Catholics that proselytizing is a strong feature of the Settlements. It will not help the play to load the sins of the city upon the shoulders of an Irish district leader, and make him the scapegoat of all villainy, at a time when Richard Canfield is on the stage as the king of gamblers, and when William Travers Jerome has fallen asleep at his post, beyond the power of man to waken. The Columbia set inspired Joseph Chamberlain to charge upon the Irish the municipal corruption of America; but they are not saying much about the exposures of corruption in financial circles, and in the Beef Trust, where their set is supposed to reign.

The second play introduced to Broadway a charming young actress from Chicago, Miss Mary Ryan, to whose artistic power was entrusted the dramatic fate of *The Girl Patsy*. The play tells an old story with considerable discretion and reaches its climax with unusual deftness. The two women in it are Patricia Clifford and Patsy, the daughter of Judge Clifford and the poor orphan of some nobody. A scheming woman substituted one child for the other just as Judge Clifford's wife died, and so Patsy grew up in sordid conditions while the base-born girl was raised in luxury. Patsy is as sweet and modest as Patricia is shallow and vulgar. Both fall in love with the young artist Noel, and Patricia wins him through the artful diplomacy of Noel's ambitious mother. Time reveals that his heart beats for Patsy alone, and it also reveals that Patricia has fallen in

love with her father's coachman and has secretly married him. Her motive was spite against Noel, the coachman's—love

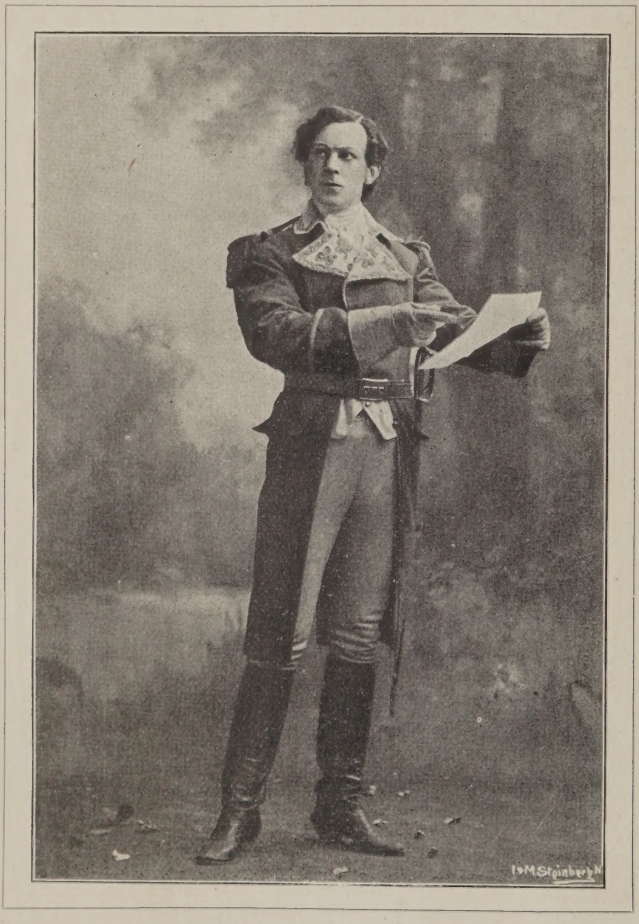
mother is jubilant, when a letter is placed in his hand. It is Patricia's revenge for his indifference to her and his unexpress-

MARY RYAN AS "THE GIRL PATSY"

of money. The last act opens on the wedding morning. The guests have assembled, the bridegroom is waiting, his

ed love for Patsy. She has deserted him at the altar, publicly insulted him. He is free and he turns to Patsy, who at that

moment has learned the secret of her parentage and been acknowledged by her father. Thus Noel after all marries the daughter of Judge Clifford at the precise hour arranged by the foolish and dethroned Patricia. In spite of some crudeness in the working out of incident and character, some blemishes in the presentation, the play told its story well and maintained interest to the end. Its chief merit, however, is that of presenting Mary Ryan to New York.



WILLIAM KELLEY AS ROBERT EMMET.

Her rôle had difficulties. The playwright did not create it for the purpose of exploiting a star. Patsy is not on the stage every other five minutes uttering the choicest lines. She is just what such a girl would be in real life, modest, poorly clad, shy but eager to rise in station; and she gets the chance as housemaid in the grand mansion. With disturbed heart she witnesses the rehearsal for the wedding, hardly conscious of her love for Noel. She rescues her drunken uncle from the storm raging outside and is rewarded by his revelation of her true standing. For the sake of Noel she decides to go away from the place and say nothing of her parentage; a timid, shrinking, inexperienced child, in whom the woman has just begun to grow. Mary Ryan, petite and winsome, played the

part with the delicate shading and artistic reserve which it required. The limelight never obscured her sweet personality. She made it clear that a true artist had arrived. Off the stage she is just Mary Ryan, a good Catholic girl, whose father, John H. Ryan, used to play the parts made famous years ago by Tony Hart in the Harrigan plays. In stock companies she has played for the past five years the characters made notable by Maude Adams and Annie Russell. Delicacy and distinction are the leading characteristics of these actresses, and Mary Ryan bids fair to win similar laurels.

Mr. William J. Kelley, an actor of the romantic school, closed a vivacious and profitable season at the Harlem Theatre in June, and left the green-room for his vacation, in a blaze of glory. The blaze was produced by the report in the journals that he would have his own theatre in Harlem next year. Usually a theatre is built around a financial idea, not around a personage. Fancy then the hold which William has taken on the hearts of the Harlemites when interest-seeking finance offered to build him his own theatre, on the simple condition of his presence for a given time. In point of fact this indicates remarkable drawing qualities in the actor. He is a man of thirty, six foot tall, fashioned bravely, the mould of fashion and the glass of form,—or the other way—hails from Massachusetts, and began his stage career there years ago. After the usual apprenticeship, in traveling companies, he landed in the stock company of Harlem as leading man and speedily became the pet of the playgoers. In that section of the city the people are loyal devotees of the play. They are like the Londoners, not merely visitors to the theatre, but downright playgoers. On first nights each player is greeted with applause on his entrance without regard to what may be doing in the play. This embarrasses any but the members of the Harlem household. The warmest devotion of these people has been given to Mr. Kelley. His acting fully merits it. This winter he came down to Yorkville with his own company and captured that part of the town. He concluded his season in the Harlem, owing to difficulties with the Yorkville management. Conversation with him revealed a young man of personal charm, of soaring ambition, and of considerable experience; ready for the largest opportunity, confident of his ability to reach the highest place with study and the proper encouragement. And he *will* reach the highest place undoubtedly, in time, if he is truly willing to endure the rebuffs which seem necessary to separate the good metal from the raw ore.

His acting qualities are surely above the average, and foremost among them is that unnameable quality of temperament, which may be seen in Arnold Daly, Julia Marlowe, and Richard Mansfield, and will not be seen in Edward Sothern, Fay Davis or Otis Skinner. It was the particular mark of Ada Rehan. Willard shows it spasmodically, now in one play, again in another, with lapses. It enables the actor to identify himself with each part represented. Kelley displays it invariably, and in him it flashes out magnificently in the romantic drama. His *Robert Emmet* had all the charm and artistic realism. As Brandon Tynan wrote this play, the leading character stood out as a modern Hamlet, sad with the burden of the time, hopeless with the bitterness of coming defeat. The money-seeking manager made it a romantic appeal to the multitude, and thereby robbed it of its full power and charm. Brandon Tynan played it admirably, for he is also an actor of temperament. William Kelley added to its pathos the determination of a great soul bent on winning the victory

in the face of treason and death. As a rule young actors are incapable of portraying the abysses of feeling into which an Emmet is plunged by the terrifying incidents of his struggle with the inevitable. They have rarely had the bitter experience of real sorrow, such a sorrow for example as intensified the powers of Edwin Booth and made him the greatest actor of his day. Of the modern Hamlets only one, Forbes Robertson, could give the famous soliloquy on suicide its proper depth of horror and despair.

In David Garrick, Kelley gave a well-finished portrait of the ancient actor, and showed possibilities. The old-time comedy is a favorite with actors because of its varied opportunities. David visits the wealthy merchant, Simon Ingot, and amiably discusses the scheme of disillusionizing his daughter Ada with regard to her esteem for Garrick and her fondness for the theatre. The gay costumes of the period and the elaborate manners in vogue are both attractive and amusing. Garrick makes the plan on condition that Simon Ingot invite him to dinner. He hastens home to prepare himself for the ordeal. The homely guests assemble in the parlor, and at the proper moment the famous actor enters, clad in the raiment of Solomon, and superbly lavish in the etiquette of the time. In fact his very entrance stamped him as a superior actor. Its distinction and elegance were a surprise. The scenes which followed are easy enough for the experienced player. The contrast of assumed drunkenness with real feeling is very effective. All through the scene, however, he carried himself with such elegant poise, and his exit expressed so finely his own horror of the deceit, that one could not but feel the very presence of Garrick. Mary Ryan and William Kelley played together for a season in Harlem; she the personification of butterfly grace, he the type of manly and aristocratic dignity. What a pleasure to see these children of the fourth generation of the Irish in America rivaling in artistic skill the leaders of the American stage!

The Fiskes are putting up a playhouse for opening in the fall with Harrison Grey Fiske as the manager and Minnie Maddern Fiske and her company as the opening attraction. Their great difficulty is to get the play which is worth interpretation according to the Fiske standard, and at the same time interesting enough to draw the multitude. He is the business man, she is the artist, and like all the artists of our day she seeks the best without ever being able to get it. There is no one to give it. Our playwrights have nothing to offer but situations based on dramatic device instead of human feeling. This is one reason why some actors of power turn to the Ibsen play, which has at least the merit of emotional complexity and makes demands upon artistic natures. Unfortunately the plays of Ibsen are few and unpopular, incomprehensible to most people, and dull enough even to the elect. The death of the Norwegian poet brought out the usual tributes from the writers who know nothing about him, and also a flood of gush from his more critical admirers. The truth about him seems to be that his whims ran away with his poetic and dramatic talent. The mock-anarchist known as G. Bernard Shaw has already informed us somewhere that Ibsen was the interpreter of the world-will as expressed in woman. What this means will not be understood until the next generation.

Apart from the Ibsen fad and the faddists he was a clever dramatist, who, in his maturity, gave the stage a number of interesting plays. They are no longer played. The eccentricities of his old age, such plays as *Ghosts* and *Hedda Gabler*, appeal to actors, but weary the public and the critics. Ibsen himself hardly knew just what he meant by them. He

had lost track of life, like all those who reject the meaning given to life by Christ. No other solution of the riddle of the universe having any dignity, he merely amused himself with the study of human character under certain conditions. He was a small, narrow, somewhat pettish and brutal character, utterly dissatisfied with creation. His followers tried to regard him as a prophet, but he disdained the office. He had nothing to teach, and did not think there was anything worth teaching, or anyone fit to be taught. He took life as he found it, portrayed it, laughed or snarled at it, wondering that so foolish a thing could ever come to be. He took his revenge for being a part of it by ridiculing its typical expressions. His greatest punishment was interpretation into English by Archer and G. Bernard Shaw. Some day it will be worth while telling the story of how he and other European oddities became literary glories of the English world. Tolstoi belongs to the Ibsen group, along with Zola and Sardou, but Tolstoi is a genius. They are the successes of the publishers' press agency; the failures are Mathilde Serao, the Italian novelist, and Maxim Gorky, the discredited writer on tramp life in Russia. One or two firms had the stories and plays of the latter ready for printing and staging when the exposure of his immoral life ended the scheme of exploitation.

The death of Zola put an end to his power in the book market; so shall it be with the plays of Ibsen, while his poems, in spite of their madness, are likely to live. The favor accorded the later plays by capable actors indicates that a dramatist of his caliber, who could at the same time interest his audiences, would be welcome at this moment. In our environment dramatists of this sort do not thrive, although the material for them to work upon is remarkably abundant; for example, the secrets of the stockyards of Chicago, the evolution of frenzied financiers, the tragedies of insurance, and the effects of Christian Science upon its high priestess and her votaries.

MAURICE, JR.

BY MARY WEST.

IV.

ASHES OF ROSES.

Once the wedding day was settled—let me see—say it was December—well, the bridal bells should mingle with the breath of June roses, pronounced Maurice, Jr.—that frank, outspoken gentleman, Douglas MacMorlan himself, turned a bit vague and elusive and unfathomable—at least to the eye and ear of his sensitive *fiancée*.

She seemed to occupy no longer so large a share of his thoughts as she deemed proper. If she suddenly entered a room where he was conversing with her father or mother he greeted her courteously, and then immediately turned away, as if forsooth she were a mere incident of his day; a little lesser luminary that twinkled at him occasionally, instead of a guiding star whose steady light should influence all his ways. He never now sought her with the old eagerness. He carefully guarded his eyes and his voice.

Indeed it seemed as if they two had changed places. 'Twas Douglas now who retreated elusive and shy when Maurice advanced toward him. While occasionally when he caught her gazing at him in a surprised way, he demurely lowered his glance.

Poor Douglas! how dearly he paid for his pleasantries! And yet with him 'twas more than mere pleasantry. Half the time he was blind to her looks—his own gaze being introspective. He was trying to see himself in fact with the eyes of Maurice. He was seeking to adjust himself to the ideas of Maurice concerning that type of manhood, indifferent and *blasé* which she was said to admire—and he thought he was succeeding.

As for the little bride-elect, after a time, of course she met him on his own ground, and well, to quote the words of old Ellish they became "a quare pair of lovers."

Outwardly calm, inwardly Maurice, Jr. fumed. So this young man thought—did he? that she would woo him and sue him. That she would continually crave his attention to make him aware of her existence? Well, he should see. The soul of the maiden was troubled about many things,—all the problems of the universe weighed upon her. She began to make unnecessary difficulties of simple things.

Oh, let us, who have not the scientific intellect, take God's roses and His dew—His sunshine and showers, in the spirit in which He gives them—and not probe too deeply into the heart of His mysteries. Let us with faith unquestioning go upon our way, lest we surprise the Creator at His work—appearing unveiled before the Holy of Holies and grappling with those truths of salvation which St. Paul tells us the unwise and the unwary wrest to their own destruction.

Maurice began to speculate and to pull the daisies to pieces.

"He loves me—he loves me not. He loves me not—he loves me—" which?—

The ardent seeker after hidden truth had probed to the heart of the lovely flower in her quest, and found—what? A wreck of white and gold at her feet.

God's hand had made that perfect thing, she thought—hers had wilfully destroyed and could never again repair it. Maurice shuddered.

Did Douglas love her?—or did he not?—and why? Did he look as if he could be fond of anybody. She feared not. And really what did she know about him? Robert Louis Stevenson says that each man is "the greater dark" to his neighbor. That look of reserve might be—oh, there might be something sinister back of it all!

Her fears flew away on another track. Maurice was an innocent-hearted girl, yet she knew that evil existed in the world. This man now, who had traveled much—how did she know but that he had already a wife in some quarter of the globe? Ah, who could say? After all, the good old fathers and mothers were the safest to spend one's days with. And then matrimony itself—what a strange thing it was! Although her mother had told her so often that God had raised it to the dignity of a Sacrament,—to leave those dearest to you for a comparative stranger, and to belong to him always "Till death do us part."

And God Himself was a strange Being. Implicit belief in God, Maurice had always. Yet now she began to doubt the wisdom of His ways. So far away He was when you needed Him most. He did not come when you called Him to soothe your fears.

She frequently thought of her father and mother, perceiving now that their married life had been far from happy. She did not want demonstrative devotion, she mused—what did she want? She did not know.

So the heart of the maiden pondered and questioned and struggled.

The months from December to June are not long flying round—at least so the Boy declares—when one has made up one's mind to be a bride—in spite of the fact that there is so much to be done. And yet said important personage is constantly wishing that time could fly faster.

Yet in this case it was far different. The bride-to-be constantly bewailed the shortness of the time. She never could get ready, she said, and they wanted to hurry her to death. She lost all her merry, teasing ways, and went about sighing all the time and looking like a little wraith. The very color of her eyes seemed changed. No longer were they serenely blue. It was like trying to seek the pellucid waters of a lake through a mist, and coming upon the stormy deeps of the ocean. They were eyes as unfathomable now as those of Douglas himself.

Poor Maurice, Jr.!—she found herself those days utterly bewildered—in a maze of doubt and difficulty to which there seemed no outlet. An angel had troubled the waters of her soul. And who could say whether it was an angel of light or of darkness?

Here finding myself becoming a bit wrought up, I laughed to relieve my feelings, and asked the Boy if he did not think it a good thing that there were not many girls like Maurice, Jr. What a funny world it would be! I said.

He did not echo my mirth. There was only one Maurice, Jr., in all the world, he replied.

The night before the wedding—the very last night—she came impetuously into the room where her mother and father sat quietly talking and gave them both quite a shock.

"Daddy!—Mignon!—is it too late to —to put off things?—I mean to postpone it—to postpone it forever?"

Cecile ran with motherly tenderness to take both the hands of the poor little suppliant, which were ice cold and trembling.

"My dear little daughter!—this is but nerves and—excitement!—Instead of indulging in a fit like this, you should be on your knees thanking God for the nobility of the heart which He has at-

tracted to you. Oh, my dear Maurice!—I always liked Douglas—yet once you almost made me doubt him. But now I know his true worth and—"

Maurice pushed her mother away with a touch of her childhood's asperity.

"Say no more! Oh, say no more!—nobody understands me. I wish I were dead and—I want to be alone!"

She left the two with perturbed and anxious hearts—locked the door against them, and they saw her no more that night.

The bridal morning dawned—an ideal day for a bride, pronounced the Boy. Cloudless heavens and earth arrayed in her gayest and most festive attire. And the bride?—she went silently and listlessly about, looking more than ever like a wraith—with glance studying the ground—a most strained and unnatural smile upon her lips. It was to be a grand affair—this union of an only child and heiress with one so well known and well favored as Douglas MacMorlan. A large number had been invited to be present and great preparations were in progress in every direction.

The bridesmaids arrived—the sweetest bunch of maidens ever seen—according to my authority—and as faultlessly arrayed as the lilies of the field.

Madame la couturière—(or *Madame la modiste?*)—appeared on the scene. The Boy said that he had forgotten what little French he did know, since he left college, but he thought the lady in question must be the *couturière,* as she had sewed for the family for many years and was deeply attached to Maurice's mother.

The Boy was correct. But he was always so modest about his varied attainments. Nowadays whenever we go to the dressmaker or the costumer we say that we have secured the services of the *modiste.* The French must smile over our misuse of their word.

Madame la couturière then had begged permission to array Maurice in her wedding dress—a task that seems to be regarded as quite a privilege.

At last all was ready—the last finishing touch had been given, and Maurice, Jr. stood attired in her bridal finery. There was the exquisite gown trimmed with priceless lace; the veil which had been her mother's and was a family heirloom—in company with the conventional orange blossoms.

As the *couturière* bent to clasp the bridegroom's gift about her neck—(a necklace of pearls which had been his great grandmother's) she playfully pinched the cheeks of the unresisting maiden and murmured that though it was all very well for a bride to look *"spirituel"* and like an *"ange"*—it was not permissible that she should resemble a *"cadavre."*

The bridesmaids who were now crowding in to take a peep at the

"Queen rose of the rosebud
garden of girls,"

in spite of expostulation—caught the word and agreed with *Madame la couturière.* Maurice would have made a charming bride they opined, had she not been so ghastly pale. And then her eyes!—Could one call them blue?—they were black and stormy and rebellious!

And now all was ready. First there was an awe-struck silence—then admiring whispers—and then—

The bride-to-be was seen deliberately to raise her hands to the encircling necklace and to pull at it as if it choked her. She was actually trying to unfasten it!—she had succeeded!—no, she had broken it and the pearls showered upon the ground! The bridesmaids stared in amazement; the *couturière* was too dumbfounded to lift a hand.

Maurice gazed at the gems about her feet and suddenly cried out in vehement, gasping tones:

"Pearls!—they signify tears—I have always—hated them!—the tears which come not—from the eyes—but fall upon the heart—harden it!"

Then her voice sinking to a mournful cadence she pointed an accusing finger at the trembling group of bridesmaids and addressed them.

"Oh, dear little friends, have you ever thought what it means—to venture out upon the perilous sea of matrimony, with an unknown pilot?—a pilot so cool and indifferent, that he would let you flounder about—so little he cares!—and become perhaps a wreck!—nor lift a hand to save you."

And now, poor Maurice, a brilliant red spot burning on each cheek and bringing out more vividly her pallor, she quoted the words of another—words uttered so long ago, that had sunk so deeply in her heart.

"Have you ever thought that matrimony is not a dream—not a romance—but stern reality?—very beautiful indeed if there is strong love on both sides to support it—but lacking that—oh, lacking that—"

She now deliberately tried to remove the bridal veil and the orange blossoms, but they fell from her trembling fingers and mingled with the pearls at her feet.

"Oh, I have thought about it—these long months and I tried to go through with it—but I cannot—God does not ask it—and no one else shall compel me!"

The poor *couturière* now very much frightened, quietly sent for the parents of Maurice, Jr. They came immediately, of course, little thinking what was in store for them. The good-hearted woman whispered that it was nothing, she hoped—just an attack of nerves—rather unusual, of course, at this stage of the proceedings—but then Maurice had always been pronounced an exceptional girl.

Maurice, Jr. waved her mother unceremoniously aside—but at sight of her father, one of the scenes of her childhood was re-enacted. Only the sobs were dry and tearless and the embrace had lost its strength.

"Who has been hurting—my little Irish lass?" murmured her father, his voice broken by some strange fear. He caressed her gently and pushed her into a big arm-chair. "Wait there just a moment, my lass, and let me think."

But his thoughts, poor man, were confused. She had outgrown the days when paregoric could soothe her,—and really what was her trouble?—and how could he reach it?—Nerves?—ah, he had it!

"Sit quietly here, my lass, until my return."

He was gone and back in a flash, carrying a large stein filled with some dark liquid, which in his haste and excitement he was splashing in every direction.

The scandalized bridesmaids and *Madame la couturière* drew back with a shake of their skirts.

"Mavourneen dheelish," he whispered to his daughter, "just plain—and Irish." Aloud he said with a courtly bow at nobody in particular, "a drop of mountain dew, my dears."

Maurice, Jr. obediently put it to her lips—she would have taken poison from his hand that morning—and suddenly—the great deeps were broken up—and Maurice, Jr. wept. She tried to hand the glass back to her father but he in his agitation let it fall, to contribute its share to the wreck at her feet.

The mother this while had been standing in the background, with clasped hands and rapidly beating heart, a flood of thoughts surging through her brain. She now surveyed the scattered pearls and orange blossoms, the bridal veil and fragments of glass over which the "mountain dew" was glistening, and a strange fancy came to her.

There was a part of Douglas and her

husband and herself in this disaster. Those restless hands which once had destroyed the doll and pulled the daisies to pieces, were they now about to derange the plans of their Creator? those fair plans which He had designed? Would they wreck other lives with their own?

And yet they were not malicious hands, the mother knew—but hands ever seeking, though mixed with self, some higher good.

Maurice shortly strove to conquer her tears and declared that she should go for a few moments to an oratory which was her mother's—and no one should follow, she pronounced, not even her daddy—she wished to be alone.

In the meantime the bridegroom prospective and his followers had been waiting at the church with wonderment. For "book and bell and candle" had long been ready and the clergymen had more than once expressed their disapproval of this waste of precious time. As for the large congregation—packed to the doors, it was in a fine fever of curiosity and excitement.

It was an unusual case, I think. Very often in these match-making days, a bridegroom fails to come to time, and at the last moment is missing. Yet it is not strange when one comes to ponder it. You see, frequently the masculine part of the contract has had very little to do with it. And I suppose when he comes to think how the fathers and mothers and kindred and friends have worked to thrust the honor on him, he wishes to completely assert his independence. And who can blame him?

But the bride rarely fails to face the music. She is always in evidence and—waiting. Which is as it should be.

At last a messenger was sent to the house, who brought back a garbled account. But that something was wrong, was plain, and Douglas was wanted.

So, poor fellow, with his mind slightly agitated, thinking there might be some temporary illness, and never dreaming what awaited him, he got into a carriage and was rapidly driven to the scene of the delay.

Arrived at the house, he found the small boy present in great numbers. He had hardly set foot on the ground when he was recognized and—the merry war began. You see, although the small boy is ubiquitous and omnipresent, unfortunately he is not omniscient. Of course when the bridegroom was espied, what more natural but the bride was to follow? accordingly poor Douglas was immediately deluged with rice and confetti and whatever else is the customary tribute at weddings. He tried hard not to be angry with the small boy. He dodged and brushed himself and sang out good-natured remonstrance. But all of no avail.

Some people think that Satan—or at least one of his emissaries invented confetti. The touch of rice, of course, is more stinging, but its effect is not so lasting. Confetti is at once insidious and insinuating. Once you have come into intimate contact with the same, it clings to you, and it seems can never be shaken or brushed off completely—but is continually telling against you at the most unexpected times and places, like the reminiscences of past sins.

Confetti is no respecter of persons or events. A friend of mine had her hat filled with confetti at the Harvard Stadium, which as everybody knows has nothing to do with weddings—at least not approximately. Months after, when she fondly hoped she had eliminated the last traces of it—a shower of the same drifted upon her shoulders at the funeral services of a dear friend—at once diverting attention from the solemnities to the frivolities of life and pointing her out as a bride. As she was not, you see it was all very provoking—and a lying wit-

ness, too. Indeed I have more than one grudge against confetti.

I hope you will pardon this slight digression. Perhaps you have had the same experience and agree with me. Of course these reflections are not the Boy's.

How handsome was Douglas that morning! according to my authority, and how happy he looked!—for he still could not feel that anything serious was the matter.

Old Ellish did not permit him to ring —she stood at the open door, looking grim and gloomy enough, that glorious day. And, "Sorra's the day, sir, sorra's the day," she said, wringing her hands.

"Good God, woman!" he burst in, "you don't mean that Maurice!—"

(Oh, could the bride-elect have seen him then!)

"Maurice is the Devil, sir," retorted the old woman, with pious fervor, "and 'tis I that say it."

He regarded her with a puzzled frown as she made way for him to pass. Half way up the stairs he met one of the bridesmaids coming down. She was an old friend and warm admirer of his. A sweet thing she was, too—all in pink, like a "trailing cloud of glory." She threw up both hands impulsively and rested them on his broad shoulders, while the tears rushed to her eyes.

"Oh, my dear Douglas! what a dreadful thing! She says she will not have you. I think myself she must have gone mad—as mad as Ophelia! that is the only excuse for her. But there is not a girl here who would not take her place and—and marry you!"

Dear little comforter! Douglas put her gently aside and continued his way. Here and there he caught a glimpse of other fleeing nymphs who had been peering through the balusters.

At the top landing he encountered Cecile. The sadness of her countenance shocked him unutterably. Yet there was even then about it, he thought, a look of resignation.

She drew him into the nearest room and shut the door. Strangely enough it was the room of that morning's untoward scene. He noted with a pang of sadness and surprise his pearls upon the ground, mixed with the wilting orange-blossoms—the crumpled lace and the dark liquid bedewing all. No hand, it seemed, had yet dared to make order out of chaos.

So commingle in life, the sublime and the ridiculous; humor and pathos.

"Oh, Douglas!—my dear son that was to be—ah, 'twas one of the dreams of my life." With that she put her head upon his shoulder and gave way to tears —such profound grief!—possibly the pent-up emotion of all the long, lonely, wedded years.

The Boy now suggested again to draw a veil over this scene. I did not reply—being wholly absorbed in the trials of Douglas. I'm sure I never heard of anybody having so much to contend with, at a time that should be one of the happiest of your life.

It's very trying, I think, to get everything that's coming to you on your wedding-day-that-should-be, except the bride. To be covered with confetti, and kissed by one of the bridesmaids—(if she didn't she wanted to, and that's as bad). Please do not misunderstand me. It is not very bad at all. Only there is a broad, poetic license—isn't it so? allowed in this direction on wedding days.

Then although your mother-in-law may be one of the best women in the world, as in this case, and your bride a little vixen, as in this case, too—yet it's only natural, I'm sure, to want to be laughing with your bride rather than consoling your mother-in-law, on your wedding day.

"Little mother, little mother," he said, "all, I am sure, will yet be well."

Strange it was that he was the first that had ever called her "mother." The word was balm to her soul.

"My dear son, it is hard to have the cup of happiness at one's very lips, only to find it dashed to the ground. And so it has been these long years. I have never had a wish gratified. But God knows best—possibly it is in punishment of my infidelities to Him."

Douglas, poor fellow! tried to stem the tide of her grief and quiet her fears —and every time he moved, he shook a gay shower of confetti over her. But in thus ministering to another, and ignoring the tumult of his own soul he exhibited that nobility with which Maurice had once accredited him.

"As for my daughter," went on Cecile, "what can I say in extenuation of her conduct, when she herself refuses to speak? Père Regnier, my dear old friend, has just left here. I sent for him, thinking that his word could move her—yet he argued and remonstrated until he had not voice left."

"Douglas"—she laid her hand appealingly on his arm—"I have seen so much of this caprice—or obliquity, call it what you will—since childhood. When Maurice takes a notion into her head, nothing can move her—not even the Court of Heaven. Yet I hoped of late years that she was outgrowing these faults."

She stooped to gather a drooping spray of orange-blossoms and laid it tenderly against her cheek.

"Poor little blossom of the parent vine—I see so many traits of her father's and of mine—how can it help its perversity? And yet, dear Douglas, she is a girl of such good parts—there is such wealth of affection!—she can be led, never driven—although she is a strong personality—a power for good or evil in the world, I have always thought, and oh, how I have prayed against the evil!"

Douglas sighed and begged for just one glimpse of Maurice. He knew he could influence her, he said.

The little mother shook her head and craved his forbearance. It would only make things worse, she said, and excite her husband's anger. While Maurice had locked her door and her heart, it seemed, against everyone.

She told him, furthermore, that she had long been suffering from an incurable disease and knew that her days were few. This blow would hasten the end, she felt. And then she threw back her head with a sudden inspiration.

"Oh, Douglas, go in peace—and come no more—not even when I am dead. Let God bring things to pass in His own good time. And some day—my heart tells me—some day you two will come together—and 'tis your tender and masterful hand that shall guide my little girl to all high and holy things."

She bent her head over the dying blossoms and wet them with her tears.

"Then after death, dear Douglas," sobbed the poor little mother, "even for me, I trust, shall be—the Divine Son."

And so Douglas went his way, to console himself as best he might—simply wafted along, had he known it, by the sighs of several little bridesmaids who had come a long distance to attend the wedding and could not return that day —and who watched his departure with sympathetic hearts—groaning over the obduracy and hard-heartedness of Maurice, Jr.

In the church the candles were extinguished, and all signs of the festivity cleared away—with only this word to the disappointed and curious crowd, that through some "mischance" the marriage would not take place that morning.

And did that extraordinary girl, Maurice, Jr., give any excuse for her strange conduct? Ah, yes—later on she would explain to all whom it might concern, that she loved another, and that mar-

riage under such circumstances would be desecration. It is well to find these things out before it is too late, she said.

The little bridesmaids returned from watching the passing of Douglas MacMorlan, and listened with awe-struck faces to the racketing going on overhead, where Maurice, Sr., was manipulating the billiard balls as if for dear life. Had he, too, gone daft, poor man? They thought it a strange household.

His wife buried again her troubles, as was her wont, and saw to the comfort of her guests, and looked well to the ways of her household, like the woman commended in Holy Scripture. Then having tried again and again ineffectually to obtain the ear of her daughter, she once more took up her sewing. But now each time she thrust the needle through her work it seemed to stab her heart.

Late that afternoon Maurice, Jr. appeared again upon the scene. Speculation and comment concerning her had been rife among the bridesmaids who called her the "mad Maurice." They had cautiously listened at her door more than once, and pronounced everything as quiet as the tomb. Perhaps she was in a stupor.

What would she do when she next appeared? they wondered, huddled together for protection, in a room directly facing that of their friend. Would she be adorned with flowers like poor Ophelia? —Would she sing?—or rave?—or rant? —would she be aggressive or morose?— In Heaven's name what should be her mood?

But being Maurice, Jr., of course she did nothing for which anybody was prepared. A sweet vision of coolness and freshness, clothed and in her right mind she advanced towards the trembling bunch of maidens. Garbed in sober gray like a little pilgrim was she—her cheek unflushed, and her eyes serenely blue once more.

Moreover, she bore in her hand a copy of the "Following of Christ," and she asserted that she had been keeping company with St. Thomas à Kempis all day, and that she felt refreshed and strengthened.

Well, I'm sure that if she did, nobody else felt refreshed and strengthened. And it is not hard to imagine that the good, practical St. Thomas à Kempis had as little patience with her, as had those who were not saints, and would think her doing better work to be keeping company with the bridegroom as was her duty, that day.

Of course these suggestions are not the Boy's. He told me that I might tell the story in my own words—and he would never dare to criticise the conduct of Maurice, Jr.

Next day Maurice, Sr. disappeared—fled from the face of the earth, it seemed, as he left no address. He informed his wife that he could not stand the badinage of his intimates, and he wished to be away until the nine days' wonder should cease. No word of reproach was to be uttered to his Irish lass, poor child! —it was not her fault but that of his Irish-French alliance, which had indeed brought all their heads in sorrow and disgrace to the grave.

And comment was rife. Had Maurice Ronayne and his wife really separated at last? The world would not be greatly surprised—it had always pronounced the union an unsuitable one. Some blamed him and some blamed her.

As for the other matter, the brunt of it all fell on the shoulders of poor Douglas—and it was well that they were broad. So sweet and charming and well-balanced a girl as Maurice, said her friends, could not do so striking a thing without some valid reason.

Douglas, on his side, poor fellow, wishing to defend the fair fame of his sweetheart, with his usual nobility, as-

serted that the fault was wholly his. Yet as he knew of no fault that he had committed—not being a saint, it was hard for mortal man to bear. Besides, rumor grew, as is usual in such cases, until he was pronounced a cross between a Brigham Young and Herod.

It is strange that a person like this girl could so upset the whole community and appear so unperturbed herself.

The part of the affair that seemed to touch her most deeply was the absence of her father. Douglas had long been to her but a mistaken and lost ideal—a something that had never existed in Heaven or earth—but only in her imagination. Since childhood she had always been able to set such disillusionment aside with scorn. But for her comrade and ally to desert her entirely, without a word, was unbearable.

She moped and pined about the house, plying her mother with a thousand unanswerable questions, as to his whereabouts.

One day about a week after her father's disappearance, she stood regarding the little canary, having wandered from room to room, unable to fix her mind on any pursuit.

This blithe thing, she thought, singing so gaily how little it took to content him! a bit of seed, a drop of water, a ray of sunshine. What a contrast was his happiness to her wretched frame of mind!

"Well, well, Herr Canary, everything shall not come your way so easily—you must work for it."

With that she flew away to procure a fresh lettuce leaf—for the obtaining of which she made the little bird do great tricks—with no thought of being unkind, but simply to whet his appetite. She did not know, this thoughtless little Maurice, how weak was his heart. She finally let him out of his cage, and after a great game of romps—he pursuing her all over the room—she surrendered the prize to him as he alighted on her shoulder.

Into this scene entered Père Regnier, unannounced, with a sternly accusing eye at her childishness, thought the young lady.

She secured the bird again in his cage, still panting from his late excitement, and answered vaguely the questions of the priest.

Yes, her mother had been ailing for a few days—nothing serious she thought, as she did not stay in bed all day. Yes, Ellish was her constant attendant. No, she did not know the nature of her illness. Mignon was always so strange and reserved about herself—didn't he think?

And then the storm burst!—such righteous anger!—After a few moments Maurice drooped under it, appalled, receiving the surprise of her life. To what dreadful accusations was she listening! that she and her father absorbed in themselves had never appreciated their little helpmate, who had been slowly dying for years, of neglect and starvation—ay, vehemently asserted the priest, of soul hunger—far worse than any physical pang, as the things of the spirit weigh heavier in the judgments of God than those of the flesh.

It seemed that the spirit of Maurice swooned and came back to earth only to hear that her mother had the soul of a saint and a martyr; to catch a glimpse of her vast and hidden charities; to feel her silent suffering and self-sacrifice. Père Regnier dwelt at length on the beautiful soul-satisfying talent which she had abandoned at the word of another. She was a St. Cecilia of harmony, declared the priest.

He added that he had often wished to speak of these things but that the mother had forbidden it. Nor did he hesitate to say that short as her days would have

been anyway, they would be shortened now by this last blow administered by the hand of her daughter. He begged that Maurice would not disturb these last hours of her mother, whether of days or weeks, by any noisy demonstration of grief, and finally he advised her to go upon her knees and beg God's pardon for her thoughtlessness and selfishness, if it was nothing worse.

He disappeared in a flash as he had come, leaving Maurice thinking of a vision of justice.

She fell upon her knees, as he had bidden, only to murmur inarticulate words with a feeling of utter paralysis.

With the first accession of strength, in a passion of sorrow and remorse, she fled to the threshold of her mother's room, where Ellish had refused her entrance that day. She lay there sleepless all that night.

Next morning Cecile came down to breakfast as usual. It had been only a passing attack, she replied to the anxious inquiries of her daughter.

That very day, Maurice—impetuous, impulsive Maurice, ran to procure tickets for the opera of "Martha." The mother gently, yet firmly, refused. She had not been to a theatre since she was married, she said—she would scarcely know how to act.

The daughter went upon her knees—that should be her attitude henceforth, she thought, one of supplicating abasement.

Oh, just this once!—they two together—was it not one of her favorite operas?—ah, just this once!—

And Cecile always accustomed to deny herself and defer to the wishes of others—Cecile went. She seemed to hear with alien ears—to see with alien eyes—only the rendering of that pathetic song, the "Last Rose of Summer," moved her to tears.

When it was over she whispered her daughter, "Thank you so much, dear child, for thinking of me. Yet somehow my thoughts were not there. I love better to hear the hymns of the pure-hearted children's choir."

After about a month's interval, Maurice, Sr. was heard from. He sent his address and begged that Maurice, Jr. should join him for a while—it would do her good, he said.

His daughter, with a plan in her head, prepared immediately to follow him. He might be a bit obdurate, she thought, and she could talk more potently than she could write. Yet if anything should happen before their return!—Ah, no—God could work miracles and perhaps there might be years of happiness yet. But God speed her!

Left by herself, the little mother felt very lonely and weak and tired—more so than she had ever felt before. She went to whisper to her little canary. How oppressive the day was! she mused, and the summer was fast wearing away. See the mound of rose leaves in the garden!

Ah, dear little songster, he was actually singing his heart out. Listen! It was "The Last Rose of Summer." Her own heart sang with him the last verse.

"So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away,
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?"

An hour later when she came to say good night to her little friend, she found him lying dead on the bottom of his cage, his little wings outspread as if for flight.

She did not weep—this poor Cecile—it seemed that she had exhausted her tears that day, on the shoulder of Douglas. She embraced the deserted prison-house and with a feeling that something was dead, too, at her heart, and cold—

she gazed far, far away, to where, beyond the mountains, the sun was setting.

Her big Maurice and her little Maurice and her tiny canary,—God had put them all at a distance from her. Somehow she knew that she should see them no more in this life. Truly for her the gems were dropping away from "Love's shining circle."

Oh, these forsaken cages! — these empty nests!—these haunted houses!—these desolate hearts! — what is the meaning of it all but the tomb of life where one day shall confront us the Spirit of Light—if we only, like Magdalen, have faith.

When the mother wishes to completely absorb the mind of her child, she takes from it every toy—everything that would divert its attention, and thus compels it with empty hands to come to her.

Likewise, it seems when the Heavenly Father wishes the hearts of His children, He leaves them with empty hands, and sweetly constrains them to seek Him.

Cecile experienced a moment of utter dereliction and darkness and dejection, during which she stretched out empty hands to the Author of her being and breathed a voiceless prayer.

'Twas then from the deeps of sadness that she felt herself being borne aloft as if on buoyant wing, and a foretaste of exquisite happiness came to her—perhaps something akin to the ecstasy of a saint.

Surely for the pure in heart and for those who love God there must be—even in this life—a glimpse of Thabor—even though to obtain it, they climb the heights of Calvary.

The little mother continued gazing at the sunset, but now the air seemed to be full of voices breathing of the Resurrection.

"God's in His Heaven
All's right with the world,"

murmured one.

"At eventide there shall be light," whispered another.

Oh, that was the dearest voice of all, for it means that after death shall dawn the Beatific Vision.

With her own hands the mother buried the canary, near the roses in the garden, and went her way—encompassed by the peace that passeth understanding.

That night Maurice, Jr. brought home her truant father. She noted with anxiety that the house was dimly lit, and she feared that her mother might be worse. As they neared the entrance, they heard, with surprise, strains of music. They entered softly, unannounced.

The hall was all in darkness, save at the farther end, where a ray of moonlight, or mayhap the luminous whiteness of its own raiment, revealed a figure seated before the organ. It was Cecile—and, oh, marvel of marvels! 'twas from her lips that the strains of melody issued. And such melody!

Perhaps that glorious patron of music whom the Church calls the Queen of Harmony, namely, our own St. Cecilia, had touched the soul of her humble client with some of her own divine fire, and had given voice to the "darling passion strong in death."

How like a bride she looked! thought the two in the darkness—and they did not know that she was a bride, with the Bridegroom only waiting to receive her.

They did not know that it was the swan song of the little mother.

She sang Mendelssohn's beautiful "O Rest In The Lord," from "Elijah."

They listened entranced. Maurice involuntarily fell upon her knees, her eyes suffused with tears.

She thought of that beautiful picture "Die Heilige Cæcilie," where earth and Heaven united, bend ear to St. Cecilia—and she saw in a vision that sweeping flood of melody flowing like a pure

stream past the souls of the elect and the listening saints—past angel and archangel—past the cherubim and seraphim and the nine choirs of angels—straight to the throne of God.

It was finished—and the air still full of beautiful echoes and reverberations when Maurice Ronayne started forward with a word of praise. His daughter gently withheld him.

"Oh, do you not see?—it would be like violating a sanctuary! She is alone with God!"

Cecile passed the two standing together in the darkness, and scarcely daring to breathe. She ascended the stairs, oh, how slowly! as if she were very tired—pausing upon each step. They never dreamed that she was climbing to rest.

She sat up late that night, finishing a piece of work for her daughter. And it was bridal linen.

She heard cautious voices outside her door, and she knew that her dear ones had come—and did not wish to disturb her.

While her hands wrought and wrought, her heart sang and sang. And at last she slept—as once she had longed to sleep when Maurice was born.

In the morning when they came to waken her, they found her still asleep—the mother who had been always the first awake in the household—and she did not rouse at touch or call.

They found her work—that last thought for her daughter—neatly folded beside her—one hand resting upon it. Nor did she heed the broken litany of love and sorrow breathed at her feet—her name many times invoked as "dear wife" and "sweet mother"—words of affection which would have meant so much to her in life.

But the heart that like Magdalen's had loved so much was filled with all the good things which Divine Love has promised to His own. A heart that never could have been satisfied with the fleeting joys of this world! For God Himself tells us that while He alone sufficeth—that He only can satisfy.

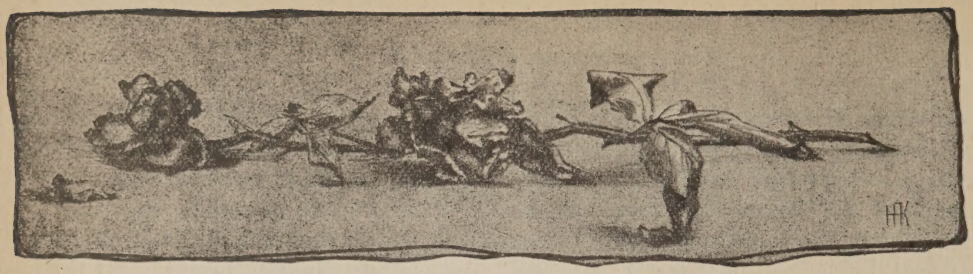
The little mother slept—and she did indeed rest in the Lord.

(To be continued.)

VENATOR ANIMARUM.

BY REV. JAMES T. BROWN.

World-wide the forest where this Nimrod stands,
Searcher for souls to save, at morn and night;
His plea not pleasure bought in bloody blight,
His weapon wrought above by skilful hands,
His eye the sylvan scene serenely scans:
Hark! hear the shot, but list! nor gasp, nor groan,
A soul! a soul! lies prostrate near the Throne.
Seek you this hunter? See him in all lands
Where flash on flash the Gospel wins the day,
Or makes the night joint partner of the light.
Blest be the marksman wherever he may be,
Whose deadly aim brought life to you and me
And glory to the Lord who watched the fight,
And saved our souls from Satan's sinful sway.



CATHOLIC ROYALTIES.

IV.

The Count and Countess of Flanders.

BY BEN HURST.

The title of Flanders, to which Prince Albert and Princess Elizabeth of Belgium have recently succeeded, corresponds to that of Wales in England's royal family, being borne by the immediate heirs to the throne. This countyship was long almost equivalent to royalty, for in olden times its bearer often governed an extent of territory little less considerable than that of adjacent kings. One of them, indeed, exchanged it for the title of emperor. Baldwin, Count of Flanders, leader of the fourth Crusade, stopped short in Constantinople to found a Latin kingdom, of which he wore the crown only a few months, but which survived him for over half a century.

The late Count of Flanders was noted for his benevolent disposition and exemplary life. He bestowed particular care on the up-bringing of his children, and the results are such as may be expected. Prince Albert brings exceptional powers to the furtherance of those works which his father cherished for religious and humane motives, and which can alone shed lustre on the young dynasty of a new kingdom such as Belgium. His partner in life has been no less favored in her surroundings from infancy. The Princess Elizabeth is a noble woman and a devout Catholic. As a mark of his esteem, the Holy Father conferred on her the Golden Rose. The ducal branch of the royal house of Bavaria has ever been distinguished for nobility of aim and rare intellectual capacities. Duke Karl, one of the first oculists of the century, devotes to science the same discrimination and talent given by his sister, the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, to the domain of literature and art. Needless to say, his children are highly cultured.

The heir and heiress to the Belgian throne may be described as the best pair of "married friends" to be found within the courts of Europe. Whereas a similarity of tastes is not always necessary to procure domestic bliss, and in some instances—as in that of the parents of the Countess of Flanders, where devoted affection drew the Duchess into the laboratory and even the operating room of her husband—an assimilation of interests takes place gradually or reluctantly, the Count and Countess of Flanders started on the race of life with such perfect identity of aim that true felicity accompanied their first footsteps.

It will be remembered that of the two winsome daughters of Duke Karl, betrothed on the same day, one was destined to the throne of Belgium and the other to that of Bavaria. Both marriages have been crowned with success, and the sisters' annual meetings are the most joyous of reunions.

Prince Albert of Belgium is a very en-

ergetic young man, full of ardent ideals, and determined to work up to them. The extraordinary attention which he gives to every question of the day keeps others sharp to their business, and his secretaries are the most laborious clerks in the state.

most plodding specialist; and, as is fitting, his mind turns chiefly on the problems that most affect his own future subjects. The thriving little kingdom of Belgium is, we know, an example to the world; but the world, Belgium included, is capable of improvement, and therefore

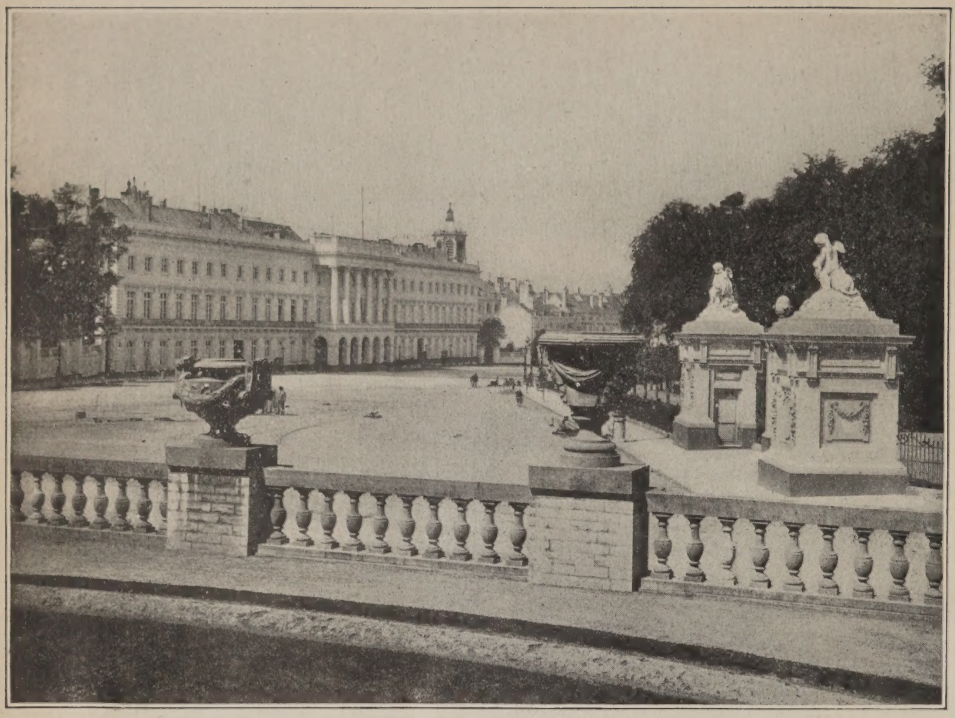
THE COUNT AND COUNTESS OF FLANDERS.

Pius X. conferred the Golden Rose upon the Countess this year.

"There is no pleasure like that of hard work," is the Prince's motto; and since Providence has given him a responsible rôle in the affairs of men he has set out with the intention of qualifying for it.

In this democratic age Prince Albert does not mean to be out-distanced by the

Prince Albert is keen on all political, economical, and industrial questions. His knowledge of these matters is such as to force those who would fain look on him as a mere prince to treat with him as a colleague. The gift for thoroughly mastering his subject is accompanied by an-



THE PALACE OF THE KING, BRUSSELS.

other, little less important to one who is born to govern his fellow-men,—the gift of oratory. The Prince speaks extempore on whatever engrosses his mind, with such fluency, conviction, and sound logic, that his speeches are masterpieces of eloquence. At the recent opening of the Liege Exhibition Prince Albert astounded and delighted the foreign visitors by his proficiency in technical detail, his special knowledge of mechanics, and indeed his comprehensive grasp of every industry concerned. His own people were not astonished, for they are familiar with his acquirements, and he has become one of their best authorities on loom improvements. When on one occasion an expert on artificial dressing of the soil left the Prince's presence jotting down assiduously, the workmen standing round laughed and nodded to each other. One remarked: "He brought out more than he took in. You won't catch *our* Prince asleep."

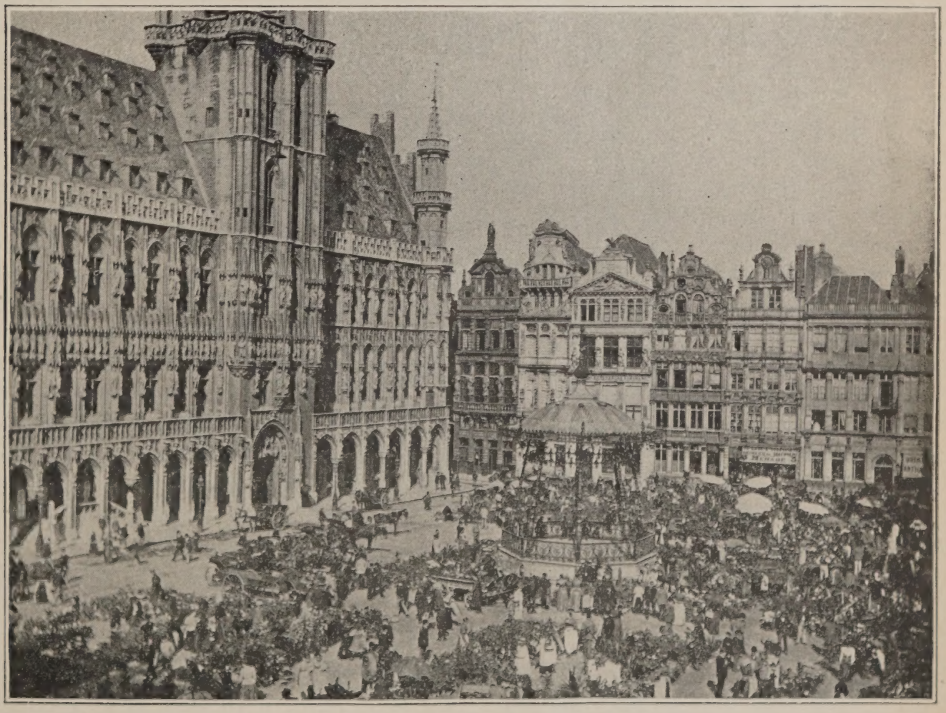
It would be accurate to say that Prince Albert was the most frequent visitor to this Exhibition if his charming consort, Princess Elizabeth, had not spoiled his record. On two occasions they came upon each other accidently within the grandiose installation, much to their amusement and gratification. Princess Elizabeth has her particular plans for the still greater development of that incomparable lace industry—the envy of the world;—and she has even interested the masculine mind of Prince Albert in the importance of certain items which are necessary to retain the beauty of the famous patterns. She is equally eager and laborious in encouraging all branches of feminine industry; but this does not interfere with her predilection for the works whose object is to solace human misery and train aright the youthful mind. It will be gathered from this that the Prince and Princess cannot be devotees of sport, although both are fond of plenty of exercise in the open air. Prince Albert is a good shot, but he pre-

fers resting on his reputation to demonstrating it often on the lower creation. Indeed he has little time for indulging in such pastime, though he has been heard to say that he would enjoy exterminating wild beasts, could they be brought to Belgium. Seeking them in Africa or the Rockies is now, for him, out of the question.

Prince Albert, with all his strenuousness, is full of fun, and Princess Elizabeth has her share of high spirits, which even the possession of two adored baby boys has not toned to matronly gravity. The lucky pair are so popular through downright goodness and noble purpose that their light already shines on the throne of Belgium, promising a reign unrivalled in those initiatives which true religion inspires.

Belgium is sometimes indicated as a contradiction to the dictum that Catholicism hinders the worldly prosperity of a state. It is true that it is the most closely populated, and the most skilfully cultivated country of Europe; it is, in proportion to its size, the greatest grain grower in the universe; and (in spite of its size) comes next to England in its coal output, while it equals England in extent of railway lines. Its commerce is immense, its manufactures unrivalled, and the immigration still exceeds the emigration. But we prefer to point to the industrious and moral lives of the inhabitants as proof of the benefits of Catholicity rather than to these signs of material prosperity not always its concomitants.

Liberty of conscience is complete; and the doctrine of broad tolerance, as well as that of adherence to the best phases of modern progress, is practiced more thoroughly by none than by the future sovereigns, the truly Catholic Count and Countess of Flanders.



CITY HALL AND LA GRAND PLACE, BRUSSELS.

SIENA.

THE JESUATES.

A Salvation Army of the Past.

BY REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

I remember hearing the late Abbé Hogan of Brighton Seminary, who did so much for the formation of clerical opinion here and abroad, warmly defend the Salvation Army when a thoughtless person made fun of its bass drum and popular song methods of religion. With his broad mind he saw what moral good was effected here, and especially in London, by the irrepressible army. He saw it in its philanthropic work,—and if philanthropy is not the sublimest motive power to the human soul, it is better than laziness, better than a quietistic mode of existence that suffers the submerged tenth to sink so far beneath the waves as to make rescue impossible.

To praise the Salvation Army is not, as some would seem to imply, a rejection of the infallibility of the Church, nor an assertion that their propaganda is not amenable to criticism. The ulterior motives may be at times those of the anti-Roman proselyte. Be it so or not it is for us Catholics to utilize the present results of their work, to perfect what they have begun, to lead into the true Fold those who are brought by other hands out of recesses into which we might not be able to go. Cardinal Manning, in his great apostolate for the poor and the children, recognized this. His "sympathy with the philanthropic work of General Booth was never disguised," says Hut-

ton in his life of the great churchman, "and he was too much of an organizer himself not to look with admiration on the order and discipline of the 'Salvation Army.'" And he goes on to say that with their simple faith, belief in God, sin, a Redeemer, the Bible, heaven and hell, far from Catholicism as they still are, it ought to be easier to guide them aright than many others who have higher theological and ritualistic pretensions and a less real, less ardent faith. Some have quarrelled with the methods of the Army. Men who choose to fancy a religious message in a Wagnerian music drama, or feel compelled to cut into a Pomegranate of Browning for a substitute for the Sermon on the Mount cannot view the Brigade on the street corner but as a travesty on religion, of the same genus to their thinking as vulgar Catholicism,—something for the poor, ignorant crowd. There are many Catholics who share in this antipathy to the advertising of God to the public. By them religion is confined to the church, or the innermost recesses of the private chamber, and of a necessity it must be tabooed in polite society. To placard the highways with notices of a mission, as was done so successfully in the remarkable mission at the Boston Cathedral, is to them a relic of Methodistic revivals. In fact any extraordinary means to gain a hearing, and so win souls to God, is frowned down as non-traditional and therefore to be scorned.

ST. JEROME.
Patron of the Order.

COLOMBINI
Founder of the Jesuates.

The Catholic Church, it is true, does not take kindly to the ink of the advertising agent. She is always at the same old stand where she has been for centuries, preaching the same gospel. Knowing that her faithful children will come to her, she leaves the three columns of the Saturday-night paper to the passing strange titles of sermons and musical fixings, which vie with one another in the effort to attract the sinner to a dissertation on the Jewish massacre accompanied by Gounod music, or to a denunciation of the wily Jesuit, made patriotic by the sentiment of "My Country 'Tis of Thee." They tell us that advertising is life in this twentieth century, and while we know that the Church of Christ needs no splashing of ink to live, are we not allowed to think that more of the scattered sheep would be brought into the right fold if we went after them and compelled them to come in? Too much conservatism is not a good thing. Street corner religion, combining ex-

hortations with brass band accompaniment, has to many a horrifying sense of innovation, and is assumed to be an emanation of fanaticism, or religious demen-

The Salvation Army idea is not a special acquisition of the nineteenth century and General Booth. In the Middle Ages the idea of the army for attracting

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA.

tia; yet it is not so necessarily, unless one wishes to call fanatics many of the holy souls whom Mother Church has raised to her altars.

listeners and winning souls to Christ was utilized by the Church in the Order of the Jesuates. It is a far cry from the slums of the English or American city

of to-day to the poetical Tuscany of the fourteenth century. To read the history of the Jesuates and the life of their founder, the Blessed John Colombini, is like a romance of chivalrous days; a *romance* it is of those old poetic days, for this army of the past is quite forgotten save for its memory in ponderous tomes. Yet it should not be forgotten, for the life of Colombini and his companions is an inspiration, an incentive to us of Boston or New York to accomplish what they did in Siena.

Old Siena, how poetically has a recent writer described it!

"Walls and towers that flush rose red at dawn and sunset above a sea of vivid green, flecked with silver grey—a craggy island in a billowy ocean; brown roofs that climb in broken tiers, a sheer hillside crowned with a high plumed aigrette of white and black and gold, narrow sinuous streets flanked with palaces which Dante may have seen."

Such is Siena the old. Such it was in the glorious fourteenth century. This was the outer appearance that would catch the eye of the poet, but within how like the modern city, with its varied life, its passions, its aim at the beautiful in art and poetry, and the unsated hunger for wealth and luxury and pleasure.

ST. BERNARDINO PREACHING IN THE PIAZZA DEL CAMPO.

It was here, in 1304, that Giovanni Colombini was born of virtuous parents, of the famous Strozza Vacchæ family, which for the past century had been known by the more familiar name of Colombini. It is not surprising to find him in his early youth engaging in a mercantile career. That was the passion of the Sienese. In the preceding century they were known as the nation of shop-keepers, oftentimes engaged in the then disputed traffic in money. Even the heads of the noblest and proudest houses did not consider it unseemly to be in business, which explains the readiness with which young Colombini became a merchant. Siena occupied the foremost position in the financial world, due principally to the fact that its bankers had the patronage and business of the Holy See, and on the strength of that they had banking houses in the great cities of France and England. A business career then was the high-road to honors.

Colombini entered the wool business, a lucrative one, for the Sienese had a heavy trade in Flemish cloth. Strictly attentive to business he was able soon to open counting houses in other cities. We can picture to ourselves the young merchant of the day, proud of his good family, polished to a fault, loving money and having it in abundance, acquainted with all Christendom, patronizing the arts with a chivalry which was a certain inheritance. It was Siena's period of glory and prosperity, and on this account the arts, being encouraged, were in a flourishing condition. Yet in the midst of it all there was a prodigality of luxury which became a folly, so much so that (1262) the state was invoked to check the extravagance of the women. Thereupon was decreed by law the length of a woman's train, the amount of gold and silver ornaments and such like. But if the women had the proverbial failing of vanity, the men were addicted to the greater fault of avarice. The accumulation of wealth and its wanton use in luxury, the continual pursuit of pleasure, and the consequent oppression of the poor, were the characteristics of those years.

Undoubtedly, Colombini was not a whit different from the nobles of his acquaintance. He was of the earth earthy —egotistical, proud, avaricious, considering it no dishonor to grind the poor unmercifully. His pride of life was intensified by the fact that he had belonged to the celebrated Nine, shortly before the Black Death and the consequent overthrow of the existing government, and that his rule was one of the most brilliant eras of the Republic in its great rivalry with Florence. That he had a powerful will and astounding activity is evident in his later life as well as in the events which led up to his conversion.

He had little thought of marriage till he was more than forty, believing no

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

doubt that he had little time to concern himself about domestic affairs. Years before, however, a wife had been selected for him in the person of the beautiful Biagia, daughter of the noble Cerretani family. The interests of the two families were common. The union was most desirable to the parents, and so in 1343 Giovanni became a benedict. It was a happy union of which were born a son and daughter who died in early life, the daughter as a young novice. So they lived happily for twelve years till the eventful midsummer day in 1355. On that day Colombini was in bad spirits. Business cares occupied his mind and he scarcely spared the time to come home to dine. To increase his ill humor the dinner was late. He fretted and fumed, and loaded everybody with reproaches,—especially his wife for presuming to keep him waiting. To make matters worse Biagia told him to have patience, and, as the crowning bit of impertinence, she took from the table a volume of the Lives of the Saints and gave it to him with the suggestion that he should read it till the dinner was served. That was more than he could bear, and in disgust he threw it into the middle of the room, while Biagia fled in fear of her husband's anger.

Left alone, Colombini had the grace to be ashamed of himself. Regretting the manner in which he had abused the holy book, he picked it up. Chancing to open it at the life of St. Mary of Egypt, something in it held his attention and he sat down to read it. It was the old story of crime and atonement.

Colombini forgot that he was hungry. Nobody dared disturb him and he read till morning. The narrative plucked at his heart strings. It opened his eyes to the condition of his own soul, taught him that there are things more important than laying up treasures on earth. The work was done. It was the "tolle, lege," repeated once again. Another soul had turned into the narrow lane that leads to saintship. Here was one more sign of the favor which Heaven showered down upon Tuscany, a province beyond all others in the founders of Orders, which produced such saints as St. Francis of Assisi, St. Bernardine of Siena, and the great St. Catherine.

Colombini's conversion was not the pietistic sentiment that prevails a moment and is gone. He had put his hand to the plow, and his nature was too noble to think of looking back. To atone for past forgetfulness he assumed a practical penance. He took account of stock and declared himself ready to return whatever he might have acquired unjustly. He gave great alms, spent much time in visiting churches, the poor, the sick, took the vow of chastity together with his wife, and from the day of his conversion used for his short sleep a simple plank. The beautiful garments of the wealthy merchant were cast off, and, the butt of jokes from his friends, for his apparently insane conduct, he walked the streets of Siena as a poor man. He was not long a solitary figure. The grace of God worked through his example. Francesco Vincenti, of an aristocratic and wealthy Sienese family, was the first convert to the peculiar ways of his friend Colombini. It was a hard struggle, however, before the tall and handsome Vincenti capitulated to the exhortations of his short and delicate adviser.

The reproaches of friends increased. Such an unheard-of thing for two wealthy men with all the pleasures of the world at their command to waste their fortune, dishonor their families by their strange behavior, and think and talk only of the poor, the Holy Name, and the salvation of souls!

There is a beautiful story about the

neophyte days of the holy man, which shows better than all else what great love for the poor consumed the heart of one who erstwhile had despised and ground them. One day the two friends met with a leper at the door of the church. The unfortunate was a repulsive sight to the world, but to these men he was an image of the Master, "despised and the most abject of men." Home to Colombini's house they brought him immediately, washed and bound his sores and put him to bed, and, as a final penance to strengthen his soul still more, Colombini drank of the water wherein the leper had been washed. They then returned to the church, leaving behind them an indignant woman. Biagia had not advanced in sanctity as rapidly as her husband, and it is no surprise to find her incapable of looking on with equanimity while her beautiful home was used as a hospital for the poor, and her best bed and daintiest linens taken for the comfort of despised lepers. But the indignation soon passed away. "How be a Christian?" she asked herself, "if one did not love the poor," and so she went to comfort her guest. As she approached the room there came a perfume thence sweeter than the richest flowers. Soon Colombini returned to continue his kind offices to the beggar, and lo, the bed was empty, the leper had fled! The astonished man fell on his knees. His heart told him who the visitant was, and as he prayed in humility and thanksgiving there appeared to him in a radiant brightness the Divine Leper, "struck by God and afflicted."

This miracle was followed by a greater abandonment of self on the part of the two men. After having provided for those who depended on them they gave away all their fortune in order to be more like the Master, and with bare head and feet they begged their bread like the lowliest of mortals. "Lady Poverty" had captured other devoted suitors, like to her greatest knight, St. Francis of Assisi. Many have remarked the great similarity between him and Colombini, —both poets and musicians, both preachers of the love of God, and both martyrs to poverty.

The Salvation Army methods, as any attempts destined to obtain religious notoriety are now called, had already begun. The man who had been so proud, the nobleman, the ruler of Siena determined to humiliate himself. It is easier to be poor than to sacrifice one's pride, but Colombini was equal to the task. He acted as servant to the nobles who had been his equals in the old days, and to humiliate himself the more he rode an ass through the streets where once he had held his head as high as a king. Eccentric as such actions seemed to his compatriots there was in the conduct of the man a deeper purpose than self-abasement. The sight of a man who had voluntarily renounced wealth and station was well calculated to arrest the attention of passers-by, and he, thirsting for souls as once he had thirsted for money, profited by the furore his presence occasioned, in striving to lead others to the things of God. Simple layman though he was the love of God made him an eloquent evangelist. Standing on posts, or on the steps of some Sienese palace, he held his hearers entranced as he spoke so earnestly of sin, of eternal punishment and especially of love of God. Street corner preaching was not such a rarity in those ages of faith, peculiar as it seemed when the modern Salvation Army revived it. It was common enough in those days to hear the word of God preached out under the blue sky in the public square, in the fields, in the narrow streets, in the highways and byways, wherever a soul was to be saved. So in

Protestant England in the eighteenth century had Wesley and Whitfield gone out among the people, preaching Christ in the fields, in the factories, in the mining districts, and with such effect that hardened men sobbed like children.

Colombini's preaching, united to his good example, was most persuasive. In a few months he had the happiness of beholding a thousand converted to a better life, many of them abandoning the world entirely in order to surrender themselves wholly to God. It was from these that this spiritual general got the first recruits for his army which was called then "The Poor of Christ." Soon the army numbered seventy, comprising many of the foremost citizens of Siena, an astounding thing to the populace of that gay place. It is still more astounding when we read of the manner in which prospective vocations were tried. Oftentimes the new disciple was compelled to ride through the streets seated on an ass, with his face towards the tail, and again bound as a criminal while his companions exhorted the passers-by to pray for the miserable sinner.

To men who had been full of the pride of life, who lived in luxury and knew no opposition to their will such proceedings were far from being the tomfoolery which men of to-day consider them, but evidenced in a striking manner the fact that the love of God can induce men to be "fools" for Christ's sake. "Have you the courage to let yourself be spit upon in the face and not say a word?" asked Lacordaire of the young pianist Hermann, who had consulted him about his vocation. "Yes," he replied without a tremor. "Then go," said the great Dominican, "and be a monk."

The brass band and tambourine element was not despised by the army. Colombini's powerful voice, we are told, was like a clarion of gold. Loving music passionately, as one of the celestial pleasures, and comforting his heart with it, he saw therein a means to stir up the souls of his followers as the martial air strengthened the battling soldier. In mighty chorus they sang the hymns which he himself composed. It was the battle hymn of an army making war upon the powers of darkness. Occasionally there was one of the disciples like Boccio who sang the hymn to the accompaniment of the viol. Attract the crowd was Colombini's motto, and then keep them by the word of God.

Apparently the army had attracted too many recruits. The people of Siena saw fathers, sons, and friends, seduced from the world by this new enchanter. Therefore they murmured long and bitterly against him, and as a result of their enmity Colombini and Vicenti were banished from the city, and condemned to perpetual exile. But they did not go alone. Twenty-five companions, tried and true, voluntarily suffered the punishment with them. Heaven, however, did not permit its valiant soldiers to be treated thus with impunity. A storm and pestilence swept over the city striking terror everywhere, and the afflicted populace, ascribing such a visitation to their unjust treatment of the army, immediately despatched messengers to entreat Colombini to come back. But he would not. In this enforced exile he saw the finger of God pointing to other cities where he could spread the good work of converting souls, and thither he led his willing army. Triumphant band it was, singing hymns as it marched along, converting sinners, and gaining new recruits for the ranks!

It is not a fancy that leads us to refer to Colombini and his disciples as an army, for the army idea was one of his own. "Chevaliers of Christ," he calls them, and above all "The Brigade." "Do

you recall," he writes to the abbess of Santa Bonda, "that the way of combats and battles has been followed by our Captain, Christ?" That is the figure he uses so often in his letters, the true Salvation Army of Christ. It was likewise a favorite one with St. Ignatius, who considered Christ as the King, the Leader of an army, the "Captain-General." Whether the founder of the Jesuits was indebted to the founder of the Jesuates for this idea, or borrowed it from his former knightly career in the world it is hard to say; perhaps it was due to both: at any rate we are told that one of Ignatius' favorite books was the life of Colombini.

It is interesting to follow the army in its campaign over the fair land of Italy, its only weapons the love of God, and the holy name of Jesus. It was on this tour that they received their distinctive name of Jesuates. Pope Urban V had left Avignon to return to Rome, in 1367. None were more pleased at this than the Poor Soldiers, and, in order to show their joy and their loyalty to their Holy Father, sixty-six of them repaired to Corneto where the Papal party was to land. As they marched along, singing as usual, the children on the street cried out, "Look! look! here are the Jesuates!" It was the most fitting name for men whose entire will was to bring honor to the sweet name of the Saviour. It was a fruitful journey in many ways. The Pope was struck by the simple faith of the men, interested himself deeply in their work, approved the Order, even selecting the garb they should wear, and, in spite of the opposition manifested towards them on many sides, defended them and allowed them to be called "The Pope's Poor."

Colombini's cup of joy was full. Back to Siena he started, but the old body, now sixty-three, was worn out by its labors. Alive he did not return, but there, almost at the gate of his beloved city, surrounded by his sorrowing companions, he breathed his last. As the body was brought into the mourning city who more fitting to be the first to touch it than the faithful wife Biagia to whose sacrifices and devotion much of his success was due?

But if Colombini died his army endured for three centuries. It extended over Tuscany and the neighboring country, founded many convents, as did the similar order of women which he may claim the honor of establishing, since it was through his prayers and exhortations that his rich cousin Catherine left the world and founded the Jesuate sisterhood.

One would have an incomplete idea of the Jesuates if he imagined them only as a Salvation Army, singing hymns and exhorting to holiness of life. Beautiful as this work is, it was supplemented by another. The sick were cared for, the dead buried, and remedies were made and supplied to the poor who could not get them elsewhere. The Jesuates were certainly all things to all men. Hard labor, too, was their portion, with the discipline morning and evening, and the recitation of one hundred and sixty-five Paters and Aves daily, together with the office of the Blessed Virgin, for it was not until 1606 that they were admitted to the priesthood. In some places distilleries were established, the proceeds of which went to give succor to the poor. As time went on, however, the Order ceased to remember the simplicity of its founder. It became too wealthy, and that was its undoing, for it is said the Venetian Republic demanded its suppression in order to obtain its wealth to carry on a war against the Turks. However it may be, it was Clement IX, who, in 1668, three hundred years after the death of

Colombini, suppressed the Order for reasons which reflect naught upon the holy men who had done such loyal service to the cause of Christ.

So ended the Jesuate Army. It is now scarcely more than a name, its history embalmed in ponderous tomes where one seldom digs, and yet as we conjure up those long forgotten forms we see them live and breathe again, as men of to-day fighting the battles of the King, doing all, daring all, and in that vision of the olden days we learn to understand somewhat the grandeur of the great Captain Who could make of men such a noble army.

"WANDERLUST."

BY HELEN HUGHES.

Up and away for the dawn is breaking!
The mists rise white from the valleys fair
The birds are singing their hymn to morning
And shafts of radiance cleave the air.

Over the road on the hillside winding—
No matter where it leads unto—
The far away hills are beckoning "onward";
The lakes are asleep in their mantles blue.

And I would know what lies beyond them—
These stately peaks with their purple veils—
And see the land in the heart of the sunset
Far and far as the white ship sails.

Up and away for the dawn is breaking,
O'er mountain forest and pouring flood!
And I would know what lies beyond them,
For the wanderer's longing is in my blood.

THE LITTLE SISTER'S MARKET DAY.

BY B. H. M.

"Sister, this ould nag, 'Kitty,' won't carry ye manny more days to market," said John O'Dowd, as he handed the reins to one of the two Sisters seated in the wagon.

"Well, John, never you mind, God is good!" Sister Adelaide chirupped to "Kitty," who came out of her dream, looked around to make sure of the safety of her precious passengers, and began her jog-along trot to the city.

"That may be, though I dunno," replied John, as he shut the big iron gate that kept out the busy world from that retreat of peace and happiness.

Kitty needed no guiding, but calmly and sure-footedly trotted over the road, up hill and down, in and out, amongst the swiftly moving surface cars, under the roaring elevated trains, through the square, over the bridge, and stopped at her place by right—animal right,—in the heart of the market district, two blocks from the wharf.

Sister Adelaide handed the reins to her novice companion and stepped lightly down, to begin her rounds of the stalls; stopping at every one to ask for some little gift, be it ever so small, no matter, it would do good to the "old poor folks beyond the walls."

That day the market was crowded, the streets tightly packed with wagons loaded to the tail-board with a variety of fruit and vegetables, picked fresh the day before, and carted in over the road, from farms, five, ten, and even twenty miles inland.

It wasn't easy navigating in and out among the loads, so Sister Adelaide decided to try the stalls first, and then, later, the wagons, for what the drivers had left. They were always good-natured over the fat wallets from the sales.

At stall number one, the Sister made her first appeal. Generally she had good luck here, for John Gilpin knew what was charity and what was not. He could push a customer hard in a sale, and he could as easily push into the needy basket its full of fruit, free and welcome.

He always pictured something out there, somewhere in the future, when someone might be serving out apples from stall number one, and its old owner looking for a back-door hand out of dry bread, little butter, and less coffee.

"Have I anything for you, Sister? Sure I have. I always do have it. Take those cabbages there, no, the big ones,—kind of heavy, but you won't have to go far. No, hold on, I'll dump them into that hearse of yours, and you come along with the basket full of apples,—the red ones, they are the ripest; and then crowd in the tomatoes to top off the load."

That was Gilpin's way. Sister Adelaide packed the hand basket and emptied the load into her wagon. With a rewarding smile, and a grateful "thank you, Mr. Gilpin" she went to stall number two. Here she found a stranger, a big, raw-boned six footer, who had changed his occupation from cutting and hauling timber to selling eggs and poultry. The little Sister did so want eggs. They were the main table relish in Lent, and she politely asked if he had anything for her old folks.

"Ain't ye big an' old an' able enough to support yer old man and woman 'thout beggin' from honest hard-worked people?" was the gruff response. "Up my way one of your years works, and works hard, milkin' cows, twenty on 'em, every day, an' cleans house besides after the men go to the woods, an' then along with that has time to make over last

year's clothes. You'd better get to work, an' quit loafin' round here like some giddy young widder, with yer black buggy-top bunnit."

Sister Adelaide had frequently met with refusals, decisive to be sure, but with the sting taken out,—which always made her feel that they were not refusals. This onslaught was new, and it hurt. Her first impulse was to ignore it, and go to stall number three, but then, here was an opportunity to enlighten this man, who evidently was ignorant of her life's mission. Briefly she explained what and who her old folks were, repeating at the end her question—if he had anything for her charges at home?

"Yes, by thunder, I have somethin' for sich as you." Standing back as he uttered the words he deliberately spat in her face. The training that makes the martyr came to the surface instantly. Quietly wiping her face she said very gently: "That's for myself. Now, what have you for Christ's poor at our home?"

Before he recovered from his blank surprise there was a shout in the street, and big John Mulaney, the handsome owner and driver of a four-horse team loaded with apples, made a "lep" from the seat, cleared the wheel, landed on the walk and hit the brute a fearful blow, felling him as with a sledge hammer.

"Ye black-hearted divil, I saw what ye did; where I come from they'd make ye walk on yer knees around the street to beg her pardon. I've a mind to—"

And certainly something worse would have befallen the vender of eggs if Mulaney had not been caught by the other dealers, and held. Even then he was like a wild thing.

The little Sister pleaded with him, "For God's sake, do no further harm."

"Sister, you stand away now, get back there a bit, and let me have me own way. I'm not done with him. I have a plan that'll work well with a thing like this."

The crowd unhanded him, and Mulaney, reaching down, dragged up the prostrate man, who fortunately had fallen on a bag of oats, thus missing a cracked skull. "Stand ye there now, and God help ye if ye move a perch from that flag-stone," shouted the Irishman, and the captive stood as if petrified. Mulaney went to the Sister's wagon, from which the scared novice had hastily retired, and unhitched "Kitty" who went foraging amongst the carts. He marched back to stall number two, grasped the owner, as one grasps a bag filled with meal, and actually threw him out before the shafts—into which he backed him, harnessing him with the tug straps around his waist, and the reins fastened under and over his shoulders, buckling them near his ears.

"I'll lead this mule meself, lead him be the ears round the market for the edification of any more donkeys that may be minded to act like him," he explained. And lead him he did, from stall to stall.

The crowd of onlookers increased; once and only once the victim protested at such "an outrage,"—to be met with Mulaney's ready reply: "Outrage, is it, and that wasn't an outrage ye did the poor little creature that it does us all good to see? Stop, now; hold yer tongue, or I'll muzzle ye as they do the dogs. Many a one of them is better nor ye are."

"What's all this tomfooling?" demanded an officer, drawn to the spot by the jeers of the crowd.

"Nothing at all, Tim," said Mulaney, reassuringly. "'Tis only a lad that's paying an election bet." They all knew Mulaney's funny vein, and the guardian of the peace went off chuckling.

The queer-looking parade made a circuit of the market, the wagon growing heavier as they went. Finally, when it was packed to the cover, they stopped at stall number two, where Mulaney un-

hitched the brutal dealer, and left him before his eggs and pullets, with this admonition: "Ye've larned yer lesson, this day. Don't iver forget it. If ye expect any comfort down here amongst men that are yer betters, then give, and don't begrudge what ye give, to the little woman, or her likes. Never mind now, Sister," as Sister Adelaide began to protest against the humiliation he had inflicted on the vender, "yer ideas of this may differ from mine, but 'twasn't human what he did to ye."

"You know, Mr. Mulaney, what the Master says about returning good for evil."

"Yis, yis, I know, and that's just what we did to him. We treated him good and kind, kinder than most donkeys get treated. Didn't we teach him the lesson of his life, and niver a cint for the schoolin'. Isn't that good for evil? Go along, now, little woman, and take home them good things, and say, give me best regards to old Tim Downey, him from me own town's land, and say that John Mulaney is dealing now and then in mules." And Mulaney laughed his hearty laugh.

"But, Mr. Mulaney, how can we go home without the horse? Where is Kitty?"

"Oh, to be sure. I'll get the ould mare." But Kitty couldn't be found—another trick of Mulaney's. He pretended to look for her.

"Sister, that old mare must have gone home without ye. Let me give ye the loan of one of the four out there in the street. I'll let ye have him for such time as,—well,—I'll let ye have him 'till I call for him,—the lad there in the lead."

It was useless to protest, for Mulaney was one who did things, whether you would or wouldn't. The big gray with difficulty was put between the shafts that Kitty so long and so faithfully filled, and the Sisters mounted to the wagon seat, looking sadly at the crest-fallen owner of stall number two, and with a smile and a "thank you" to Mulaney, they started home.

The gray was awkward,—found it queer pulling the load that was so light for him,—but once he got into the swing of things he plunged along lively through the crowded streets, back over the bridge, and brought up shortly at the gate of the old folks' home, where John O'Dowd in surprise and alarm swung back the gate and let him in.

"My, my, Sister! but where did ye get the big fellow? What a breadth of the chest he has, and look at the head of him, and the fine broad back! My, my," John continued, "Sister, I guess yer right, God is good."

Mulaney, in the meanwhile, found Kitty behind a truck where a boy had securely tied her. He hitched her with the off gray horse, the latter evidently protesting, as horses can do, in his own way, at the misfit of a mate, but it wasn't horse-sense to balk when Mulaney was the whip, so they started for the long journey home.

Owing to Kitty's uselessness as a leader of a four horse truck, the going had to accommodate her. The progress was slow, and Mulaney entered his own barnyard, twenty miles away, hours after "the woman" had gone to bed.

This did not prevent him from waking her, after he had securely housed the four, to tell the doings of the day, with many a loud laugh. Her comment when she had heard the whole, with all the details as only Mulaney could tell them, was, "John Mulaney, the blessin' of God on ye for a good man!"

THE FIRE OF THE FROZEN ASHES.

BY HONOR WALSH.

The two city lads, sturdy and brown after the long mountain summer, found the apple orchard a most delightful pleasure ground one balmy autumn morning.

"Apples! Hard to believe there could be so many, eh, Teddy?" said Fred, sighing as he aimed his eleventh core at a distant fence rail. "Well, Mr. Roddy," as the farmer approached, "what are you going to do with all these fallen apples? Why, the ground is covered with them —a regular green and red and yellow carpet!"

"Cider," replied Farmer Roddy, a notable saver of words during working hours. "Gathering to-day and to-morrow. Want to help?"

"Sure!" shouted his active young guests, ever ready to have a finger in the farming pie.

"Bags in the barn," continued the laconic farmer. "Pick up all 'cept rotten apples." As he turned he paused, "Day after to-morrow I'm going to the cider press. Want to go 'long?"

He smiled as if he could guess their answer and as if, for once, he could afford to ask an unnecessary question, by way of a bit of pleasantry.

The boys labored the whole afternoon in the apple orchard and came in with ravenous appetites for supper. That day and the next they helped Farmer Roddy to fill fifty sacks full of cider apples. Teddy and Fred thought it extravagant to throw in "eating apples," rosy or yellow-ripe; they could not understand why the little hard green fruit was not good enough to crush until the farmer explained that the best cider is made from the best apples, mixing sweet with sour, mellow with green.

"Cider is like most everything, boys. No use a-wastin' good work on poor stuff. And my cider's the finest on the whole mountain."

The mountain includes a great deal of territory; Teddy and Fred looked impressed. Farmer Roddy was quite ready to talk now as he sat on the wagon seat beside the boys, with Dobbin and Gumbo pulling a great load of apples and little Trotty and old Grandpap Tansey perched on the apple bags.

Teddy and Fred and Trotty shrieked hilariously whenever the clumsy wagon jolted over a stone or rocked into a rut. But Grandpap and the farmer, accustomed to the irregularities of the mountain pike, maintained the impassive gravity which characterizes the countenance of the American countryman, north or south, east or west.

The youngsters joked about everything and laughed about nothing, as is the delightful inclination of their lack-of-age the wide world over, while the oldsters talked across the youngsters' heads, now and then condescending to drop a shred of conversation to the level of youthful—and merely urban—understanding. As though Teddy and Fred, ay, and even little Trotty, too, didn't comprehend every word! Those overwise oldsters who know everything, when will they learn to gauge the keenness of childish ears and childish eyes?

Grandpap talked of the great forest fire on the mountain long ago, and although the lads and their little sister were having merry chat of their own, they could not help hearing the softly droning voice of "the nice old gentleman." They had learned to expect something worth while whenever Grandpap Tansey elected to open that wonderful old memory-box of his:

"At last after days and days of hard fighting, we got that fire down. Yes, siree! and even then, it smouldered here and there for ever and ever so long. Father he was no good when 'twas all over. The crops were in ashes, and we'd to live on store stuff all that winter. Three of our five horses were smothered and only one solitary cow was left us. Being our house was stone, and 'way off in the first clearing, it was saved, but the barn and stables went up like shavings. Lawsy-me when I think of the ashes round thereabouts when that fire was out, I feel kind of chokey, and I smell a sort o' wet smoke like it was—yes, sir,—fifty, fifty-five, fifty-six years ago!"

"I've heard my own granny tell about it when I wasn't bigger'n little Trotty," said the farmer. "You stood by your mother and your sister all right, Mr. Tansey. And your father—"

"Look-a-here, Simon Roddy, I was a man well on in years when I was asked to your christening, and don't you think I'm going to let a baby like you say anything against my father!"

The boys fairly shouted at the absurdity of little Grandpap's calling big, brawny Farmer Roddy a baby. But the farmer only grinned good-humoredly, and said, "All right; go ahead, sir. You know I ain't meaning to talk mean."

"That's right. Supposing father wasn't as active as he might a-been,—well, wasn't that fire enough to choke his ambition, eh? Yes, siree, the work fell to me, and I was none too strong for it; I'm built little and weak like mother was. Brother Tom never did like farm work, and he made for the city soon as he could, and got into a shop there and did right well, too. Yes, sir; he was able to get married pretty soon, and by-and-by he gave his girls a fine education, he certainly did, though he couldn't manage to lay by any money to leave them. Then Brother Silas, he went 'way out west to the mines. He hadn't any luck, poor Sile! and he died without a red cent to his name. His son came to live with me, and stayed quite a spell, and then he—well, he went to Noo York, I think. He needn't a-thought I'd stay mad with him for what he did to me, but he never wrote me a line since he left. Brother James got down to Texas, cattle-ranching, or something o' that sort, and I never heard of him for years and years."

"All went away, and left you to do everything alone, eh?"

"Well, they saw nothing on a burnt-out farm 'way up on the mountain. They meant to help, I reckon, but they all found enough to do to help themselves. Poor James! he was quarrelsome, naturally; a great big fellow—all my brothers were fine big men like father; I was the only small potato in the lot. James got into a fight down there; many a fight I reckon, but this trouble was more'n twelve years after he'd left home. Well, sir, father was dead by that time, and I had hard work keeping the secret from mother, but I helped him out of his scrape, and got him to go to New Zealand, where he settled down real comfortable at sheep-farming, lived peaceably, and died in peace with God and man. Poor James!"

"Didn't you ever have any little boys and girls of your own, Grandpa Tansey?" asked inquisitive Trotty.

The old man smiled. "I'm a kind of an honorary Grandpa, little one. You see, I haven't made up my mind to get married yet."

"He couldn't think of a wife when he had his old mother and his young sister to look out for; that's why," put in Farmer Roddy.

"Why, God bless me! Simon; it's just the other way about. They looked after me so well that I had no need to think

o' marrying. And, when they were gone —when they were gone, Trotty dear, I was too young for an old wife and too old for a young one. Never saw an old bachelor Grandpa before, did you child?"

The wagon rounded a bend in the road and opened a new view of the mountain-side and the valley. "What's that great white house down yonder?" asked Teddy.

"That's the cider-press and the saw-mill and a few other etceteras," replied Farmer Roddy. "It's all Mr. Tansey's property. And there's Tanseytown over on the slope. You can just see the towers of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum there between the trees. Whoa—oop! here we are."

The boys clambered down and Trotty leaped into Fred's arms. Presently they stood watching the strange evolutions of the cider-press which transformed red apples, green apples, brown apples, yellow apples into golden liquid. The process is familiar to every country lad, but the city boys had never seen a cider press before. To them it was a novel sight to watch the apples thrown in the hopper to be ground into "cheese" and expressed into juice in the tank below. One of the press men offered Trotty a tin cup full of the new cider. The child tasted the lukewarm apple-juice and then passed the cup to Teddy and Fred. With difficulty each of the boys managed to swallow a mouthful, Farmer Roddy watching them amusedly.

"Not much more taste than a bruised apple, eh?" he said. "It's like everything else, boys, as I said before; it's got to mature 'fore it amounts to anything. Want to take the chicks through the saw-mill, Mr. Tansey?"

The boys were delighted with the lumber-making machinery, but little Trotty clung to Grandpap Tansey, so afraid was she of the log-slicing iron monsters. "I never knew before how sawdust was made," she confided to him. "I'm glad I came to see the saw-dust mill, Grandpa. But where is the shaving-mill?"

When they remounted the wagon they were obliged to sit upon the barrels of cider, which was great fun, especially when the road was very rough. The pulp had been packed into the bags which lay in the bottom of the wagon. "Good thing we have no ladies along," said Ted. "They'd get their skirts all spoiled with that stuff."

"Why are you taking home the squeezed pulp, Mr. Roddy?" asked Fred. "It's no use now, is it?"

"H'm; Mr. Tansey doesn't allow the farmers to leave their rubbish around the cider press. A pretty place he'd have with all the stuff decaying about there, —a mountain of trash 'twould be inside of a month. No, the pulp has some juice in it yet, as you can see by the moisture of the bags there; the best press ever invented can't squeeze out every drop. So I take it home and feed it to the hogs, and that's just about what the other farmers do."

Grandpap Tansey sniffed in disapproval. "Yes, farmers are apt to think anything's good enough for the beasties. And then they wonder why they have such ornery stock!"

"Well, now, Mr. Tansey, you never let anything go to loss, I know. What'd you do with the pulp?"

"Fertilizer. Anything that seems to be no good for anything else is apt to be fine medicine for poor land. I've experimented with all sorts o' fertilizers and I know. Nothing like using up waste. That's just what the Almighty does with the earth. You go into the woods, and where will you find the best soil? Right under the piles o' dead leaves that have fallen there for years and years. The winds have tattered them, the frosts have shriveled them, the rains have beaten them, and every bit of

good in them has gone straight back into the ground."

The juniors did not appear to be interested in fertilizing experiments.

"You didn't finish the story you were telling us on the way down, Grandpap," Fred reminded him. "What did you do with that burnt-out farm, and you so delicate?" asked the boy, with his mind's eye on the main point of the old man's narrative.

"What did I do with it, eh, Simon Roddy?"

The farmer flecked his idle whip around Gumbo's left ear, where a most pertinacious horse-fly had alighted.

"I guess you realized a pretty fair fortune out o' those ashes, Mr. Tansey. I d'no, but I been told that you made seventy-five or eighty thousand, all told, from that land. There's that forty thousand dollars you gave the Sisters of Charity to found the Orphan Asylum in Tanseytown; say, that's half what you made 'fore you got interested in the Tanseytown and Southwestern Railroad. And since then,—well, there's no counting what you're worth now until you begin to give some more of it away."

"I mean to give it all before I die, Simon; every penny. Penniless I came into this world; penniless must I depart. Eh, well! here are these boys dying to know how I found all that money in the ashes of a forest fire. Come now, guess!"

"Struck oil!" cried Teddy.

"There's no oil on the mountain," said cautious Fred. "I guess 'twas some mineral; copper, maybe."

"And you, little one, how do you think I got a lot o' money out o' my land?"

Trotty looked wise. "Why you just digged it, of course!"

"Trotty's right. I just 'digged' it; exactly so. Lawsy-me, but I had to dig—did—dig thirty years or more to get at that money! I was a little willow-slip of a chap that had no more notion o' digging than a hen has o' swimming. I had a little book-learning;—just swallowed all the books I could lay hands on when I was a boy, because you see, I hadn't much body, so I thought I'd have to work out the problem o' life with my head. And, naturally, I'd s'posed that my three a'mighty big strong brothers would want that land. So they did—before the fire. After that, they pottered 'round kind o' discontented for awhile. Then Tom slipped off, and by-and-by Silas left. Before the snow'd melted all three of them had scooted away, and father was wishing he could follow them, and get away from the 'frozen ashes.' That's how he looked on the farm ever after the fire. He was so easily discouraged, poor old dad! 'Deed, indeed, he didn't live but seven years after. But, by the mercy o' God, I had the frozen ashes to help me 'long before he died, and he knew it."

"How was that, sir?" asked Farmer Roddy, looking back with the properly interested air of a landowner.

"Well, Simon, you see, the books I'd set most store by were kind o' scientific in a small way. I'd been trying to study chemistry—not to be a scholar or a professor you know,—but I thought I might get into some factory where a little information o' that sort wouldn't be thrown away. You see, I'd always expected that my brothers wouldn't want a weak little fellow like me to have any o' the land, and I was kind o' providing for myself in an aimless sort of a way. Well, when the snow'd thawed out, and I saw the waste of wet ashes and charcoal, all of a sudden it struck me, when I was praying against despair, that there was no need to give up, no need to run away. The good Lord put a good idea into my head, and I thought this way, 'Maybe what this land of ours has always wanted has been given to it at last!' You see, father'd never cared to bother much about nursing the farm, and he got

enough out of it in a general way until the big fire kind o' paralyzed his ambition to do anything."

"What did the books tell you, Grandpap?" asked Fred.

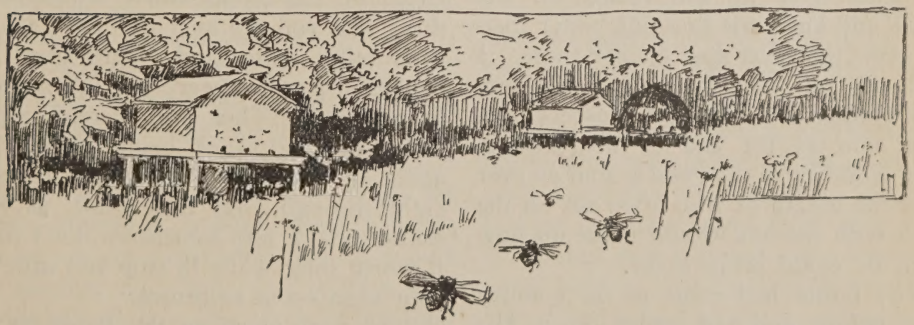
"Many a thing, lad. They told me the difference between land and land, and how I might improve the good soil, and get some use out o' the very rocks. But the first thing I learned was, that, thanks to the forest fire, the great clearing in our woodland had been fertilized with wood ashes, and that, when the stumps were cleared away, that tract of ours would be the richest on the mountain. Yes, siree, that's how I got the reputation of growing the finest wheat and corn in the State. The burnt trees helped me; the snow trickling down through the ashes helped me; and, thank the Lord! I had good, kind neighbors who gave a hand now and then when I was well-nigh worn out with work."

"I've heard that you worked that farm of yours until every inch yielded something worth while," said Farmer Roddy, half-curiously, half-enviously.

"That's it; I stirred it up pretty well; I did, for a fact. 'Tickle the earth with a hoe, and she'll laugh in a harvest,' as one of the literary fellows says. Yes, sir; I worked my farm, and didn't have to go a thousand miles from my own door to make money. Where I couldn't plant anything, where hardly a blade of grass would grow, I opened a quarry, I built lime-kilns and charcoal kilns, and started up first the saw-mill and then the cider press. Yes, counting the produce proper and the stock I raised, and the stone and lumber and lime and charcoal I sold, and adding the profits o' the cider press, I got a pretty penny out o' that burned out farm; I did, indeed."

"Have you a fair idea of what you're worth right now, sir?"

"I hope so, Simon, I hope so." A bend in the mountain road had carried them to another view-point from which Tanseytown was visible through its palisades of trees. The little old man took off his hat, and the upland breeze feathered his scanty silver locks. His eyes, soft and blue, looked lovingly upon the towers of the Orphan Asylum as he spoke, "What am I worth, Simon? Well, I do hope I'm worth the prayers o' those innocent little children yonder!"



HIS FIRST AND LAST VOYAGE.

BY CARL BERTHA.

"To-morrow is the twenty-first, Skipper Jim. Do you remember poor Ned Cogan?"

"To-morrow the twenty-first! Glory, glory! how the time passes. Just fifty-seven years ago to-morrow!"

"Is that a memorable day with you, Skipper Jim?" I asked.

"Well, sir, we all have incidents and happenings that are burned deep in our memories. I have many such marks, but this is perhaps burned in deepest. It was just fifty-seven years ago to-morrow—but fill your pipe, sir. Pass that glass, Phil."

"Just fifty-seven years ago we set out early in the season for the Banks, in Skipper John Turner's schooner, the *Capsan*. All told there were twelve of us on board; the Skipper, nine men, and Ned Cogan and myself shipped as youngsters. The season was rough, and even we youngsters had to take our trick at the wheel. She was a staunch little boat, sir, and fought well against the seas. But we sailed her well, and if we occasionally lost a few hours' sleep in over watches we had before us the prospect of a good voyage. The Skipper and men were all old hands on the Banks and knew the grounds better than any crew that ever cast anchor there. I need not tell you that we youngsters were enthusiastic over the prospect of a snug sum at the end of the voyage. Poor Ned Cogan, as good a soul as ever drew the breath of life, often sat on the hatch with me and would make up how much he could bring home.

"His father had come to the country years before, and had settled down. His mother was from the County Kilkenny and was one of the finest girls that ever stepped on the shores of Newfoundland. The father died from the effects of a chill that he took one night while fishing—the same night that Ted Whelan was lost, the Lord grant peace to his soul! The wife struggled on; Tim hadn't left her very well off. With the assistance of the neighbors she reared up Ned and his sister, Kathleen, good and dutiful children. When Ned was old enough to work he began in earnest to do all he could to help his mother. But he was always longing for the day when he could be shipped for the Banks. At last the time came, and he and I joined the crew of the *Capsan*.

"I can never forget our first evening on the Banks. We cast anchor about five in the evening, and then set to work to get ready for the morrow. The dories, the lines, the bait—each had a share of our attention. Quickly night approached; the lights were run up, and we turned into our bunks. But you would like to know something of the Banks, eh? Well, boys, it's just like other places on the water, only there's more fish. Not much news in that, you say; well, no! There is certainly, I can tell you, a queer, weird feeling experienced on the Banks when you come to think that you are anchored over a hundred miles from land. But, then, the dangers of to-day were not in existence in my time. Then you weren't afraid when turning in of being turned out again by reckless ocean liners running right through your little craft, as they do nowadays, and sometimes don't think it worth their while to stop and save the poor crew,—but to return.

"We were alone on the Banks at the time I speak of. We had the ocean, as far as we could see, to ourselves. How the winds changed; how the fogs came

and went, is hardly worth spending time over in the talking. We youngsters were perhaps too anxious to begin work to really observe the weather. Our first day's fishing gave good results and when evening came we were elated at our success. So it went on from day to day. But we can't have everything our own way, lads, and if we had luck we also had our misfortunes, and to our greatest I pass on at once.

"We were on the grounds about twelve days, following the same routine each day. On the fifteenth—it was this month—we set out as usual in the dories early in the morning; three of us in our dory,—myself, Nick Whelan (you don't remember him, sir, he's dead this many a day, God be merciful to him) and Ned Cogan. The morning was not too fine; the wind very unsettled, but became more steady as the day advanced. We rowed off a considerable distance from the vessel in the hope of getting out of the run of very small fish we were then taking. But, sir, we overdid the thing, and before we knew where we were the fog came and cut off the sight of the schooner. Foolish like we thought it would pass off, but instead of that it became thicker and blacker; so thick that at times we could scarcely see the nose of the dory from aft. But we didn't mind it, for we still imagined that all we had to do was to turn our bows and run for the schooner.

"At last we thought it time to go back, and turning our bows we faced for the ship. Back we went for over two miles, but through the gloom of the fog no schooner appeared. Then we began shouting, hailing those aboard; but no answer came back. On we rowed for another half hour and still no sign of the schooner. The three of us then hailed. The sound traveled over the lonely waters and died away, but no response came back. We looked at each other in silence, not daring to say what we thought. Poor Ned Cogan's delicate face paled slightly when our eyes met, and we told each other by looks that we were astray on the ocean. Ah! sir, you have no idea what our feelings were that evening. Now, when I am an old man and look back through the great number of years that have since passed over I shudder to think of that moment when eye told eye that it was necessary to fight hard for life.

"With two of us it was the first time in our lives that real danger had appeared. There is something so terrible about the ocean. I'm only a poor man, sir, with but a mere smattering of education, but I always feel that God's greatest power is shown in the swell of the mighty ocean; tossing, tumbling and smashing to pieces man's most ambitious handiwork. There were we three at the mercy of that same ocean, carried up and down on its waves, onward going we knew not where.—But I am tiring you, sir. Had I better come abruptly to the end, or go on in my own queer way? Very well, I'll go on.

"Well, then, darkness began to close in, and we set about making some arrangements for the night. Each in turn endeavored to sleep for a few hours, but not an eye did any of us close. Day dawned and found us cold and hungry. On every side hung that black fog through which no eye could pierce. Our first act was to hail with united voices, but no friendly 'ahoy' was heard in reply. So the day wore on, and dark night covered us once more. Two more such passed and the third dawned. Cold and hunger had now begun to do their work. Numbness and languor and a desire for some kind of rest that could not be obtained had seized on me. And poor Ned Cogan lay huddled up in the bow, a crimson tinge touching each cheek, his mouth drawn tight, and his lips parched dry.

"'Water, Jim, for God's sake! But one drop, Jim,' he moaned.

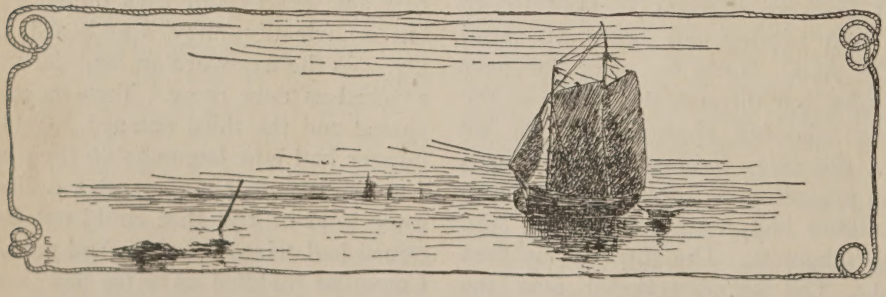
"Ah! that was the trouble, sir, we had no fresh water aboard, and to touch salt meant losing our minds. As the day wore on Ned began to rave. His mind wandered in rapid succession from the pathetic pleading for water to incoherent threats of vengeance. To us who listened it was terrible. To be lost on the ocean was in itself enough to fill our minds with fear, but looking at a man stark mad cowed us. No sleep, no repose with him to care for. I am unable now to say how we got through that dreadful night. All I remember is the sense of relief with which we welcomed dawn.

"Our hearts bounded with hope when we saw that the fog was of a lighter kind than that which had hung over us for the past days. Huddled in the bows poor Ned still lay but now quiet and calm. A great change had come over him. His face had become deadly pale; his hair, damp with fog hung over his forehead in tangled masses. We straightened him up, and tried to make him a bit brighter. He smiled faintly at some little joke that I made, and then became conscious again. In a short time he spoke, but I could not help noticing that he was growing weaker. His voice had become weak and feeble, and it was with difficulty that he spoke. For myself I could not make out what had caused the change until I happened to catch sight of the turned face of Nick Whelan, who was crying. Then it dawned on me that death was upon Ned.

"Kneeling by his side I supported his head on my arm, and groping in his bosom—as he faintly directed me—I found his beads and slipped them into his hands. He smiled and whispered, 'Jim, am I dying? I feel that I am. I know that I'm going. I feel so tired. What will they do at home, Jim, an' I goin' without havin' the priest? Poor Kathleen and mother! Is the schooner in sight yet, Jim? Jim, where are you? I can't see you!'"

Here the old skipper hung his head between his hands, and tears stood in the eyes of the rough men listening to his story. Silence, broken only by the sighing of the wind in the spruce outside, and the sweep of the drifts on the window-panes, crept over the circle.

"We were rescued, sir," continued the old man, brokenly, "that day by a passing steamer. They threw his body overboard. Poor Ned, poor Ned, may he rest peacefully to-night!"



THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF JESUS.

BY HENRY COYLE.

O Precious Blood of Jesus,
Shed for me,
Upon the cruel cross of
Calvary:

Each drop of blood so precious,
And the pain,
A sacrifice was offered
Not in vain.

O Precious Blood of Jesus,
May I feel
The fire of love for Christ, and
Holy zeal!

O Precious Blood of Jesus,
Cleansing, pure!
Inflame my soul with ardor
To endure.

THE BREAKERS.

A MOMENT OF EXCITEMENT.

THE WAY WE CELEBRATE.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

Small figures bearing great burdens, like Palmer Cox's brownies, stealthily crossed the open square, and as each one retreated the pile in the centre took on larger proportions, till a towering structure stood ready for the match. The neighborhood had contributed to it handsomely, though unconsciously,—cellars, attics, and yards having been pillaged and rifled by the juvenile highwaymen who had the affair in charge. Anything that would burn was favorably considered, and never before had bonfire been constructed on such a magnificent scale. A picket was placed on guard; the leader touched off the pile; there was a flicker of light, a subdued roar of mounting flame, and in a moment every window reflected the ruddy glow, and became a vantage point from which spectators looked down; the streets and alleys sent out their noisy hosts, the ringleaders forgot their caution, the picket came off guard, and patriotism with a big P was vaunted skyward in a shower of sparks.

A political dignitary viewed the scene complacently—until he recognized the cellar bulkhead burning in the heart of the flame, and the storekeeper in the next street laughed when he saw a rival's sign burning briskly. He didn't know that he had contributed the oil which started the blaze right merrily. A woman whose curtain stretcher was sticking out conspicuously as the fire ran along its length was the only one to sympathize

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with the dignitary as he volubly denounced the authorities for not enforcing law and order. It takes the man in uniform to strike terror into the hearts of juvenile marauders, and he didn't come until a relay of barrels had been secured. The leader, an agile youth, streaked with soot and perspiration, was balancing them with nice precision and skill when the law, in the person of an officer, grasped him by the collar. There were imprecations, threats, entreaties, the run, returned and set about stamping out the fire.

One hundred and thirty years ago, the venerable John Adams set the seal of his approval on such celebrations, though no doubt he would not knowingly uphold actions tending "to discourage and discountenance an honest officer." Hear how he would have the day kept:

"The second day of July will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anni-

A MOMENT OF REGRET.

followed by a quick upward stroke, and, as a helmet rolled into the embers and ashes, a boy fled through a side street, leaving a tattered coat in the hands of the enemy!

"Go it, Jack. Go it, Jack!" yelled the youth's friends—the officer didn't seem to have any—"He's after you."

Needless to say it was a fruitless quest.

"Have a fan," jeered the boys, when their common foe, breathing hard from

versary festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forth and forever more."

Thus was the precedent set. In every possible way the patriots proclaimed "liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

The people in the City of New York,

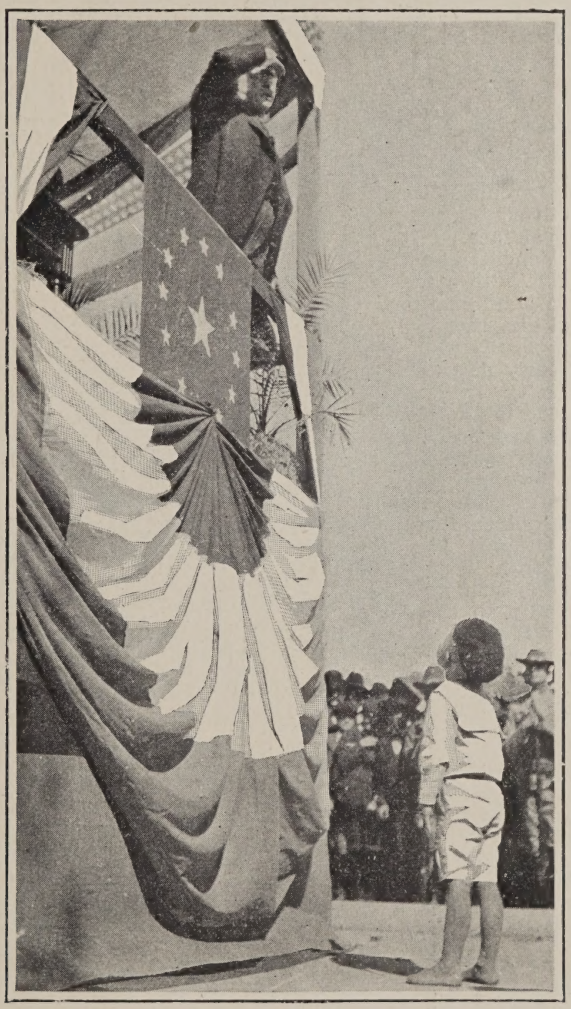
not satisfied with the ringing of joy-bells and similar demonstrations, melted the leaden statue of His Majesty, George III, and converted it into bullets for the cause.

Could rebellion inspire a more disrespectful act! In a scrap-book at hand is a quaint romance in verse which tells how a Tory maiden celebrated her "Independence Day." Again, His Majesty's "counterfeit presentment" is treated with contumely. The story is a pretty one:

"He told her of the patriot cause,
Its glory and its pain."

But you may like to meet "Him" amid the scenes in which the gentle poet found him:

The old colonial manor-house
Is falling to decay.



HIS BEST LISTENER.

The stucco's crumbled from the walls,
The cornice dropped away.
And where the tory's daughter walked
A hundred years ago,
The poison ivy spreads its net,
And purple thistles grow.

Between the beds of lavender
She flitted up and down,

The morning roses in her hand,
The dew upon her gown;
And lying by the covered spring,
Where mints and mosses grew,
She chanced upon a wounded man
Who wore the buff and blue.

He told her of the patriot cause,
Its glory and its pain,
The bleeding ghosts of Bunker Hill,
The ramparts of the slain.
The icy flood of Delaware,
When in the snow they slept;
And when he spoke of Valley Forge
The tory's daughter wept.

The oval brooch with jewels set
That pinned her kerchief's lace,
Bore on its yellow ivory
King George's royal face.
But still the tory's daughter knelt
And bound his hurt with care;
And hid him in the haunted wing,
And daily nursed him there.

So, in the mist of early dawn
They found her lattice wide;
King George's picture to the sill
With scarlet cord was tied.
Unruffled were the silken sheets
Upon her carven bed,
And gone the cloak of crimson cloth
She worked with golden thread.

The air was sweet with trampled mint
Around the covered spring,
And there they found a silver spur
That never served the king.
Too late, for far away she rode,
Through meadows wet with dew,
Encircled by a gallant arm
That wore the buff and blue!

The "man in buff and blue" and the maiden who "bound his hurt with care" passed from human ken a century ago, but they live immortal in the realm of literature. Such celebrations as theirs have become infrequent; the house with modern improvements knows no lattice, and silver spurs have been superseded by rubber heels. Still, the poet goes back over the years for his theme, while beside him, insistent, instinct with life, is the exponent of patriotism as manifested in "shows, games, sports," etc.

Though riotous celebration is dear to the heart of the small boy, and the small boy has been dearly loved by many a poet, few have been found to study him in his Independence orgies. The mad and merry Fourth, as we city-dwellers know it to our sorrow, has no abiding place in poetry. With the pink lemonade, paper wind-mills, toy balloons, fireworks, and other frivolous adjuncts of the day the poetic mind has naught to do. It prefers to take its flight backward, to depict such scenes as Richard Hovey reviews in his "Call of the Bugles."

Bugles!
And the great nation thrills and leaps to arms!
Prompt, unconstrained, immediate,
Without misgiving and without debate;
Too calm, too strong for fury or alarms,
The people blossoms armies and puts forth
The splendid summer of its noiseless might;
For the old sap of fight
Mounts up in South and North
The thrill
That tingled in our veins at Bunker Hill
And brought to bloom July of '76!
Pine and palmetto mix
With the sequoia of the giant West
Their ready banners, and the hosts of war.
Near and far,
Sudden as dawn,
Innumerable as forests, hear the call
Of the bugles,
The battle-birds!
For not alone the brave, the fortunate,
Who first of all
Have put their knapsacks on—
They are the valiant vanguard of the rest!
Not they alone, but all our millions wait,
Hand on sword,
For the word
That bids them bid the nations know us sons of Fate.

Bugles!
And in my heart a cry,
Like a dim echo far and mournfully
Blown back to answer them from yesterday!
A soldier's burial!
November hillsides and the falling leaves
Where the Potomac broadens to the tide—
The crisp autumnal silence and the gray
(As of a solemn ritual
Whose congregation glories as it grieves,
Widowed but still a bride)—
The long hills sloping to the wave,
And the lone bugler standing by the grave!

Taps!
The lonely call over the lonely woodlands—
Rising like the soaring of wings,

MAKING READY TO CELEBRATE.

Like the flight of an eagle—
Taps!
They sound forever in my heart.
From farther still,
The echoes—still the echoes!
The bugles of the dead
Blowing from spectral ranks an answering cry!
The ghostly roll of immaterial drums,
Beating reveille in the camps of dream,
As from far meadows comes,
Over the pathless hill,
The irremeable stream.
I hear the tread

Peace to their ashes, sleep and honored rest!
But we—awake!
Ours to remember them with deeds like theirs!
From sea to sea the insistent bugle blares,
The drums will not be still for any sake;
And as an eagle rears his crest,
Defiant, from some tall pine of the North,
And spreads his wings to fly,
The banners of America go forth
Against the clarion sky.
Veteran and volunteer,
They who were comrades of that shadow host,

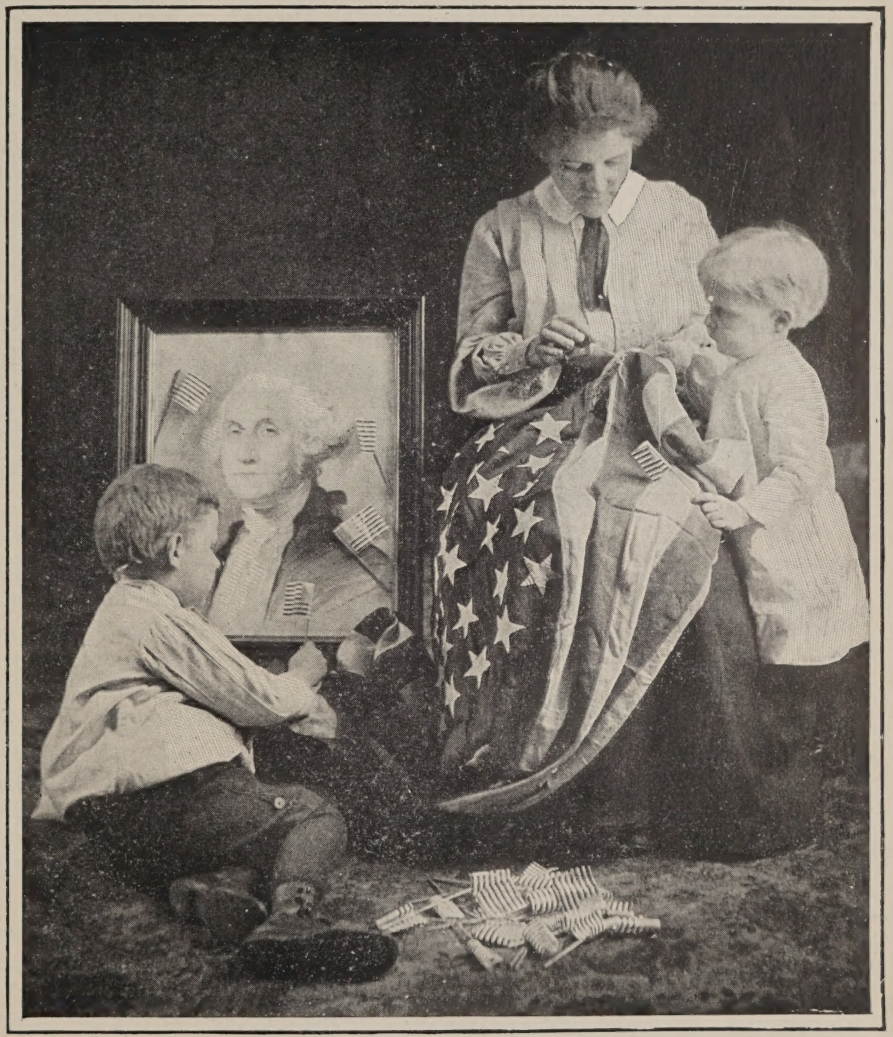
HOME FOR THE FOURTH.

Of the great armies of the Past go by;
I hear,
Across the wide sea wash of years between,
Concord and Valley Forge shout back from the unseen,
And Vicksburg give a cheer.

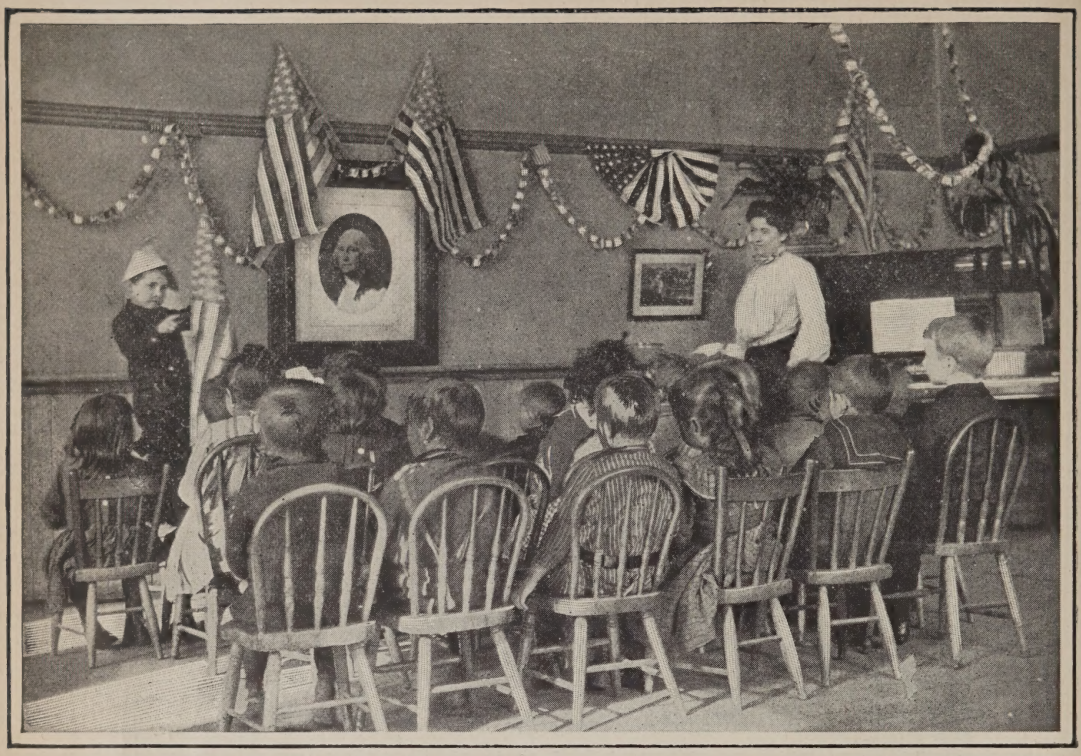
Our cheer goes back to them, the valiant dead!
Laurels and roses on their graves to-day,
Lilies and laurels over them we lay,
And violets o'er each unforgotten head.
Their honor still with the returning May
Puts on its springtime in our memories,
Nor till the last American with them lies
Shall the young year forget to strew their bed.

And the young brood whose veins renew the fires
That burned in their great sires,
Alike we hear
The summons sounding clear
From coast to coast,—
The cry of the bugles,
The battle-birds!

Bugles!
The imperious bugles!
Still their call
Soars like an exaltation to the sky.
They call on men to fall,
To die,—
Remembered or forgotten, but a part
Of the great beating of the Nation's heart!



MENDING OLD GLORY.



EARLY PATRIOTISM.

A call to sacrifice!
A call to victory!
Hark, in the Empyrean
The battle-birds!
The bugles!

James Russell Lowell cherishes a tender memory of Independence Day, but he recalls it in dignified strain:

"O tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire;
One morn is in the mighty heaven,
And one in our desire.

"The cannon booms from town to town,
Our pulses beat not less,
The joy-bells chime their tidings down,
Which children's voices bless.

"For He that flung the broad blue fold
O'er mantling land and sea,
One-third part of the sky unrolled
For the banner of the free."

Oddly enough, James Whitcomb Riley, the children's poet laureate, has little to say about the Fourth, though he grows joyously reminiscent over Christmas and Thanksgiving.

The day is still "solemnized" with "guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations;" the pretty oration is still heard; but it is doubtful if the solemn acts of devotion are as fervid or as frequent as in that troubled period of which John Adams was a part. New times, new manners, and new discoveries in the possibilities of powder, have made the Fourth not altogether a day of joy. To be blinded, marked, or maimed for life, is the price that many a youth pays for the license he mistakes for liberty, on the Fourth.

Is patriotism to blame for the list of accidents and fatalities recorded the day after? Was it the spirit of John Adams and of the Declaration of Independence that asserted itself in a child, piously taught, who thus voiced his ambition on the Fourth:

"There'll be lots of fires to-night, please God," he said, as the sparks from the fireworks dropped on a nearby roof. "I wish I was big enough to have cannon crackers and stay out all night. I'd have a ripping time."

IN CHILDLAND.

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Oh, there it is always morning
And the sky is always blue,
And ever a song is ringing
The blithesome moments through
Of brook or bird or blossom
With a music ever new.

'Tis the home of our long-lost fairies
And there may the elves be seen,
The flowers and trees have a language
In valley and meadow green
And the dwellers can understand it
In that sunny and fair demesne.

They are all so near to heaven
And a mother's love is their guide,
Her smile is their benediction
For naught care they beside,
And nothing untrue, unlovely
Can ever there abide.

Where is it, this gracious country
That we never shall see again?
'Tis the land the children live in,
Beyond our worldly ken,
And the way is lost forever
To grown-up women and men.

MEDITATION.

THE LADY-STUDENT.

BY NORA FRANCES DEGIDON.

The Professor sat in an arm-chair overlooking the busy London thoroughfare, waiting for the Lady-Student. He did not like lady-students any more than he liked waiting, and, he tapped the desk in front of him every now and then, as an accompaniment to something inaudible which he muttered between his teeth.

He was a small man, with a sharp, intelligent face, lighted up by a pair of keen Irish-grey eyes. Seen casually, it was a face that repelled, for it was usually adorned with a black stubbly growth; and the thick crown of jet-black hair looked as if on bad terms with a brush; but when he smiled the face assumed a new characteristic. One observed the perfect chiselling of the features, and the softened look in the eyes, as of kindly thoughts kept in check by some perverse fancy lest they should betray the tenderness of soul which kindled them.

Presently a step was heard on the creaking stairs, a hurried knock at the door, which, on the instant, was opened unceremoniously and the Lady-Student entered, looking rather belated and somewhat out of breath.

"I'm late," she ventured.

"You are," he answered laconically.

She looked at him fixedly with her great eyes, in the depths of which trouble lurked.

"Well," he remarked after an awkward pause, as he roughly pushed back the thick hair from his broad, intellectual brow.

"I—I," she began. Then she relapsed into silence and a chair. The Professor smiled grimly. It was a little way he had. It irritated the Lady-Student past forbearance. She did not know why. She just felt the irritation as if all her nerves had been rubbed the wrong way.

She was very tall—nearly six feet. Her figure would have been passable if she had ever practiced gymnastics. Never having done so she slouched along a trifle sideways with her shoulders pressed forward and her back slightly arched. Her face was not handsome; but a very broad brow and a fine pair of grey eyes gave it an air of distinction. Her hair might have been beautiful had she learned the art of dressing it, but she knew no art, for she had the mind of a man encased in the body of a woman. It was this latter reason which induced the Professor to number her amongst his pupils. Her mind was so broad and quick that he sometimes forgot her sex. It was only when she was late and kept him waiting that he remembered his mistake in admitting lady-students. He was angry now and she knew it, but, she made no apologies. It was her way. She couldn't apologize unless she had wilfully and deliberately done wrong. It was not her fault that the omnibus had to stop a quarter of an hour through conjestion of traffic.

Her silence did not soothe the Professor. He would have liked an apology—in fact thought one justly due to him, and vented his chagrin by way of scathing comments on her work. The lesson was not a success. The Professor was irritable, sharp, autocratic. The Lady-Student, divining something abnormal, was flurried out of her philosophic calm and answered questions spasmodically. The Professor eyed her keenly from under his half-closed lids. It did not penetrate his masculine mind that his own irritability might account for his pupil's belated behavior. He only asked the question of his own heart: "What is the matter with her?"

And the answer came: "She is a woman. All women are full of moods. Why can they not do one thing at the

time. One cannot indulge moods and receive full benefit from a lesson."

"My head aches," she gasped at last. "I will leave with your permission."

"By all means," he replied a trifle scornfully.

The Lady-Student jammed her hat on sideways and fled.

"What a bear he is!" she muttered to herself as he held the door for her, for the Professor was a gentleman by nature and never forgot the small civilities of life, even when he was angry.

He looked after her critically, noting that her skirt was untidy around the bottom and hung askew, that her coat did not fit well and her hair rebelled for lack of considerateness in the way of pins. This led to a train of thought regarding the pity it was that a woman could not cultivate her brains and the virtue of neatness at the same time, as he contrasted his pupil with some other women-friends who irritated him with their unintellectual complacency, yet gladdened his eyes with their daintiness. An unformed thought took root in his mind, to wit, that if the Lady-Student could be induced to consider her personal appearance, he,—but, here he broke off suddenly, and, returning to his desk, plunged into a treatise on some abstruse subject which, however, did not interest him as usual. Irritated with his wandering mood, he flung down the book, and, taking up his hat, left the room.

He did not notice which way he turned on reaching the street; but, presently, he found himself seated by the pond in the Green Park, watching some children feeding the swans with lumps of bread and evidently enjoying the wandering passage of the food down the long, slender necks of the birds.

Soon they went away, for the evening was closing in and a fog loomed thick and yellow in the distance. As he sat alone, deep in thoughts which he tried to smother, his own name was borne to him through the mist.

"He was more disagreeable than ever to-day. I felt as if I would like to write to him to say I would not come again," he heard in the unmistakable accents of the Lady-Student.

"Can you not cease the lessons without writing? I presume you've *paid* the man," answered a high-pitched masculine voice in querulous tones.

"That would be so rude; and he is a splendid teacher. I sometimes wish—"

"What do you wish?"

"Oh! Nothing."

"Just like a woman. But,—I say, dear, —what's the good of all this culture? Things are looking up a bit, and, with your money, we might safely marry this year. It seems a shame to be flinging money away like that when it puts off the end farther."

The Professor, experiencing an unpleasant sensation of sickness, had arisen on first hearing the voices, and staggering aimlessly through the density towards a lamp, that glittered sickly in the yellow fog, he found himself face to face with the Lady-Student and a man with a vapid face and a very unfinished chin who suggested to his fancy a lay figure in a tailor's shop. He thought he saw a look of recognition on the girl's face, but he had retreated into the darkness again ere she had time to make any remark, supposing that he had been noticed. The next week, the appointed time found her knocking at the Professor's door, her fingers trembling with the quick beating of her heart. His hope that she had not observed him was a vain one, for the week had been spent by her in considerable perturbation of spirit. That he had overheard her remarks or at least part of them she had not the slightest doubt, and she considered and rejected suggestions that arose in her mind scores of times anent some sort of apology. Her manner as she entered was hurried and nervous. The Professor smiled with his eyes as he noted this, but he sat at his desk with a face so utterly sphinx-like that she could not fathom his thought in the very least concerning the

unfortunate meeting in the fog. Sitting down opposite to him, and looking him full in the face,—a habit with her when speaking to people, she almost exclaimed at the transformation in his appearance. His face was as clean as a boy's, his hair shone with excess of brushing, and his attire was spotless. A half-opened rose peeped shyly at her from the lappet of his coat, and a signet ring gleamed on the little finger of his left hand. She was not a girl who could conceal any emotion. Transparency was her greatest fault or virtue, and the Professor, noting her look, smiled a little to himself as he asked, "Shall we commence?"

"If you please," came the reply, not in the girl's usually confident tones, but in timid, beseeching ones, as much as to say, "I never meant to hurt your feelings by my injudicious remarks in the fog." What a success that lesson was! The Professor brought out all his wonderful teaching powers. His explanations were clear, decisive, convincing. None knew better than he how to pick out the gems in his pupils' minds and hold them up for their delectation and encouragement, as no one knew better how to crush out any fantastic pride or egotism; take hold of it as it were and lay it as a mirror before the students' eyes to shame them into serious work and thought. The shallow mind he held up before its owner for the thing it was, in the hope that, knowing its own limitations, it might grow deeper in the light of perseverance. The frivolous mind he ridiculed into steadiness. But the deep mind he dug and cared for and nourished until it became a beautiful mine of knowledge. Of the latter kind was the Lady-Student's, but the Professor had not probed its depth. There were gems there hitherto unnoticed by him,—rough, unhewn gems of great worth. It would be his joyful task to polish and brighten them, to draw them gently into the light of day, to gladden a world not too bright with giant intellects. He had never really known her before for what she was. He had been a little contemptuous of her aspirations,—unusual with the majority of her sex,—a little indulgent occasionally when she did better than he had expected, and a little astonished often when her quick mind instantly grasped facts which had taken a good deal of his own time and thought. To-day he began to be really interested in her—not in her womanhood but in her mind,—in the store of unrefined gold lying within it; and when she was leaving, he not only held the door for her, but held her long, slender fingers within his for a brief second.

"He did not hear—I am sure he did not hear either Gerald's remarks or mine," said the Lady-Student softly to her own heart, and her step was quite buoyant as she walked home to her flat in Westminster.

She did not commit the mistake of being late again, neither was she again so injudicious as to speak his name aloud, indeed she ceased to speak of him at all, although he haunted her thoughts always. During the months that followed he was so kind to her in a gentle, unobtrusive sort of way that she sometimes wondered if his giant intellect were failing and if he were coming down to the level of ordinary humanity. That she was anything more to him than the books on his shelves she did not imagine for a moment, but his patient considerateness nerved her to greater effort and she worked really hard, as much for the pleasure of pleasing him as for work's reward. The examination at which she was to honor or dishonor his name loomed very near, and she was determined that, whether he had or had not heard her remarks that ill-fated evening in the fog, she would make ample apology both to him and to her own heart by a special triumph on that eventful occasion. He rarely spoke to her on any subject unconnected with her work, therefore when she came one day with the third finger of her left hand minus the brilliant opal ring which had adorned it so long it was

only natural that he should not have commented on the fact, but she was a little disappointed nevertheless. Her relief to be free of a man who had absolutely nothing in common with her was so great that she wanted to speak of it, woman-like she wanted to hint that his giant mind had won her freedom, or perhaps, her heart was tugging for freedom of another kind, the freedom of speech which is not the property of women on one occasion only.

The examination was over, and the Lady-Student had been true to herself. She topped the list of a long line of students, as well as being able to sign, henceforth, two distinguished letters after her name. It was more from force of habit than from any need of help that she found herself knocking at the Professor's door. Half mechanically she had donned her best clothes, and looked so trim that he was in turn astonished almost into uttering an exclamation, as she had been once before.

He stood up as she entered, his face flushed, his eyes shining.

"You have crowned me with glory," he said in a voice strangely husky as he took her hand, and forgot to drop it after the usual conventional shake.

"I am glad—glad," she answered, her eyes beaming.

"We could work so well together if—if—" he began, and looked up at her in some perplexity.

"If what?" she queried. After which a strange thing happened. Her usual direct gaze faltered and her long lashes fell on her cheeks.

"If you would marry me," he said.

"Why—I was wondering if you would ever ask me," she answered simply.

There was no lesson that evening save the old, old lesson which is ever new and which lovers learn from the throbbing of their own hearts.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

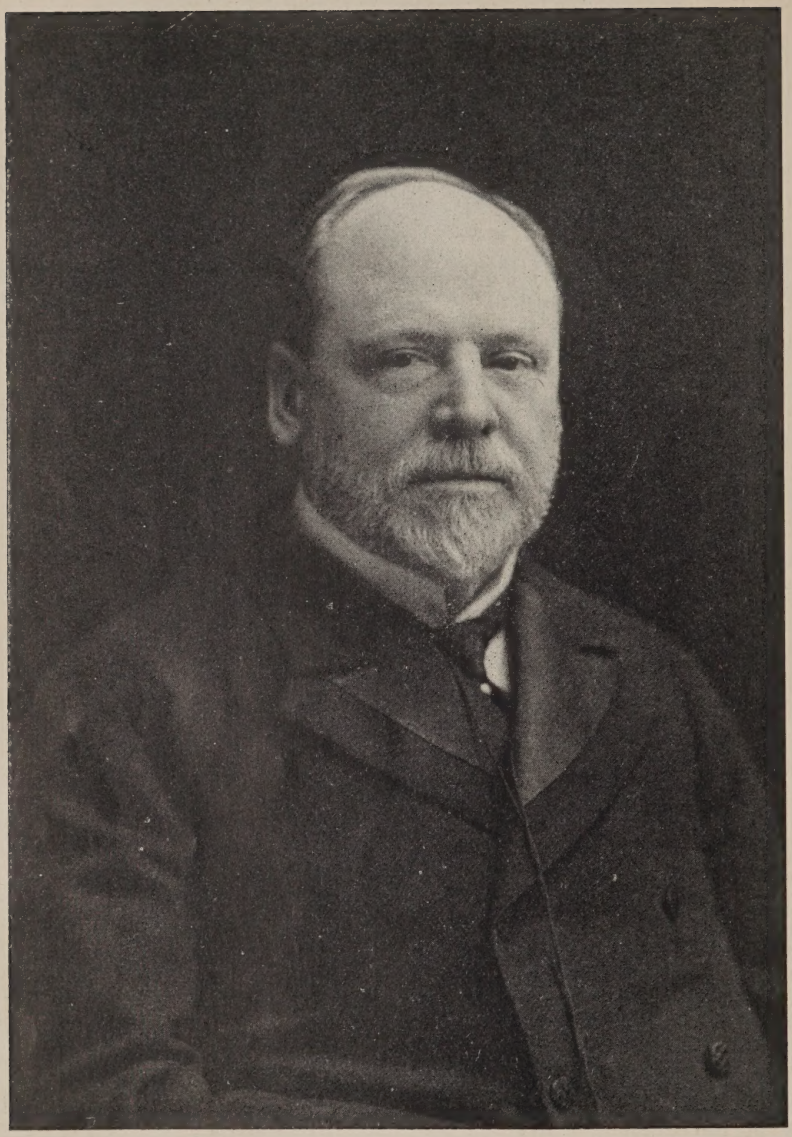
The new movement represented by the Catholic Summer School on Lake Champlain has now at its head, for the first time in its history, a literary man. Rev. John Talbot Smith was elected president of the Summer School for the year 1906, and he will direct the coming session during its continuance, from July 1 to the 8th of September. His career as a Catholic author began in 1880, over a quarter of a century ago, and he has given us in that time five volumes of fiction: "A Woman of Culture," "His Honor the Mayor," "Solitary Island," "Saranac," and "The Art of Disappearing"; two volumes of sermons, a life of Brother Azarias, an essay on "The Training of the Priest," a history of the diocese of Ogdensburgh, and finally, a history of the Catholic Church in New York. The last named has but just appeared, in two volumes, edition de luxe, and is the first really historical account of Catholicity in the premier diocese of America. As the head of the Catholic Summer School, he has the direction of a movement contributing largely to the progress of Catholic culture in this country, which at present is in its primary condition.

The session of the Summer School is held at a charming spot on the west shore of Lake Champlain. Here thrives a handsome modern village of fifteen hundred people, surrounded by all the conveniences of a modern town; handsome lawns and parks and woods, macadamized streets lighted by electricity, a good hotel and serviceable restaurant, a neat chapel, a hall for lectures and entertainments, a beach for bathing purposes, a railroad depot and steamboat dock, golf, tennis, archery and baseball grounds, bowling alleys and boathouses; in fact, all the features of the modern summer resort. Last year, during the month of August, the capacity of the place was taxed to its utmost, and the administration, in consequence, had to increase the dining-rooms at the hotel and the restaurant. The latter will now seat seven hundred persons at one time, and the former three hundred. The lecture course for the season includes some vital subjects and interesting names. Talbot Smith himself will open the course the first week with a description of the "Literary Enemies" of the Catholic people, and an analysis of "Ibsen and the Ibsenites." In September he will close the course with four lectures

REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

on the perversions of history in the drama, with special reference to Richelieu and Friar Joseph, Thomas à Becket, Lucrezia Borgia and Cardinal Ximenes. Dr. James J. Walsh will treat Intelligence and Instinct in the lowest order of living things. The new Cambridge history will get an airing from the skilled mind of Dr. Fox of Washington. The literature of Spanish America will be described by Rev. C. W. Currier of Baltimore. Dr. Kerby of the Catholic University will discuss some aspects of American social reform. The novelty of the course will be the lectures on Irish history by Mr. Charles Johnstone, a son of the well-known Orange member of the British Parliament. The son is a true patriot, a literary man of ability, and now labors in America, helping the Irish cause in the literary way. The lecture season runs ten weeks, from July 2 to Sept. 7, during which period eighty lectures will be delivered by experts; a score of entertainments, and as many conferences, conventions and other meetings will be held, in behalf of educational objects. The affiliations of the new president with the literary, journalistic and dramatic circles of New York indicate that he will draw their Catholic members into closer relations with the Summer School movement. The first attempt in this direction was made by him last winter, when at the Summer School bazaar, held in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, he provided an exhibit of the work of Catholic authors, journalists, playwrights and actors. There seems to be, in the organized movement of the Lake Champlain colony, a fine opportunity for concentrating the scattered literary forces of the Catholic body, securing recognition for them from neglectful patrons, and directing them powerfully and fruitfully into the proper channel. It is likely that Talbot Smith will attempt this work through the Summer School forces. His experience and his ability indicate that he will succeed in appreciably promoting the progress of Catholic American culture.

Dr. Francis J. Quinlan, the recipient of the Lætare Medal this year, stands at the top of the medical profession in the United States, being president of the County Medical Association of New York, president of the New York Celtic Medical Society, member of the State Medical Association, of the

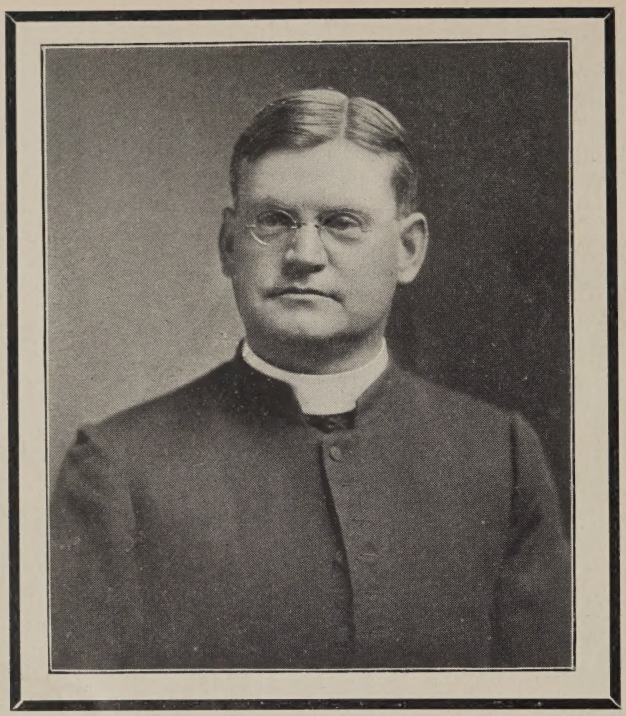


DR FRANCIS J. QUINLAN.

Academy of Medicine. Besides holding these positions of honor and responsibility, the Doctor is visiting surgeon to St. Vincent's Hospital, New York City, to the New York City Hospital, to the Foundling Hospital and St. Joseph's Hospital, Yonkers, N. Y. He is professor of laryngology and rhinology in New York Polyclinic, and laryngologist and otologist to St. John's Hospital, Long Island City.

Dr. Francis J. Quinlan was born in New York City, December 24, 1853, and received his early education first at the parochial school of St. Francis Xavier's Church, and later at the old Manhattan Academy, where he remained some years. Finally he entered the College of St. Francis Xavier. After some years spent in teaching, he took up the study of medicine at the Medical Department of Columbia University, graduating in 1878. He entered St. Vincent's Hospital, but having been appointed to a position in the United States service, Dr. Quinlan took up his residence in Dakota. He remained there four years, among the Sioux Indians and soldiers of the frontier, serving with honor in the positions of trust assigned to him. In 1891 he received the honorary degree of A. M. from St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, and four years later the degree of LL.D. from the same institution.

DREAMS OF THE FUTURE



THE LATE RT. REV. JOHN B. DELANY, D.D.

THE LATE RT. REV. JOHN B. DELANY, D.D.

The Rt. Rev. John B. Delany, D.D., Bishop of Manchester, N. H., died at the Sacred Heart Hospital, in that city, on Monday, June 11, after a brief illness. The young prelate—the youngest in the American hierarchy—was beloved not only by his own people, but by all classes in the community, and the news of his untimely death was heard with profound sorrow. An operation for appendicitis had been performed on the 7th, and on the following Sunday the Bishop's condition became so critical that his relatives were summoned. When he passed away on Monday, his mother, two sisters and a brother, the Rev. Frederick Delany, were at his bedside.

The Bishop's parents were among the pioneer Catholics of Lowell, and he was born in that city, Aug. 9, 1864, receiving there his elementary education. On completing his high-school course, he entered Boston College, graduating in 1887, when he immediately began his theological studies in St. Sulpice, Paris. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1891, by Cardinal Richard, and on his return from Europe was assigned by Bishop Bradley to assist the Rev. John Lyons, of St. Anne's Church, Manchester. Father Delany afterwards served as assistant to the Rev. Eugene O'Callaghan, Portsmouth; and during the absence of the Rev. Louis Wilde of Hinsdale, he took charge of that parish. The next upward step in the young priest's career was his transfer to the cathedral of Manchester, followed by his appointment to the office of Chancellor. To the numerous duties of this high position were added many other activities in connection with parochial and diocesan works, and in 1898, with the approval of his ecclesiastical superior, Father Delany founded *The Guidon*, a magazine devoted to the spread of Catholic truth.

On the death of Bishop Bradley, the zeal and efficiency of his secretary and chancellor were recognized and rewarded by his appointment to the episcopate. He was consecrated Bishop of Manchester on Sept. 8, 1904, and for two years—with wisdom and kindliness and apostolic zeal—the beloved young bishop administered the affairs of his see, looking well to existing works, while having a prudent care for the future of his charge. In the brief span of his years he accomplished much, and those who mourn his early passing have the consolation of beholding the visible fruits of his consecrated endeavor.

The funeral took place on June 14, in the presence of a large assembly, including the prelates of New England, many priests, and a host of friends from among the laity.

THE LEGEND OF SIERRA ENCANTADA.

BY ATHENE DOUGLAS.

It was toward the close of a fine, summer's day, when I at last put away my sketches and started for the city of San Luis Potosi, which I knew must be some leagues distant. I had left there, at early daybreak, on an expedition into the mountains in search of material from which to make a landscape of some ranges I had seen from the distance, and had wandered along the beautiful, undulating hills till I found myself in a picturesque valley, where I spent the day in making my sketches. The afternoon had waned before I noticed the late hour. Mounting my horse, I began my journey homeward, and after traveling for some time I came to a still broader valley on the opposite side of the mountain.

Suddenly emerging from a small clump of trees I saw, at some two hundred yards distance, a group of small *jacals*—evidently a Mexican settlement. I was glad to see such signs of life. Being very thirsty, I made up my mind to stop and ask for a drink. Spurring my horse to a quicker pace, I hurried forward, and had gone but a few yards when I saw an old woman coming down another path that, a little farther on, merged into my own. She was walking slowly, with an *olla* poised upon her head. No doubt she was bringing water from some neighboring spring; I need not go farther to quench my thirst. So, on reaching the junction of the paths, in advance of the old woman, I slipped from the saddle and awaited her approach.

Four years sojourn in Mexico had given me a knowledge of the language, and I was able to make known my want with ease, as she came up to me.

"*Si*, Señor," she replied, as she put the *olla* on the ground, and gave me to drink of its cool contents from a gourd which she carried in her hand.

"How far do you call it to San Luis Potosi?" I asked, by way of conversation, as I returned the gourd after a refreshing draught.

"Three leagues, more or less," she replied, looking at me with her black, searching eyes. "Does the Señor live there?"

I told her I had been there only some three months, and explained that I had been spending the day in the mountains. Then, not unwilling to study the picturesque, soft-voiced old creature, I questioned her in regard to the settlement, her people, and everything that I knew to be dear to the Mexican woman's heart.

While we talked, the red glow of the setting sun lit up the western sky, making an exquisite picture as it shone lurid beyond a pointed peak in a distant mountain range, which looked bluer than ever with the sharp contrast. Though leagues away, in that pure atmosphere it appeared very near. From its peculiar appearance, my attention had been attracted to this same mountain earlier in the day.

"Madre, what is the name of yonder mountain in the west,—the one with the sharp peak?" I inquired, indicating it with my hand.

"Ah, Señor," she said, and her wrinkled face turned eagerly toward it as she pointed a thin hand westward. "Have you never heard of that? That is Bernalajo, la Sierra Encantada." She spoke the last few words in a low voice.

"And why is it called enchanted?" said I, anxious for a story, for I knew how Mexico abounds in old legends; no doubt here was one to suit the time and place.

"Will the Madre be kind enough to tell me about it?" I continued eagerly.

"Ah, Señor," she began slowly, "it all happened a long time ago—soon after the ships came from Espana, and before the churches were built in the cities." She seated herself on the ground by the *olla,* and pulled her black shawl more closely around her head.

"The mountain is enchanted," she continued, "and most people are afraid to go near it, for strange things are seen over there. It happened like this: Many, many years ago, one evening, at the hour for Vespers—just at this hour, Señor," she explained, crossing herself, "a man and a woman, Juan and Maria, were coming across the mountains on a burro, when a storm came up, and they became frightened and knew not where to go. Suddenly they heard the ringing of a bell, and looking up they beheld a church which they had not seen before. They immediately tied the poor beast, and, going in, knelt and prayed until the storm was over. Then they went out.

"As the woman left the church door, she passed an orange tree under which lay an orange; this she picked up and put in her *rebozo.* As they passed on, she showed it to her husband, saying they would eat it, for they had eaten nothing but a few *tortillas* since morning. But they soon found they could not do so, for although the color of an orange it was hard as a rock, and could not be opened.

"Once more they started down the mountain; as they did so, they heard voices chanting the evening prayers. They were surprised at this, as they had seen no one in the church, but they crossed themselves and went on towards the city, for it was thither they had started, hoping to find work, for they were very poor. They traveled all that night, and the next day they came to San Luis Potosi. There they went to the house of one Ramon Sanchez, a friend, who received them kindly.

"After they had had food, Juan and Maria showed their friends the orange, and asked what it could be. Now Ramon was full of knowledge, for he had seen the great world; he had even, at one time, seen the Capital. He examined the orange and weighed it in his hands by holding his arm straight out with the orange in his palm." And the old woman illustrated the action.

"'It is very heavy,' he said to them. 'I think it is pure gold; but come, we will take it to the silversmith and see.' This they did, and, sure enough! the silversmith said it was pure gold, and offered them a princely price for it. They took the money and returned to the house of Ramon, and had a big feast that night; for they were very happy, having money enough to last them all their lives.

"Early the next morning the silversmith knocked loudly at the door, saying in an angry voice that the golden orange was gone from the little box in which he had put it the night before. He declared they had stolen it back, saying that no one knew of it beside themselves, and he was sure they had taken it. They all protested their innocence, but it was impossible to quiet his anger.

"Finally Juan and Maria told him they would take him to the place where they found it and he could find one for himself. This he agreed to, and so, procuring burros they started the next day. After a tiresome journey, they reached the place, but there was no church to be seen—nothing but jagged cliffs and chaparal. They looked and looked but saw nothing of which the old couple had spoken.

"Now the silversmith became more enraged than ever, for he was sure he had been duped. He began to curse and abuse them, and declared he would have them put in prison. While he was saying these cruel words, a storm that had long been gathering burst over the peak, and rain began to fall in torrents, so that they

were forced to seek shelter somewhere. After looking vainly, for a time, for a refuge, they came to an overhanging cliff, beneath which was a sheltered place. They quickly availed themselves of the protection of the cliff, but not before they were drenched thoroughly.

"By and by the rain ceased, but they were very wet and cold. Juan suggested that they hunt some sticks and build a fire. All went in search of some pieces of wood, when presently Maria gave a great cry, and, on running to her, the men found her holding in her hand a golden orange.

" 'I found it in the brush,' she said, as she handed it to the silversmith.

"He eyed her suspiciously. 'It is the one I lost,' he said.

"Before she could reply they were startled by the sound of a bell, and looking up they saw, just a little above them, a church. Juan and Maria shouted joyously, and started toward it, the silversmith following, as soon as he recovered from his astonishment. They reached the door, and looking in saw a beautiful altar, lighted by many candles. At the foot of this altar was a large basket filled with golden oranges. They entered the doorway, but before they had gone many steps, the altar and the walls of the church faded away before their very eyes, and they found themselves in the open air on the lonely mountain side.

"The storm being over, they started for home, resolving to tell no one of their good fortune in finding the golden orange. But the silversmith could not keep his secret, and told it to a few friends, who, in turn, told it to a few more, so that, in a few days, several persons knew of it. These men then came to the silversmith and asked him to conduct them to the place where the golden oranges were found. This he consented to do, so a great number went up to the mountain.

"But no church was to be seen, nor could they find any golden oranges. They searched all of one day, but, as they found nothing, they began to suspect that the silversmith had deceived them, and brought them on a fool's errand. They accused him of this, but he declared that all he told them was true. All he could say, however, could not quiet the anger of the disappointed men, and they soon began to threaten his life.

"While they were quarreling, the sun began to sink farther and farther behind the mountain, and the Vesper hour drew near. Presently the sound of a bell was heard, and, looking up, they all saw before them a beautiful city, with a great church standing in its midst. They ran toward it eagerly, but at each step, instead of drawing nearer, they seemed farther and farther away, so that, try as they would, they could not reach it.

"Finally they realized that it would be useless to go any farther, so they again turned on the silversmith and cursed him. They declared that he had bewitched them and caused them to see something that was not really there. They now resolved to kill him.

"While they were debating in what manner to do this terrible deed, a violent storm burst upon them. The wind blew so fiercely that great trees were torn up by the roots and hurled down the mountain side. Many of these wicked men were blown down the cliffs, and others were killed by fallen trees. Many were badly injured.

"The next day, those who survived went to the silversmith's shop, and were surprised to find him unhurt, attending to his business as usual. They asked him how he managed to escape; he told them that, after the storm commenced, he had started down the mountain, when he saw a strange man with two horses, going towards San Luis Potosi. The man offered to let him ride one of the horses, and he was glad to accept the offer; thus it was that he came safely to his home.

"It was his time now to make threats, and he told them he would go to the law with them for the way they had threatened him on the mountain. They begged him not to do this, pointing out to him that their leaders were killed and most of the others more or less injured. Finally the silversmith agreed not to go before the judge, for, after all, he had come out the best, as he had the golden orange and could live in riches all his life. He made the men promise that they would never trouble him again, and they never did." The old woman stopped and nodded her head several times. She was quite out of breath with this recital, but seemed quite happy in that she had found so patient a listener.

"But old Juan and Maria," I asked, "and the wise old Ramon,—what became of them?"

"They all lived together, rich and happy," she made answer, then continued slowly, and with a sigh, "till they grew old and died."

"And is this story true, Madre?" I asked.

"Ah, si, Señor," she cried, eagerly, raising her two old hands in a gesture characteristic of her race. "It is all true —everyone in the country knows that."

She paused a moment, then continued in a lower voice, indicating with her hand the distant peak, beyond which the sun had now quite vanished:

"The mountain is still enchanted, and every evening, if you are near there at the vesper hour, you can hear the bells ring. I never went there myself—I have always been afraid, but my father heard them once when he was a young man, and he searched for the church and the city for many days, for he was very brave, Señor, but he never found them, nor a golden orange," she ended with a sigh, as she rose and replaced the *olla* on her head.

"Thank you for your story, Madre," I said, as I slipped a silver piece into the wrinkled hand. "Perhaps I may go and search for the golden oranges some day; if I find any, I shall bring you one."

"Thank you, Señor, and God bless you," she answered, gratefully. "Yes, the story is true, Señor. This is the hour for the ringing of the bells; the children are always in the house at this time. One or two people say that, on a still evening, the bells can be heard even thus far away. Perhaps you, Señor, may hear them, but I am too old and deaf."

With an "Adios, Señor," she hobbled feebly toward the *jacals* nestling in the green valley, within sight of the enchanted mountain with its invisible church and city.

MY MID-MEADOW TENANTS.

BY HENRY WILSON.

It was with some misgiving that I gazed for the first time upon my newly acquired acres. The hillside was insignificant and blotched by patches of yellow sand, and below it was a flat triangle of meadow land hedged in by a broad expanse of low growing shrubs and briers. There was no vista beyond, and no beauty within. It was isolation and desolation, without the redeeming feature of perspective or seclusion. A line of reed grass wavering across the flat triangle indicated the presence of some kind of stream, but it was too choked by grass for beauty, and too sluggish for music. A bold outline of rocks, or a few large trees, or even a suggestion of something in the distance, would have brought a sense or relief; but there was none.

Facing the triangle was a low, square house of two rooms, unpainted, unfinished, unshaded. Even the usual country additions of birds and wild flowers seemed to be absent. Far away across the expanse of shrubs and briers the faint "caw, caw" of a crow had in it unmistakable scorn and derision. Still, it was quiet that I was in search of, and an absence of interruption, and simple living.

But as I moved mechanically down the slope toward the triangle, my steps grew slower, and the shadow—which was not of the sun—grew on me and for the time being obscured the vivid greens of the meadow and the warm browns and yellows of the hillside. Already the spirit of the land of desolation was heavy upon me, and unconsciously I was allowing myself to look beyond it, to the familiar streets and faces of the city, and to the cozy, social firesides that were ready to welcome me.

Slower still grew my steps and heavier my spirits, and the influence of my retrospection waxed strong toward the annihilation of my plans for the future; and then, suddenly, from my very feet, issued the first life that had greeted me from my circumscribed acres.

It was not a welcome, for the cry quivered with alarm and expostulation and indignation, and the disturbed tenant—a tiny little ball of brown feathers, now fluffed with agitation—only flew away a few feet and then circled around and around, uttering plaintive appeals and regarding me with big, reproachful eyes.

Rebuked, I was about to step aside, when a sharper cry caused me to hesitate and look about, and there, not six inches from my invading feet, were four tiny white eggs spotted with brown.

I reached down and carefully straightened the grass which my boots had crushed back from the nest, and then stole softly away; and the sudden changing of the alarmed notes into little cooing twitters of relief and joy accompanied me, and made me tender lest I infringe upon the rights of others of my predecessors. And very soon this solicitude made me aware that I had other tenants—or perhaps that it was I who was the tenant of others, for all around me were buzzing, circling hosts who had taken possession of the land long before I had become aware of its existence. Now that I was on the lookout I could see them all around me; butterflies and bees and bugs, in gorgeous raiment, and

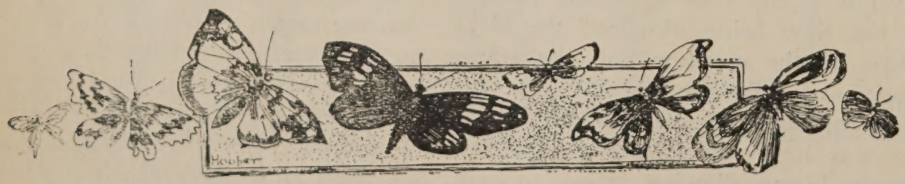
in plain garb of sober browns and grays and black, and in tattered, disreputable clothes that bespoke them as professional fighters or perhaps disreputable tramps; and sweeping and flashing among them like privateers intent on prey, were sinister, long-winged dragon flies, and sharp-lanced hornets, and innocent, blundering bumble-bees and blue-bottles. Grasshoppers made extraordinary leaps from swaying blades to some indeterminate point, and then back again to the grass blades, ambitious of everything but apparently reaching nothing. Dark recesses of the meadow concealed piping and chirping and droning musicians, whom I might have thought diffident had it not been for the fact that a moment later they would fly or spring or crawl to the highest attainable grass blade and there continue their part of the hilarious medley.

By the time I reached a mossy rock which rose invitingly above the swaying carpet of the meadow, all thought of regret or loneliness was forgotten. A brilliant green and gold moth, with silver crescents to distinguish him from his fellows, crawled sluggishly up the shadowed side of the rock; a marked contrast to his active butterfly cousin of the black and yellow wings who was sweeping and circling above the rock, careening in the wind like a boat tossed about by the sea. A few hours later, after the sun had gone down behind the broad expanse of low growing shrubs and briers, it would be the black and yellow fellow who would become torpid, while his royal kinsman of the green and gold would sail forth in search of wide-awake companions for the night.

A long line of little creatures were wending their way along an insect boulevard which wound around the base of the rock, and I leaned down to watch them more attentively, wondering if the procession meant a funeral or a celebration, or was it merely in the prosecution of their every-day business?

A cricket called cheerily to me from the grass, a honey bee sang by on the way to his hive, a butterfly rose up into the air and came down and rested for a moment on my shoulder; I tried to decide whether it was a grasshopper or a bug or some kind of fly that was piping so shrilly from a clover blossom that swayed over the line of moving insects, and was it engaged for the occasion? Then my attention was challenged by a gurgling volley of rich notes from the far corner of the triangle, and I rose quickly with a pleased flush on my face and a warm thrill in my heart. Surely that was a bobolink, and I had thought there was not a song bird on the place.

Over beyond the low bushes the sun was setting in golden splendor, and some of its glory had sought out the unpretentious little house and transformed it into a palace of beauty. I turned and retraced my way up the slope, and in my heart was only content and peace and pleased anticipation.



SONG OF A LOVER.

BY REV. JOHN FRANCIS MCSHANE.

A lover, — my spirit's uneasy,
  Throbbing to song's measured beat;
And melodies start on the strings of my heart,
  Attuned but to sounds that are sweet.

But what is the song's precious burden?
  Whence are its words' rhythmic flow?
Its cadence and rhyme, so supernal, sublime?
  And whence doth it come, whither go?

Ah! Love is its burden, its essence!
  Love is its message divine!
To Him e'er it soars, with the love-laden stores, —
  To Love, the blest Spouse that is mine!

The Spouse I embrace at the banquet,
  Served but to lovers of Love.
How sweet is His kiss, soulful, ravishing bliss,
  Completed in union above!

O Jesus, my Love and my Lover,
  Thine is the song that I sing!
For I am for Thee, and Thou, Love, art for me,
  Thy poor, lowly, love-loving thing!

THE LATE HON. JOHN P. DORE, OF BOSTON.

The Hon. John P. Dore, of Roxbury, one of the foremost Catholic laymen of Boston, and for more than half a century identified with the interests of the city, died on June 14.

Mr. Dore was a native of Youghal, Co. Cork, Ire., and was born on Oct. 30, 1832. The ground-work of his education was laid there, and finished in Boston, to which city he came in 1849. Here he began business life in the shoe trade in 1856, and for twenty years conducted a store on Essex Street.

He was appointed in 1879 a member of the board of overseers of the poor, retaining that position for twelve years. He became a street commissioner in 1882, and was successively re-elected during seventeen years, making an excellent and honorable record. His ability in this position was recognized in 1887, when he was made chairman. In that capacity Mr. Dore supervised many of the most notable improvements that have been effected in Boston's streets in the last two decades.

In public life he won respect and esteem by his strong character, unswerving adherence to principle and fine executive ability.

Notwithstanding his civic activity, Mr. Dore found time to promote the interests of fraternal bodies and charitable organizations of which he was an honored member. He was connected with the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters since its early days, the growth of the Order owing much to his wise counsel and enthusiastic support. He was honored in 1891 and 1892 with the office of high junior conductor; in 1893 and 1894 with that of high vice-chief ranger, and in 1895 was chosen head of the Order to fill out an unexpired term.

Mr. Dore was also a member of the Knights of St. Rose, the second degree of the Foresters, Legion of Honor, American Irish Historical Society, Charitable Irish Society and other bodies.

For a quarter of a century he gave devoted service to the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. He was a member of the Working Boys' Home Corporation, also St. Elizabeth's Hospital Corporation, and had for several years been actively interested in the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston, and served as a director for three years.

On the occasion of the ordination of their son, Mr. and Mrs. Dore went to Rome to attend the ceremony, and had a private audience with Pope Pius X.

Though advanced in years, Mr. Dore retained the brightness and geniality of early manhood, and to the end kept up his cheery interest in current affairs.

Mr. Dore is survived by his wife, five sons and three daughters,—John B. Dore, a lawyer; Dr. Frank J. Dore, the Rev. Ambrose Dore of St. Catherine's Church, Somerville, Leo Dore in the Jesuit Novitiate, and Clement Dore, in the railroad service, New York State; Mrs. John J. Martin and Misses Emily and Genevieve Dore.

Mr. Dore was buried from the Church of the Immaculate Conception, where he had worshipped for many years. A great throng attended his funeral. Many public officials, men prominent in other walks of life, and delegations from the organizations with which he had been associated, were present.

The altar and sanctuary were draped in black, and on the pew which Mr. Dore had occupied for more than a score of years was placed a wreath of ivy tied with purple ribbon.

The casket was borne into the church by the Hon. Joseph H. O'Neil, president of the Federal Trust Company; Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, senior member of the firm of Brown, Durell & Co.; ex-City Clerk John M. Galvin, James E. Cotter, Edward L. Hearn, supreme knight of the Knights of Columbus; John H. Watson, Thomas Sproules, Thos. F. Duffley and Daniel P. Toomey. Preceding the funeral procession were the high standing committee of the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters, headed by ex-Chief Rangers Daniel A. Cronin and Col. Thomas F. Doherty.

A Solemn Requiem Mass was offered up by the Rev. Denis J. O'Farrell, rector of the Church of St. Francis de Sales', Roxbury. He was assisted by the Rev. Hugh McDermott as deacon and the Rev. James A. Supple as sub-deacon. Seated within the sanctuary were a number of other priests, including the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Denis O'Callaghan, D.D., P.R., of South Boston, and the Rt. Rev. Mgr. William Byrne, D.D., vicar-general.

The Rev. W. F. Gannon, S.J., president of Boston College, pronounced a merited eulogy.

The ushers were John White, Jr., Joseph C. Pelletier, ex-state deputy of the Knights of Columbus; Garret W. Scollard, city collector; Charles H. Slattery, city treasurer: William H. Dowling, ex-president of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston, and Dr. William J. Walton.

The interment was in Mt. Calvary Cemetery, Roslindale.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

WHAT SUMMER FOOD SUPPLIES THE GREATEST NUTRIMENT WITH THE LEAST TAX UPON THE STOMACH AND BOWELS?

The coming of the sultry days of summer, when greater care must be exercised in the choice of clean, wholesome, nutritious, foods, naturally revives the old and much discussed question: "Can we get along with less meat?"

You certainly can. Beef is classed as one of the "nitrogenous foods." But the whole wheat grain is also rich in nitrogen. The nitrates and phosphates are mostly in the outer coats of the wheat kernel. These are largely discarded in the making of white flour.

In the making of the shredded whole wheat products, the nitrates as well as the phosphates of the whole wheat grain are preserved in their most digestible form. Shredded Wheat is a better "nitrogenous food" than beef. It is more nourishing and wholesome than beef and not so hard on the kidneys and liver.

Shredded Wheat is the purest, cleanest food made on this continent, is more easily digested than meat and hence is an ideal summer food. No "secret process." Our plant is open to the world; over 100,000 visitors last year.

In white flour you get the starch in the wheat and little else. You can't make muscle or brain out of starch. In Shredded Whole Wheat you get all the rich, flesh-forming, muscle-making elements stored in the outer coats of the wheat berry, made digestible by the shredding process. Your grocer sells it. Our new illustrated cook book is sent free. The Natural Food Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Gospels of the Sundays and Festivals. By the Very Rev. Cornelius J. Canon Ryan, D.D. Second edition. 2 vols. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

These two volumes are a most valuable contribution to our literature upon the Gospels. Not only are the words of the Gospel carefully and intelligently explained, not only are the reflections and applications practical and direct, but there is stored away in these pages a wealth of collateral matter which does not exist in any other work of this kind from a Catholic pen in the English language. There is a splendid Introduction, containing a brief but schoiarly account of the Gospels in general, and a description of the scene of the Gospel history. What has to be said regarding the Gospels in general, is included under ten heads: (1) The name "Gospel"; (2) the number of the Gospels; (3) the titles of the Gospels; (4) the order of the Gospels in Greek; (5) the Gospels compared with each other; (6) the manuscripts of the Gospels in Greek; (7) the printed editions of the Gospels in Greek; (8) the ancient versions of the Gospels; (9) the modern versions of the Gospels, and (10) the use of the Gospels in the sacred liturgy. These explanations certainly cover the ground very completely. The scene of the Gospel history is treated under the following heads: I, The names by which the country has been known; II, its political divisions, especially in the time of Christ; III, a general description of its geographical position and natural features; IV, its mountains; V, its plains, valleys and deserts; VI, its lakes; VII, its rivers; VIII, its cities and villages. Four excellent maps add considerably to the value of these descriptions. So delighted are we with this second portion of the Introduction, that we should like to see it inserted not only in every work on the Gospels, but also in every meditation-book in use throughout the land. By those especially who follow the method of prayer made popular by St. Ignatius Loyola, will these descriptions be warmly welcomed. On the whole, Canon Ryan has given us a work which deserves a place of honor in the library of every priest, of every convent, of every monastery, and of every educated layman.

Meditations on the Mysteries of Faith and the Epistles and Gospels by a Monk of Sept-Fonts. Translated from the French by the Religious of the Visitation, Wilmington, Del. Revised and edited by the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R. 2 vols. Herder. St. Louis. 1906.

These meditations are redolent of that spirit of self-effacement and of that sincere piety which spring from monastic solitude. Religious of all classes, whether active or contemplative, will find these two portly volumes veritable mines of spirituality. And daily meditations drawn from these pages will serve to keep intact religious discipline and to stimulate renewed struggles after religious perfection. It might not be amiss in a second edition to add preludes and colloquies for those who follow the Ignatian method of mental prayer.

The Ghost in Hamlet and Other Essays in Comparative Literature. By Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D. Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co. 1906.

The fame of Maurice Francis Egan is too widely spread for this new book from his graceful pen to need any detailed commendation. He holds a high position of honor among the literary writers of the country, and his influence has been felt in every great institution of learning. This collection of essays deals with such interesting questions as "The Ghost in Hamlet," "Some Pedagogical Uses of Shakespeare," "The Puzzle of Hamlet," "The Imitators of Shakespeare," "The Comparative Method in Literature." The discussion of the points raised is keen and broad, while the style displays that fine quality of English which brings out the beauty and the strength of our language.

The Existence of God. By Canon Moyes. (Westminster Lectures.) St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

What the reader will find in these pages is not an attempt to treat this all-important subject fully, but an effort to indicate in a broad and general way the lines on which it is thought that the proofs of God's existence may be conveniently stated. Canon Moyes is to be heartily congratulated upon the success of his effort, and we trust that this booklet will be brought to the notice of all those who are interested in this vital subject, whether they are Catholics or non-Catholics, whether they belong to the ranks of the clergy or to those of the laity.

The Witness of the Gospels. By the Very Rev. Monsignor A. S. Barnes, M.A. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

The various questions aroused by the so-called Higher Criticism have long since called for a handbook upon the subject from a Catholic pen. We are fortunate in having had the work intrusted to the learned Monsignor Barnes, who has contrived to give us a skillful summary of the views adopted by eminent Catholic writers upon the various thorny scriptural problems so hotly debated to-day. His conclusion is most comforting:

"How do these results of modern criticism —these discoveries, for instance, that the Gospels as we have them now are in great part built up out of earlier documents— affect their authority and trustworthy character?

"To this question there will be two answers, according to the point of view from which we are regarding the subject. If we look at it as Catholics already convinced of the inspiration of the Gospel by reason of the Church's guarantee, we shall answer, of course, that it makes no difference at all; that the truthfulness of the Gospels is assured not by the personal authority of the Evangelist, by his first-hand knowledge of the facts, or by the pains he took to obtain correct information, but by the action and inspiration of the Holy Spirit of God, who is Himself the principal Author of the Gospels, as of all Holy Scripture, and who, of course, is not dependent on any human agency or human exertions to produce in fullest measure the result that He desires. If, on the other hand, we put this side of the matter away for the moment, and confine our attention to the other and purely human element which is present in the production of all the Holy Scriptures, then I think there can be no possible doubt in the mind of any one that the authenticity of the Gospel and the witness which they bear is actually increased in force and certainty by this discovery. There are always some conservative minds which tend to feel that all is lost whenever the advance of knowledge necessitates any change in the opinions in which they were brought up, and who find it very difficult to assimilate new ideas of any kind. These, no doubt, will still feel that the Faith itself is endangered by any such inquiries, and will wrap themselves securely in their prejudices, unwilling even to examine into new ideas or fresh discoveries, from an unavowed terror, lest, perchance, they might there discover something which would make it difficult, or perhaps impossible, to retain the opinions which they have held so long, and which have come to be almost an integral part of themselves. Such men will always exist, and when they are found, as is so often the case, in positions of influence and authority, constitute a real danger to the spread of truth; but there will also always be others of bolder spirit and a robuster Faith, who will desire to look into things for themselves, and to judge, so far as their capacity allows, the real tendencies and results of modern research. These will continually find that the facts which are being brought to light, and which are so often used to point attacks upon the Church, are in no way dangerous when they are carefully studied in proper conjunction with the traditions of the Church, and by men whose desire is to be perfectly loyal to truth, but at the same time never needlessly to exaggerate difficulties or to unsettle Faith.

"Let me put the question directly with regard to one point, for example: Which should we say on purely human grounds, was likely to produce the more trustworthy account of the events,—St. Luke writing in A.D. 80, fifty years after the events, a history composed there and then by means of a careful inquiry into the evidence which still, after that lapse of time, may have been available; or the same evangelist at a much earlier time possessing himself of documentary evidence compiled at an even earlier time by the actual eye-witnesses of the facts, and then later on, in A.D. 80, sitting down to revise and amplify his original work? I have little doubt that there is not a single person here but would unhesitatingly give the preference to the second. And yet it is the first which is nearer to the traditional view, and it is the second to which, as I believe, the critics are gradually tending to agree. We should have come to much the same results had we chosen for discussion other portions of the wild field. Everywhere the same phenomenon is more or less clearly manifest. The latest results of critical science tend more and more 'back towards tradition,' and in not a few cases, where they differ from what has been traditionally received, they will be found to strengthen rather than to weaken the traditional and Catholic position. It is the old story: 'A little knowledge leads a man from God; a wider knowledge will bring him back to God.' Truth cannot contradict truth, and, therefore, we have no reason to shrink from scientific criticism. It may seem hostile for the moment, but it can only end at length by providing us with another proof of the certainty of those things we have believed."

Short Spiritual Readings for Mary's Children. By Madame Cecilia. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

Madame Cecilia has the rare gift of diagnosing the various spiritual maladies which in many cases paralyze the spiritual life among Catholic women of society, and of prescribing remedies against them. What is especially remarkable about her power is the skill with which she detects and brings to the light the premonitory symptoms which usually escape the eye, except of those whose experience is broad and whose insight is keen. How well, for example, she characterizes a petty weakness, found among many women. "It is a very common thing in our days to hear both old and young complain of being low-spirited, of feeling depressed. Our Children of Mary generally describe this state as a 'fit of the blues,' and many girls frequently fall a prey to it. What are the causes of this affliction? It may spring from bad health; the hypochon-

driac are the victims of a mental disorder which leads them to take a melancholy view of all things, particularly of their health. In its acute state it is a terrible affliction, but many people who suffer from it have themselves to blame. They first exaggerated their difficulties till they gradually lost that clearness of judgment which enables us to see things as they are. The Child of Mary who is always worrying about spiritual or temporal difficulties is on the road to becoming a hypochondriac. But physical causes are not the only source of depression. There are real trials in life, and at times their weight seems almost intolerable. Now, when the cross presses heavily, it is very hard to be cheerful, though we can, with the grace of God, 'toil on and soothe ourselves with weeping.' The tears need not impede our spiritual progress, nor is our own weakness a real hindrance. St. Paul could say in all confidence: 'When I am weak, then I am strong.'

"There is another prolific cause of 'a fit of the blues' far more common than those mentioned above. Perhaps we may safely assert that ninety-nine per cent of our girls' attacks of depression spring from pride, but this needs an explanation. Look back over the past year, Child of Mary. You began it well; you remember the good resolution you made on New Year's Day. Have you kept it? Sometimes; but there have been falls. Surely you expected them; they were not a matter of surprise. How did you act then? Instead of rising at once and pursuing your course, you remained on the ground pitying and blaming yourself and your neighbor. Now, this did you far, far more harm than the fall itself. The fall was one act,—it lasted only a moment perhaps,—but the sulking over the humiliation lasted for hours, days, weeks, and in some cases, alas, even months elapsed before you resumed your onward march. Do you see now how much harm your fits of despondency have done? You trusted in yourself, and when you experienced your own weakness, you forgot that God had not ceased to be the Strong One, the Mighty God. Two boys were amusing themselves with wrestling. Presently one threw the other down, and exclaimed triumphantly: 'There, I had you down!' 'Yes,' replied the fallen champion, instantly jumping up, 'but you can't keep me there'; and the boys continued their struggle. Many a time the Devil could truthfully say to us: 'I had you down.' Can we retort: 'Yes, but you could not keep me there'? Let us learn a lesson from past experience. Life is too short to waste it in nursing 'fits of the blues.' We do not want ambulant weeping willows in the army of the Church Militant. True, they exercise the patience of their neighbors, but to their own cost. Our Children of Mary must learn to look upon attacks of depression not as something which renders them interesting, but as acts of cowardice which cripple them in the race for eternal life, rob them of priceless treasures of grace and merit, and grieve the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

The Household of Sir Thomas More. By Anne Manning. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

A much-called-for reprint of the imaginary diary of Margaret Roper, founded upon authentic documents and records. From it we gather a clear grasp of the noble character of England's greatest layman, Blessed Thomas More.

Studies from Court and Cloister. By J. M. Stone. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

These essays deal mainly with subjects relating to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They give proof of very extensive reading, of a broad judgment, of critical acumen, and of a strong desire to mete out justice to all men. Only a scholar of the highest order could have written them, and we sincerely hope that the author will be impelled, by the encouragement of able judges, to write a connected history of the period in which he is so deeply interested.

Gumption: The Progressions of Newson New. By Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr. Boston. Small, Maynard & Co. 1906.

This keen satire upon the foibles and follies of Newson New shows so much power and so clear an insight into certain New England peculiarities, that we deeply regret the use by the author of an inflated, bombastic style. A quieter method of treatment would have given, we think, a sharper edge to his pruning knife and would have insured a more vigorous permanency to his book. However, even as it stands, it affords extremely interesting reading.

Discourses on War. By William Ellery Channing. With an Introduction by Edwin D. Mead. Boston. Ginn & Co. 1906.

These utterances of the broad-minded Channing upon the subject of war merit the profound consideration of all who have at heart the true interests of humanity. When will men learn that "*peace* has greater victories than war"? Channing combats with great force the assertions that war is beneficial because it is thought both to kindle patriotism and to sweep off the idle, dissolute and vicious members of the community. Such assertions are unworthy of rational beings.

Richard Raynal, Solitary. By Robert Hugh Benson. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

Richard Raynal was one of that large body of English hermits who flourished from about the beginning of the fourteenth to

the middle of the sixteenth century. This history of his life was written apparently for the sake of the villagers among whom he lived, by the parish priest, and although the record of the early part of Raynal's life has been lost, yet the fragments which remain and which have been so well translated by Father Benson are singularly interesting. Written in a quaint, direct way, the narrative gives many a guiding-line of spiritual conduct, both for those inside and those without the cloister, while it affords a glimpse into a phase of religious life almost entirely unknown to us in our busy, bustling, restless land.

The Lover of Souls. Short Conferences on the Sacred Heart. By Rev. Henry Brinkmeyer. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

In view of the ardor with which the devotion to the Sacred Heart is cultivated by American Catholics, these tributes of reverential homage from an apostolic priest will answer the longings of the vast army of the League for a sympathetic book upon a movement signally blessed by Heaven.

QUESTION BOX.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE,
Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Will you be so kind as to answer the following in your "Question Box" in your next number?

Was Napoleon's marriage to Josephine valid?

Was he divorced from her?

Did the Church grant the divorce or approve it, and in what manner?

Was he married to the Austrian in the Church?

Any and all information you may give will be appreciated very much by one of your readers.

As these questions deal with historical facts about which there is much dispute, we can only state that the majority of Church writers would answer the various points raised as follows:

1. Supposing the facts usually given to be absolutely true, Napoleon's marriage with Josephine was valid.

2. A decree of nullity of this marriage was pronounced by a tribunal which acted on false testimony, and which arrogated to itself an authority which it did not possess.

3. The Pope, who represents the Church in these matters, had nothing whatever to do with the affair.

4. The marriage with the Austrian was indeed solemnized in a chapel, but it was without authorization from the only power which could have conferred the needed sanction had there been any reason (which there was not) for declaring that the first marriage had been null and void from the beginning.

To make clear this important historical question, let us briefly review the facts as recorded by impartial writers. On the 6th of March, 1796, Napoleon, while in the splendor of a steadily advancing career, married Josephine Tascher Beauharnais, widow of the Viscount Beauharnais, one of the victims of the wild revolutionary outbreaks of that period. As this marriage took place during the days when the churches had been closed and the clergy banished, it was a purely *civil* ceremony; that is, the matrimonial contract was ratified merely by having the intention of the parties concerned recorded in the State Register of Paris, with two or three friends to sign the record as witnesses. Now a purely civil marriage in France was invalid in the eyes of the Church, owing to that decree of the Council of Trent which had condemned such unions and which had made *clandestinity* an annulling impediment. As soon, therefore, as matters had quieted and the Church was in a position to resume the customary services of religion, Josephine begged most earnestly to have this defect remedied and to have the solemn benediction of Heaven upon her union. For reasons unknown to us, Napoleon steadfastly refused. Dr. Parsons, an historian of ability and of research, referring to this refusal on the side of the great French leader, says: "There is good reason for supposing that Bonaparte was actuated, if not from the very day of his betrothal, at least from a period shortly posterior to it, by a design to provide himself with a loop-hole for escape from what might possibly become an inconvenient burden."

When, however, the time came for the coronation of Napoleon as Emperor of the French, and when Pius VII had come to Paris for this brilliant ceremony, Josephine unfolded to the Sovereign Pontiff, on Dec. 1, 1804, her agonizing distress. The Holy Father is reported to have been thunderstruck at the information thus given him, since he had supposed that the union had long before been sealed according to the requirements of the Church. After considering the case of the unhappy woman, Pius

VII declared that he could not admit her to a share in the coronation services, unless the marriage ceremony was performed before a priest. What followed when Napoleon was told of the decision of the Pope, will be best described in the words of Dr. Parsons. "When Napoleon was informed of Josephine's action and of the pontifical decision, his rage was terrific; but what could he do? Proceed with his own consecration and ignore the rights of Josephine? The scandal was not to be thought of; and the displeasure of the Pontiff, whose friendship he sadly needed, was not to be unnecessarily incurred. But one course was open to the schemer: to consent to the proposed nuptial benediction and to devise some means for its nullification. According to the Canon Law, no Christian matrimony was valid unless performed in the presence of the pastor of one of the contracting parties; clandestine matrimony, such as, although illicit, is valid in most of the states of the American Union, and in those lands where the Tridentine decree on matrimony was never promulgated, was never recognized by the Church in France. Here, then, the astute Bonaparte imagined that his security was found. His union with Josephine should be contracted without the presence of the parish priest or of witnesses; there was no time for the one, and necessary secrecy precluded the attendance of the others, as he told his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, on whose assistance and devotion he relied in his dilemma. At first Fesch refused to countenance what he rightly asserted would be a mere mockery of religious solemnization, and of no validity; but he yielded sufficiently to propose recurring to the Pope for the powers necessary for his own assumption of the office of the curé of the Tuileries, and for the dispensation with witnesses. Can it be possible that Napoleon did not perceive that this action of his uncle promised to destroy his own hopes? Did he not realize that by recurring to the Pontiff, the source of Canon Law, he was cutting from under his feet the only ground on which he could securely stand, and on occupying which he had just resolved? The comedy which he had been enacting from the day of his marriage, which he was now developing for the illusion of Josephine, of the Church of France, of his future Empress, of the august House of Hapsburg, was certainly threatened with collapse. At any rate, the Cardinal proceeded to the apartments of Pius VII, and at once broached the subject of his quandary. 'Most Holy Father, it may be that in the exercise of my duties in this matter, I shall need all the powers of Your Holiness.' 'Very well,' replied the Pontiff, 'I accord them all.'

"Here, then, is the solution of the entire question as to the religious marriage of Napoleon and Josephine, and consequently of the question of the validity of the pretended divorce by an incompetent ecclesiastical tribunal. With the action of the civil tribunals, we, of course, have nothing to do. The sole ground for the acquiescence of the diocesan tribunal of Paris in the imperial demands was the non-fulfillment at the religious marriage of the conditions prescribed as essential by the Canon Law. But the Roman Pontiff had dispensed with these conditions in this particular case; he had derogated, in favor of Napoleon and Josephine, from the obligatory force of those conditions, just as he does in every case of clandestine matrimony, not otherwise illegitimate, celebrated in these United States and in other countries where the Tridentine decree was not promulgated.

"As soon as he had received full power to act on the premises, Cardinal Fesch betook himself to the apartments of the Empress, and there married the imperial couple. Whether there were any witnesses or not to the ceremony appears to be doubtful. Capefigue, following Portalis, names that personage and Duroc. Thiers at first mentioned Tallyrand and Berthier; and then, on the testimony of certain original documents, denied their presence. The depositions of Talleyrand and Berthier before the 'officiality' say nothing of their presence; but of course it was to the interest of their master that they should hide whatever would strengthen the validity of the religious ceremony. Just before the coronation Pope Pius asked Cardinal Fesch whether he had confirmed the nuptial benediction. 'Yes,' was the laconic reply. Two days afterwards Josephine asked the Cardinal to give her a certificate of the marriage; and although he at first demurred, for fear of offending the Emperor, he yielded to her entreaties so far as to hand her a paper, the exact contents of which have never been made known." (This account of Dr. Parsons is the one substantially given by the greater number of Church writers.)

On Sunday, Dec. 2, 1804, the day following the private and yet most important Church ceremony, the solemn coronation of Napoleon took place in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. It was not long before the ill-fated Empress learned that, owing to the failure of issue, Napoleon was bent upon a divorce. It was in 1809, after the treaty of Vienna, that he first broached the subject definitely to Cambacérès, the archchancellor of the empire. On Dec. 16 of that year the Senate passed a decree annulling the civil marriage, and Napoleon then took steps to see whether the Church would or would not declare the nullity of his marriage with Josephine, upon the ground that the forms demanded by Canon Law had not been complied with. When the archchancellor was told that the

matter would have to be referred to the Holy Father, he demurred, and accordingly, on Jan. 1, 1810, Napoleon obtained "from seven prelates, who had no authority whatever in the premises, a declaration that a diocesan tribunal was competent to decide his matrimonial cause." On Jan. 9 of that year the tribunal of Paris, which, as we have seen, had no power whatever to act, published a decree to the effect that the marriage with Napoleon had been null and void from the beginning, both because the Emperor had never given his free and unrestrained consent thereto, and because the canonical conditions had not been observed. It is worthy of note that the decree contained the reservation that the decision was pronounced by Peter Boisleve, *because of the difficulty of recurring to the Supreme Pontiff, to whom such a case should by right have been referred.*

"Such," as Dr. Parsons observes, "is the history of one of the most solemn burlesques of justice ever perpetrated by a human tribunal." It is clear from this that the Church herself had nothing whatever to do with these proceedings. The case of Maria Louisa will be treated in a subsequent issue.

AN APPEAL TO THE CHARITABLE.

This appeal is addressed to all convents, sodalities and societies of Catholic women by Most Reverend Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco. Catholic ladies are only too anxious to help their afflicted sisters in San Francisco. The Archbishop points out a most practical method of assistance. Women's sodalities and societies can render invaluable aid by collecting or making clothing for women and children.

It is impossible to address each society individually, so Archbishop Riordan takes advantage of the columns of the Catholic press. Members of Catholic sodalities and societies who read the appeal should call it to the attention of the officers of their societies. Immense quantities of women's clothing will be needed in San Francisco for a year or two, and there is no doubt but that the Catholic women of the United States will provide an abundance.

May 12, 1906.

In consequence of the fire in San Francisco in April, two hundred thousand people were suddenly rendered homeless, and for some weeks four hundred thousand were being fed at public expense or private benevolence. In all probability now, one month after the terrible disaster, two hundred and fifty thousand or three hundred thousand are still in one way or another objects of charity. This state of things, but little modified, is likely to continue for months. Our parks, squares, beaches and eligible outdoor sites are now tented camps in which the homeless live. I earnestly appeal to all convents and charitable organizations among women in the country to send boxes of clothing and shoes for women, girls and children addressed to the Sisters of the Holy Family, Hayes and Fillmore streets, San Francisco. Contributions small or large will be thankfully received, but I earnestly exhort all to send to whatever extent their circumstances will permit.

The recipients of this clothing will be women who were in good circumstances a month ago, and who lost everything in the fire. It is earnestly desired, therefore, that the clothing be new or good second-hand clothing. Ample time may be taken to collect it, as our Sisters expect that they will be called upon for many months, perhaps for a year. It is, moreover, requested that the clothing be sent by prepaid freight or express, and that the shipping receipt be mailed to the Sisters.

We cannot promise any remuneration on our part, except our grateful acknowledgments and sincere prayers to Almighty God, but we can safely assure all who contribute a reward exceeding great on the part of Him who said: "I was hungry, and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink; I was sick and in prison, and you visited me; naked, and you clothed me; a stranger, and you took me in."

Yours most sincerely in Christ,

P. W. Riordan,

Archbishop of San Francisco.

SPREADING CATHOLIC TRUTH.

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 17, 1906.

To the Editor of Donahoe's Magazine,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

The International Catholic Truth Society makes its annual appeal to your readers to remail each week or month, after reading, their Catholic newspapers and magazines to poor Catholics and well-disposed non-Catholics all over the United States, but particularly in the West and South. This way of spreading Catholic truth and keeping alive the Faith among isolated Catholics means the salvation of hundreds of souls, while its cost in thought, time and money are but trifling and within the power of the humblest as well as the richest and most learned.

Any one desirous of letting others enjoy the good things in Donahoe's will be supplied with an address for remailing by communicating with Remailing Department, The International Catholic Truth Society, Arbuckle Building, 373 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Yours very truly,

International Catholic Truth Society.

THE DREAM OF THE CITY DWELLER.

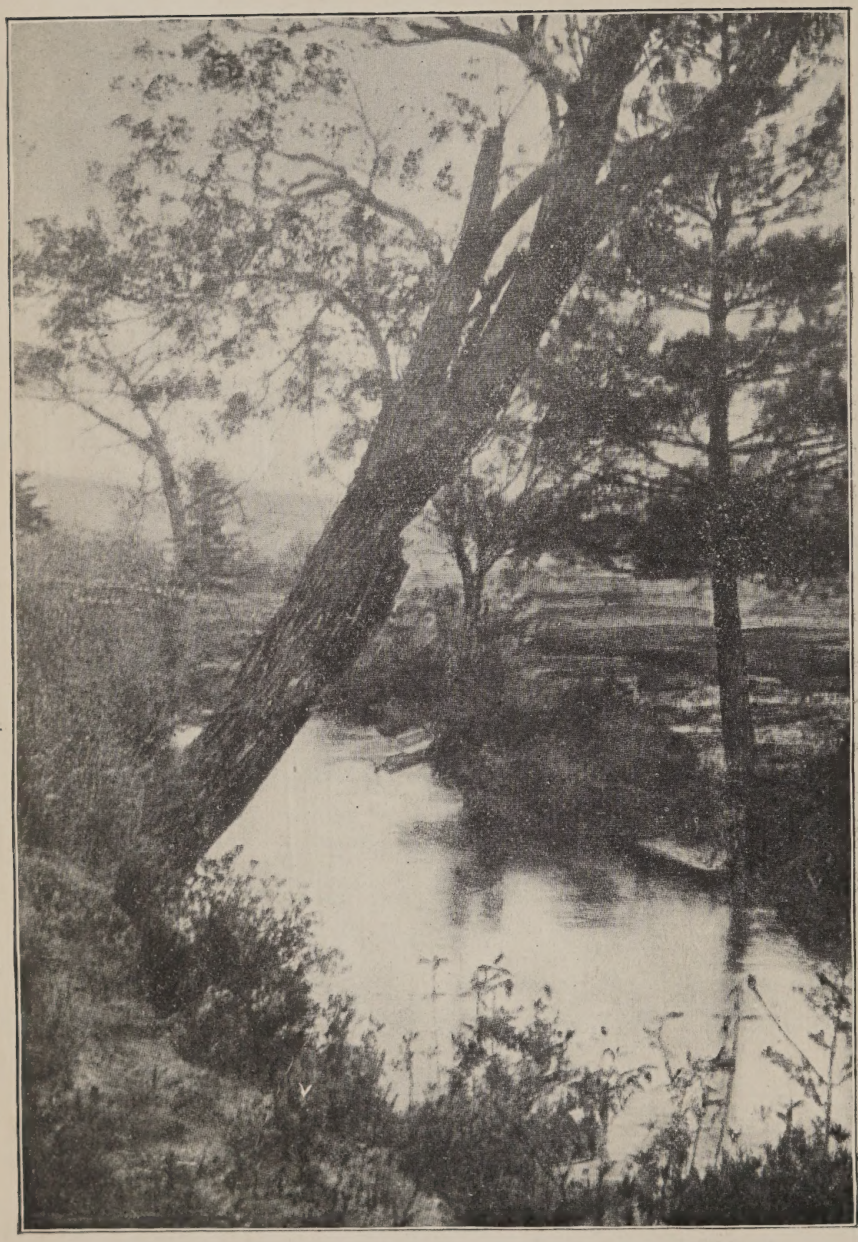
BY FRANK L. STANTON.

I jes' set here a-dreamin',
A-dreamin' every day,
Of the sunshine that's a-gleamin'
On the rivers fur away.

An' I kinder fall to wishin'
I was where the waters swish;
Fer if the Lord made fishin',
Why, a feller'd orter fish.

While I'm studyin' or a-writin'
In the dusty, rusty town,
I kin feel the fish a-bitin',
Feel the cork a-goin' down.

So I nod and fall to wishin'
I was where the waters swish;
Fer if the Lord made fishin',
Why, a feller'd orter fish.



"Rippling through the silence 'neath the birches
Chill, in wood-sweet shadow, th' eager brook."

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IN SUMMER.

BY B. F. GRIFFIN.

Sweet along the road the leaning clover,
Loud with dusty, nectar-footed bee,
Hark! the distant whistle of the plover,
Winging to the low, cool sweep of sea.

Rippling through the silence 'neath the birches,
Chill, in wood-sweet shadow, th' eager brook;
Harsh o'erhead, in wind-swept, leafy perches,
Tuneless brawls of wheeling crow and rook.

Poised above the dark pool's silent water,
White the stainless lily, fair in grace,
Of the pure-eyed heaven the lonely daughter,
Mirroring on earth its mother's face.

Flushed of heart, with its own thrilling sweetness,
Drooping, dew-tipped wild rose by the fence,
Fragile flower of beauty's rare completeness,
Loveliness, most perfect, most intense.

Fragrant breath of summer's soul and being,
Spraying with delight the dusty road,
All men's hearts to joy, its beauty seeing,
Chose it here so common an abode.

O'er all quivers sun-gold keen from heaven,
Silvering smooth the forest-girdled lakes.
Brilliant the whole world from morn till even,
Till in purple skies the moon awakes,

With a silver mist of star-gems trailing,
Her pale path across the cloudless deep,
Like a jeweled argosy slow sailing
Th' amber depths of dreams, the seas of sleep.

CATHOLIC DISCOVERERS AND AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

The Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, of the New York Supreme Court, addressing the Knights of Columbus, during the recent convention at Cliff Haven, referred, as follows, to the part taken by the Catholic pioneer and missionary in the history of America.

"We can truthfully say that not a land was found, not a mountain was crossed, not a valley was entered, nor a stream forded, but Catholic missionaries or pioneers led the way. And wherever from the depths of primeval forest, cities, towns and states sprang up; wherever instead of the savage there appeared men longing for freedom, there will be found the mark of the missionary's and pioneer's footsteps. And from that time down to the present, whether groaning under the heel of despotic government; whether amidst the trials of our Revolutionary struggles; whether amidst the wars that succeeded, wherein the autonomy of our nation was threatened, there, sharing with his fellow-countrymen in the trials and tribulations and in the subsequent triumphs, was to be found the Catholic."

To the thoughtful this paragraph is replete with suggestion. Reading it, one asks why the story of such magnificent endeavor, of such consecrated effort, is not familiar to every American Catholic? Generations of boys and girls have completed their school course, made their pretty graduating speeches, and, passing out into the world, have speedily forgotten the history lessons perfunctorily learned, instead of receiving from them an inspiration to noble doing. Why should not the example of Columbus, of De Soto, of Marquette, and other lofty figures of American history, be a living force in moulding young lives?

There is not a boy who would refuse to follow the "Admiral of Castile," from that morning of Aug. 3, 1492, when he marched in procession at the head of his crews, to the monastery of La Rabida, to the dawn of Oct. 12, when there was seen issuing from the mists a "flowery land, whose groves, colored by the first rays of the morning sun, exhaled an unknown fragrance."

No novel could rival this story of adventure, with a world as proof of its truth.

The scenes stand out vividly—the mariners receiving Holy Communion, the return to the fleet, the embarkation, the evening service of prayers and hymns breaking the silence of the trackless waters, the despair of the crews, as week followed week, fruitlessly, and, through all, the guiding master mind, constant, hopeful, though even the compass itself began to vary.

"Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: 'Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?'
'Why, say, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"'

"'My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak.'
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
'What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?'
'Why, you shall say at break of day,
"Sail on! sail on! and on!"'

"They sailed, and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said,
'Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say'—
He said: 'Sail on! sail on! and on! and on!'

"They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
'This mad sea shows its teeth to-night;
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?'
The words leapt as a leaping sword,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

JOHN AND SEBASTIAN CABOT.

DE SOTO'S DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

FATHER HENNEPIN AT THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

"Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn,
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson—'On! and on!'"

This poet does not depict for us the ceremony of taking possession, but the historian dwells upon it with evident pleasure, his mind held in willing thrall by the central figure—the Admiral, clad in scarlet, and bearing the royal standard, while, to right and left, his two chief officers held aloft banners of the enterprise, emblazoned with the cross. To the Catholic, the scene that quickens the emotions and satisfies the soul more than any other is Columbus, the Catholic, on his knees returning thanks to God, or with his own hands holding in place the towering wooden cross, under which the new-found territory was claimed in the name of Christ for the Crown of Castile. A statue, of noble workmanship, commemorating this scene should have place in the public park of every city on the continent, that children passing by may receive an enduring lesson in history.

The standard guide-book of Washington provides a list of statues in public places throughout that city, but, though Luther is remembered, Columbus has been forgotten. Perhaps this may be due to the fact that in the Capitol his career is so fully illustrated in the paintings, and the bas-relief panels in the Rogers bronze door, but for the ten who make special pilgrimages to this spot, there are hundreds, adults and school children, to whom a statue in the park would be a more accessible means of instruction. It is no exaggeration to say that many young people have little or no knowledge of American history prior to the Revolution of the colonies, and to them Washington is a greater man than the discoverer of their country. In looking over a collection of patriotic poems, the writer noticed that out of one hundred and twelve selections, there was only one of which Columbus was the theme; the other one hundred and eleven went back no farther than 1776, with few exceptions, one being Mrs. Hemans' "Landing of the Pilgrims." As another test of the accessibility of poems and stories based on early American history, a series of readers intended for supplementary reading, and delightfully attractive in make-up, was examined, but Columbus had no place in the contents, though his adventures were of surpassing interest. It was useless to look for other great figures of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Their achievements had been overlooked, or were deemed less worthy of space than the selections favored by inclusion. And yet, how youthful imagination would kindle at the recital of the deeds of the Genoese mariner, whom all Spain greeted on his return as "Don Christopher Columbus, our Admiral of the ocean sea, and Viceroy and Governor of the islands discovered in the Indies."

"A thousand trumpets ring within old Barcelona's walls,
A thousand gallant nobles throng in Barcelona's halls.
All meet to gaze on him who wrought a pathway for mankind,
To seas as broad, to worlds as rich, as his triumphant mind;
And king and queen will grace forsooth the mariner's array,
The lonely seaman, scoffed and scorned in Palos town one day.
He comes! he comes! the gates swing wide, and through the streets advance
His cavalcade in proud parade, with plume and pennoned lance,
And natives of these new-found worlds, and treasures all untold—
And in the midst the Admiral, his charger trapped with gold;
And all are wild with joy, and blithe the gladsome clarions swell,
And dames and princes press to greet, and loud the myriads yell.
They cheer, that mob, they wildly cheer—Columbus checks his rein,
And bends him to the beauteous dames and cavaliers of Spain."

A skillful teacher could make great use of that series of scenes. They are full of color and glow and motion, and the moral is not far to seek.

"He is a dreamer," the wise World said,
The wise old World that is never wrong;
"Visions like these will not buy him bread;
Castles in Spain must be built quite strong."

"A dreamer! Give me a ship or two,"
Columbus replied to their words of scorn,
"Give me a ship with a faithful crew
And the dreams of night shall be truths of morn."

But he begged in vain till a woman came
(Women are prone to dream, they say)
With the needed gold, tho' the Court might blame
The folly that threw her wealth away.

Out on the ocean, when hope grew dim,
The "Star of the Sea" lent a cheering ray,
Bidding the mariner trust in Him
Whose smile turns darkness of night to day.

Land! and the dream of life comes true.
Land! and the mariner kneels in prayer,
Under a sky serene and blue,
Placed in the Holy Saviour's care.

Let us learn to-day from this story old
For our pure, high dreams to do and dare;
Let us pray for virtue's precious gold,
And we'll find a new world everywhere.

A world of beauty and royal truth;
A life on earth that is half divine,
Where the brightest dreams of our joyous youth
Like stars in the winter night shall shine.

What though the waters may toss and roar?
What if our dreams seem all in vain?
With heart and hand let us bend to the oar
While God and duty, our charts, remain.

"Well would it be for the honor of human nature," exclaims Irving, "could history, like romance, close with the consummation of the hero's wishes; we should then leave Columbus in the full fruition of great and well-merited prosperity. But his history is destined to furnish another proof, if proof be wanting, of the inconstancy of public favor, even when won by distinguished services. No greatness was ever acquired by more incontestable, unalloyed and exalted benefits rendered to mankind, yet none ever drew on its possessor more unremitting jealousy and defamation, or involved him in more unmerited distress and difficulty." With this ominous prelude, the historian begins his brilliant description of the setting forth of Columbus on his second voyage—a bit of word painting that would chain the attention of even the most indifferent student, and wholesomely divert the mind addicted to worshipping heroes of dime-novel construction. What a panorama is disclosed! The bay of Cadiz, whitened with the fleet —three large ships of heavy burden, and fourteen caravels "loitering with flapping sails"—the motley crowd hurrying on board, the high-spirited cavalier, the hardy navigator, the calculating speculator, the missionary (but why pale from the cloister?), Columbus, conspicuous for his height and bearing, his stripling sons, Diego and Fernando, proud of the glory of their father—all are elements of a word picture, strong in human interest. Strong, too, is the description of the return, when "the sick, the idle, the profligate and the factious" crowded the caravels. "Never did a more miserable and disappointed crew return from a land of promise."

What a lesson of indomitable perseverance is afforded by the life-story of Columbus. And not of perseverance alone, but of higher attributes of character as well,—gratitude, generous ambition and exalted sacrifice. The Admiral of Castile, whose sovereigns rose to welcome him on his return from his first voyage, is no less noble a study in his abasement, when, prostrated before Ferdinand and Isabella, and "unable to utter a word for the violence of his tears and sobbings," or when, his fourth voyage having ended disastrously, he renounced his personal claims and pleaded with them for the pittance due his seamen. "They are poor," said he, "and it is now nearly three years since they left

their homes. They have endured infinite toils and perils, and they bring invaluable tidings, for which their majesties ought to give thanks to God, and rejoice." Yet some of those for whom he humbled himself to the dust had been his enemies, and were in no small degree responsible for his fallen fortunes.

From his death-bed he appealed again for justice to his men, but appealed in vain. "I have done all that I could do," he wrote: "I leave the rest to God, whom I have ever found propitious to me in my necessities." His remaining days were given to preparation for the final voyage, across "the vaster sea."

"Hark! do I hear again the roar
Of the tides by the Indies sweeping down?
Or is it the surge from the viewless shore
That swells to bear me to my crown?
Life is hollow and cold and drear
With smiles that darken and hopes that flee;
And far from its winds that faint and veer,
I am ready to sail the vaster sea.

"Lord, Thou knowest I love Thee best;
And that scorning peril and toil and pain,
I held my way to the mystic West,
Glory for Thee and Thy Church to gain.
And Thou didst lead me, only Thou,
Cheering my heart in cloud and calm,
Till the wondrous dawn my weary prow
Greeted Thine isles of bloom and balm.

"And then, O gracious, glorious Lord,
I saw Thy face, and all heaven came nigh!
And my soul was lost in that rich reward,
And ravished with hope of the bliss on high.
So, I can meet the sovereign's frown—
My dear queen gone—with a large disdain;
For the time will come when his chief renown
Will be that I sailed from his realm of Spain.

"I have found New Lands—a world, maybe,
Whose splendor will yet the Old outshine;
And life and death are alike to me,
For earth will honor, and heaven is mine.
Is mine! What songs of sweet accord!
What billows that nearer, gentler roll!
Into Thy hands, O loving Lord,
Into Thy hands I give my soul!"

Concluding his account of the career of Columbus, the historian refers to the attempts made in recent days to vindicate the conduct of Ferdinand, and contends that to screen such injustice—in so eminent a character—from the reprobation of mankind is to deprive history of one of its most important uses. The ingratitude of Ferdinand should stand recorded in its fullest extent, he asserts, and endure throughout all time, for his treatment of the illustrious Genoese, who had not even the consolation of knowing the extent of the service he had rendered to the world.

"What visions of glory would have broken on his mind could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the Old World in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the afflictions of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations and tongues and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and revere and bless his name to the latest posterity."

"Lest they forget," children in the United States are given certain holidays during the year to honor Washington, the Patriots, Bunker Hill, Independence; across the border young Canadians keep the King's birthday and New Dominion; and, no doubt, in other divisions of the continent there are red-letter days in the school calendar in connection with the history of the country, but there is no general day when all sections of the world Columbus discovered could unite in acknowledging their common debt of gratitude. In this utilitarian age time is such a valuable asset that a day can ill be spared, and the grand celebration of 1892 probably expressed the pent-up emotions of four centuries. It is a long time to look forward to 2292—too long

to incite enthusiasm in the present generation—and yet the suggestion that an annual celebration be held may not be approved, even though its purpose be to "revere and bless the name" of the discoverer of America.

Magellan, cruising until the vast expanse of the Southern ocean lay before him; Mendez, who "greatly served the Crown of Spain in the conquest of the Indies;" Hernando De Soto, who, with priests, cavaliers, cross-bowmen, arquebusiers and Indians, wandered through boundless wastes till he reached the banks of the Mississippi; the Cabots, father and son; Jacques Cartier; Las Casas, the friend of the Indians; Marquette; De La Salle; Champlain,—here are but a few of the many Catholic discoverers and explorers whose exploits and adventures outrival the most glowing tales of fiction, and afford the mind a vast relief from narrow environments and small achievements.

BONNY BLOSSOMED WHITETHORNS.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

O, bonny, blossomed whitethorns, of this pleasant land, I bless you!
Bonny, bonny, blossomed whitethorns, may God cherish and caress you!
The spreading green beneath you, and the bending blue above you—
Bonny, bonny, blossomed whitethorns, in my heart I hold and love you.

O, bonny, blossomed whitethorns, all our bosky dales adorning!
Breathing bliss upon the evening, shedding glory on the morning,
Bearing brightness to the noon-tide—loving, fond, with us ye linger,
O, beauty bright! writ o'er the land by God's white, fragrant finger.

O, bonny, blossomed whitethorns! you recall a magic May-time,
And a world far filled with fragrance 'twixt each night-time and its day-time;
When through dream-dusk your million eyes beamed kindly on my suing,
In hush-tide of those holy eves when I my love was wooing.

O, bonny, blossomed whitethorns! Sure my memory's ever haunted
By yon glad day when my love and I among you moved enchanted,
And saw, outspread, rich bride-robe gifts for my true love's white gowning,
And the wreath of blooms you twined above, for my spotless love's bright crowning.

O, bonny whitethorns! when this heart one dark May-tide was care-full,
Above my bowed head, pleadingly, you stretched white arms so prayerful,
Till, silent shapes came floating down, the breath of peace breathed o'er me,
And song-birds waked within my heart, and life flashed bright before me.

O, bonny, blossomed whitethorns! this poor earth would know a gay time,
If you bloomed on for ever, and the world stood still at May-time,
Glad-throated throstles in your bowers charming away all sadness,
Our souls deep-filled with beauty, and our hearts high-brimmed with gladness.

O, bonny, blossomed whitethorns of this glorious land, I bless you!
Bonny, bonny, blossomed whitethorns, may God cherish and caress you!
The kindly green beneath you, and the bending blue above you—
Bonny, bonny, blossomed whitethorns, how I love you! how I love you!

MAURICE, JR.

BY MARY WEST.

V.

FRUITION.

The autumn winds had drifted a thick coverlet of leaves and were sighing a requiem over her mother's grave, before Maurice was herself again, after a long illness. As once, when a child, she had hovered for an interval between life and death, so now the scene was repeated—but with such a difference!

Then the struggle had been short and sharp, and she had lifted eager if helpless hands to assist the kind ones battling for her. Now it seemed she did not wish to take part at all in the conflict which was long and doubtful—but only to drift out of life with the falling leaves and the soughing winds.

And alas! two of the kind faces which had smiled upon her childhood and watched over all her youth were gone forever. Never, never again should she behold the little mother or old Ellish. For the faithful servant had followed her beloved mistress within a month—dying actually of grief, it was thought.

For weeks poor Maurice tossed upon a fevered pillow and again pondered the problems of the universe—and the little brain, which for months before her wedding day had grappled with so much, was now in her weakness hard-pressed to maintain its balance.

Then came days of convalescence, in which the listless patient lay outwardly calm, inwardly rife with the "long, long thoughts" of youth.

Oh, delirium and darkness were better, she thought, than this garish, sunlit sanity!—this flood of light which deluged the soul only to betray its defects—its selfishness and sinfulness. And if one turned one's aching eyes abroad, what did they behold but the sadness and desolation of life—its mocking emptiness?

One day Maurice looked up from a musing fit to find her father's spell-bound gaze upon her; she returned it with one as tense, only to feel her heart suddenly contract with a spasm of pain.

O God! something else had fled her life—something very beautiful that she feared would never again return to her.

She regarded him with coldly critical eyes as he stood at the foot of her bed—his form bent, his hair snow-white, his cheek withered, one trembling hand steadying itself on the door-knob.

What an ordinary, commonplace man was this!—her soul in revolt whispered—to whom she had given such worship! of whom she had made a god! Well, well, how blind she had been!

She turned her unresponsive glance to the window, and Maurice, Sr., crept softly away.

His daughter picked up again the tangled thread of her thoughts. These men—what a material set they were! Did they care for anything but their own creature comforts and wants?

It was, after all, the little mother who had had the grand and god-like soul—the mother who could enthuse over anything from a drop of dew to a sunset; the mother who had never thought of herself and who was dead—yet whose life spoke so powerfully from the grave.

Poor Cecile!—she was loved and appreciated at last. All that she had longed for in life had come to her only after death.

> "The roses life denied to thee,
> Lie on thy coffin lid."

To be sure, one met occasionally an exceptional man like *Père* Régnier. And

of course there must be others. As for Douglas—

It seemed as if Maurice arrested the interminable surge of thought, to push from her with two small, weak hands some tangible object. No, she would not permit herself to think of him.

Her glance, restless and wandering, fell upon a little book beside her, "The Following of Christ." The burning eyes became humid, and she laid her cheek against it. Since childhood its contents had held for her always a charm.

Oh, thank God for the Divine Ideal! —the Divine Man! In that sweet solace the little sufferer rested.

Poor Maurice! the face of nature was completely changed for her. She saw it with chastened vision. Yet she could not be Maurice, Jr., without changed estimates and displaced ideals. Life would always be to her but a school. She was passing now through another period of transition and evanescence.

But she misjudged her father and did him a great wrong. And she soon acknowledged it. Strangely enough, it was the lips of a comparative stranger that enlightened her. The nurse (who had only entered her life three times—during her illness when a child, again with Ellish in her last malady, and now once more with Maurice herself) spoke at great length of the virtue and goodness of Maurice Ronayne.

And she supplemented her assertions with the assurance that in a long life of varied experience she had encountered many a good man, but that the father of Mademoiselle Ronayne was the "best man she had ever met."

Maurice, lying with closed eyes, learned of the patience and fidelity and devotion that it seemed could never be exhausted, of the watching and long fasts and protracted vigils.

So the *petite Mademoiselle* did not know it was her father's hand that had held her when in her fevered dreams she tried to scale inaccessible heights or plunge into unsounded deeps? They were often compelled to call upon him, said the nurse—his voice had such power over the little patient, and his touch was so soothing. 'Twas his hand that had smoothed her matted tresses and bathed her aching brow.

It was not only his tenderness and thoughtfulness for his daughter, pronounced the nurse, but for each member of his household. Then if one begged him to take rest or refreshment and assured him that he would injure his health, he would always reply that he would cheerfully lay down his life at any moment, if the Lord would only spare that of his little lass!

Ah, did not the little Mademoiselle observe how her father had aged during her illness and how feeble he had grown? Yet what a happy girl she ought to be in having two such splendid parents who —

It was here that the "little Mademoiselle" had lifted a trembling hand and spoken with quivering lips.

She was so very weak, she pleaded, and could not stand talking. Would the nurse leave her for a few moments?

The nurse complied with a smile. She was indeed a student of human nature, and she thought her patient needed rousing from her listless apathy. She wondered, too, if she quite appreciated the attentions of her good father.

Again Maurice endured a period of wretched self-commune and self-upbraiding. Should she always misjudge her nearest and dearest? She resolved henceforth to regard only her own failings and shortcomings.

She recalled the days of Ellish's illness. How kind and tender her father had been to his old serving woman! Just as devoted, mused Maurice, as to his own daughter. He had seen that the choicest

dainties the market afforded were provided her—the best medical advice—changing doctor after doctor in hope of saving her life. He read to her by the hour, and gave up every recreation; in fact, barely left her side for fear she would need him.

Old Ellish had taken to her bed a few days after her mistress had been carried to her last resting-place. She had refused all nourishment, and the doctors pronounced that she had no disease—that her trouble was a cross between hallucination and obstinacy, out of which she must be reasoned or argued.

"Just listen, Ellish dear," Maurice had whispered one day, kneeling beside her, "you pretend to have loved my mother, then why don't you do what you know would please her? She is now happy in Heaven, and she does not need you; but we want you, and have always depended on you so much!"

"She do be afther callin' me an' callin' me," cried the old woman, "an' her voice is most melojus."

During her long residence in America the Irishwoman had acquired good English, but in these, her last moments, it seemed that her tongue lovingly clung to the "brogue."

"What nonsense!" retorted Maurice, who knew not how to cope with this kind of illness—who indeed in all her healthful life had been familiar with no illness —"be a bit reasonable, Ellish! You know the old saying that blood is thicker than water; if my mother were calling any one, it would be daddy or me."

For Maurice was struggling with the jealousy that was a part of her nature, and with the pangs of the newborn love that had entered her life so late and was so strong.

"She knows that yez have each other, an' that I am a lonely thing like herself."

Maurice turned away with an added pang, but presently returned.

"Now, Ellish, sit up, like a good soul, and take this cup of tea."

The old woman obediently complied, and she put it to her lips, but Maurice received it back untasted.

"Don't throuble, Miss Maurice, dear, 'tis only a lump in me troath an' a homesick feel."

"But why should you be homesick, Ellish? Has not this been your home most all your life?"

"Homesick for herself beyant." She nodded toward the sky.

Ellish had not at the start approved of her master's choice of a wife, as has been said, because of his "Frinch Irish" alliance. But once she had divined the beauty and worth of the soul she served, there was no limit to her attachment.

"I am disappointed in you, Ellish," Maurice Ronayne had said, another day, trying to talk her out of the fancy that her end had come; "I thought you had a bit of affection for your old master, but it appears 'twas the young mistress that claimed it all."

"Maurice Ronayne, sir," she had replied, "'tis not that I loved you less, but herself betther" (unconsciously paraphrasing words of renown), "because she needed me more."

She begged to see a clergyman, to make her peace with God, and to receive the last rites. They acceded to her wishes, thinking they were indulging her, and not dreaming that she knew whereof she spoke.

One evening she startled them. She had been resting quietly all day, prattling like any child of the joys of Heaven. But at nightfall she turned restless and gasped for breath. Maurice went to ease the pillow under her head, when she caught her hand and murmured in a hoarse whisper:

"Hush!—oh hush!—she do be callin' me—an' callin' me—d' ye hear her?—Ellish!—Ellish!"—

She lifted her voice. "Comin', my little lady—comin' *a suillish machree*"—

That was her last word. The spirit of the faithful servant had gone to rejoin that of her beloved mistress.

All these scenes and questions did Maurice ponder during the long hours of her slow convalescence. She longed intensely to be restored completely to health, that she might repay, at least in part, what she owed her father. She would be a faithful daughter and give him every care. But the happy and careless, aye, the intense and undisciplined, love of her youth was dead.

Maurice with two fragile hands clasped "The Following of Christ" to her heart. No, the love of her youth was not dead; it had flown to some higher sphere. And never again could she give, as she had given, to anything of earth the homage that belongs only to the Deity.

And now she knew God never intended that we should rest in the love of parent or friend or neighbor or kindred; that these various loves should only be the means to an end,—only "stepping-stones to higher things."

She thought she understood now the meaning of those strange words of Emerson:

> "Hearts know when half gods go
> The gods arrive."

Indeed, she saw many things these days with chastened vision, this poor Maurice; for in her illness she had felt what it was to walk

> "With Christ at midnight
> Over moonless seas."

One day Maurice threw off her weakness and her morbid fancies, and crept down stairs, thanking God to be able to take up the burden of life again with changed ideals. There were threads of gray in her abundant tresses and lines about her mouth.

Of those same threads of gray she was proud. During her enforced hours of idleness she had watched them anxiously, wishing that they would accumulate faster and mean for her a silver crown like that of her mother.

They meant to her that she had lived and suffered. Henceforth gray hair and wrinkles—the bent form and the tottering step should have a deep significance for Maurice, Jr. Because of them, she longed to enter the Vineyard and help to lift the burden of humanity—nevermore to be an idler and a dreamer beside its gates.

She regarded with scorn her fragile white hands and dainty fingers. When she had seen, with tearful eyes, the hands of the little mother so meekly folded in her coffin, and, a few weeks later, those of the faithful Ellish, a strange thought had come to Maurice.

Dear, toil-worn hands! Why, they themselves should prove an eloquent passport to God!—to Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.

The little mother, exquisite as she had seemed in the qualities of the perfect lady, would be henceforth to her daughter a shining example, too, of perfect womanhood. For she who could have kept so many servants, yet had contented herself with few, and had not hesitated to stoop to employ herself with various kinds of labor, when help had proved wanting or inefficient, that the lives of those around her might be always pleasant and full of ease, and that they might never feel the jarring of the domestic machinery.

So Maurice, Jr., once more took her place among the familiar scenes of old. She greeted her father with tender affection and thankfulness to God that this dear, kind, gentle, old comrade should be spared to walk with her the ways of life for a few more years.

Yet the old self-abandonment was

gone. There was a reserve in the esteem she offered him. For she knew that one day they should be separated, and yet—oh, joyful thought!—only to meet again in Heaven, where their love, together with that of the little mother, should be renewed and reunited and perfect.

And Maurice, Sr., too, was changed. Always a good man, the hand of God had chastened and fashioned him into nobler manhood, while the crucible of affliction had developed and brought forth the refined gold of his nature. The loss of his wife, whom he now sincerely loved and mourned, and of Ellish, his old servant, and the long illness of his daughter, had been severe trials to him.

After all, Maurice Ronayne had not been so much to blame, for he had lived according to his lights. There was about him, too, much of that simplicity which is dear to God.

Maurice, Jr., now filled her days with varied good works. And it seemed as if every act of her life was performed with reference to the wishes of her mother.

When she was first able to be abroad, she put herself in communication with the nuns among whom her mother had been educated, associating herself with them in many a work of charity. None knew better than her mother's daughter that although charity begins at home it does not end there.

Then how joyfully she performed these works of mercy!—according to the counsel of the Scriptures. Her singing voice could be heard from morn till night.

"Why does God give a present and a future, but only that one may retrieve and reform the past?—and when one's past has been bad, one should go about it gratefully and with a happy heart," argued innocent Maurice.

There was no one who rejoiced more in her improvement, physical and spiritual, her changed attitude toward life, than *Père* Régnier. The priest watched her attentively.

This maiden, he thought, always good and bright and clever, yet one time a bit selfish, thoughtless and inconsiderate, was developing into splendid womanhood. She was the worthy daughter of a worthy mother.

It was true that the little mother had always reminded him of a thwarted growth—of a crushed blossom, which, the more it was crushed, the greater was the sweetness and fragrance exhaled. Yet this living, full-blown flower, still clinging to the decrepit parent vine, and flaunting its freshness and brightness to the world, had all the possibilities of superabundant life and vitality. And somehow it made him think of the beautiful life after the Resurrection.

There was, too, always about Maurice, Jr., an air of hope and success; her undertakings rarely failed, and the downhearted and oppressed never left her presence without partaking of her cheer and gayety.

Somehow Père Régnier expected great things of her—whether her days should be spent in the cloister or beside the hearth. And when one evening, about a year after her mother's death, he heard her humming an unfamiliar strain,—a song unknown to her lips for long,—the priest smiled and thought he knew the eventual trend of her steps.

For months after the loss of her mother, Maurice could not trust her voice to sing at all. But when one day her father begged for a pathetic little air, dear to them both in the happy past, his daughter complied, deeply feeling the sad significance of every word. Henceforth she sang it often, with the solemnity of a vesper hymn.

"Take my head on your shoulder, Daddy,
Turn your face to the west,
It is just the hour when the sky turns gold,
The hour that mother loves best.

The day has been long without you, Daddy,
You've been such a while away,
And now you're as tired of your work, Daddy,
As I am tired of my play.
But I've got you, and you've got me
So everything seems right;
I wonder if mother is thinking of us,
Because it is my birthday night."

"Why do your big tears fall, Daddy?
Mother's not far away,
I often seem to hear her voice
Falling across my play,
And it sometimes makes me cry, Daddy,
To think it's none of it true,
Till I fall asleep to dream, Daddy,
Of home and mother and you.
For I've got you and you've got me,
So everything may go,
We're all the world to each other, Daddy,
For mother, dear mother, once told me so."

The third verse is even more mournful, yet Maurice, Sr., begged that his daughter should proceed with this recital almost every evening.

The happy-minded clergyman did not care for these sad strains, nor did he think them good for these two lonely souls, so, as an offset, when he was a listener, he would call for something patriotic, like the *Marseillaise,* or for some Irish ballad, such as "Molly Bawn" or "Shuile Agra."

But the evening in question Maurice, Jr., was conning a different strain, and Père Régnier, a listener unseen in the summer dusk, changed his mind about appearing on the scene. He checked his steps, to wave an imaginary baton in the air and conjure up, not a band of musicians, but coming events.

To be sure, thought the priest, there was a pensive tone about this, too—minor chords—a something yet to be fulfilled. And yet did not these heart sighs, these longings and aspirations, constitute the chief beauty of life?—pointing to the immortality of the soul and perfect happiness.

The Christianity of *Père* Régnier was cheerful and concise. Did one breathe to him of troubles and almost insupportable trials, he would say: "The Crucifixion? A matter of days only. To-morrow and to-morrow and then—the end. Without Calvary there could be no Resurrection, and the Resurrection is for eternity."

His theology could be summed up in those beautiful words of Father Faber's: "Roses grow on briars, say the wise men of the world. Yes, but as the very different spirit of piety would say, it is a truer truth that briars bloom with roses. If roses have thorns, thorns have roses."

While Maurice, her father sound asleep in his armchair, all unwitting her attentive listener, softly sang in the twilight Miss Mulock's tender little plaint:

"Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."
"Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do;—
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."
"O, to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few:
Do you know the truth now up in Heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?"

The voice of the singer trembled a little, and *Père* Régnier stole away again in the twilight.

Well, well, he knew at least one Douglas who was not yet in Heaven. Where two persons, a man and a woman, were headed that way in the world's wide arena—why not tread the path together mutually helpful? Surely in the beginning God intended it so, and—

His thoughts became involved in abstractions.

But Maurice had begun to sing with no thought of sentiment. The song had fluttered to her feet from amongst the heap of ballads she was looking over. And she had sung on impulse, with a thought for the old days when she was wont to tease a certain "Douglas" with this touching refrain.

She now, with hands idly folded in her

lap, and introspective vision, mused again over the old days.

Never since her ill-fated wedding day had Maurice, Jr., looked upon the face of Douglas MacMorlan. Never had she spoken his name. It seemed that by tacit consent the subject was dropped between herself and her father. That her one-time friend and admirer was not present at her mother's funeral had been a positive blow to Maurice, as she never knew what had passed between them, and felt only how fond the little mother had been of him. He was carrying his indifference to extremes, she thought, and heartlessness, too, yet something whispered that he was neither indifferent or heartless.

She knew that he was rapidly becoming an eminent man, and beloved, engaged in many a civic and philanthropic enterprise—calumny lived down—and she was aware that he had been present at various quiet gatherings during the year, yet they had failed to meet.

And she had, she decided, a most commendable reason for wishing to see him.

"Oh, if it is somebody you never want to encounter," mused Maurice, Jr., almost aloud; "in fact, whom you try to avoid, you are chancing upon him round every corner," and she murmured the words:

"The world is large; when its weary leagues
two loving hearts divide;
But the world is small when your enemy is
loose on the other side."

Of course it was no longer a case of "two loving hearts"—how absurd! and yet—

Maurice, with a gleam of the old-time merriment, began to sing:

"O, dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye:
Troth, I daurna tell!
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye—
Ask it o' yoursel."
"O, dinna look sae sair at me,
For weel ye ken me true;
O, gin ye look sae sair at me,
I daurna look at you."

Like Napoleon, Maurice, Jr., believed in her star. She did better: she had the most implicit faith in the Blessed Virgin, whose influence is beyond that of the stars.

"She always grants me what I ask," the maiden said once to a friend, "and if it does not come when I expect it, my answer is the more beautiful for being belated."

But her prayer to the Blessed Virgin concerning Douglas was a bit nonchalant, it seemed. It appeared that she preferred to mention him casually, as if picking up a dropped thread of conversation, when she was working in her little garden, or sewing, or otherwise engaged. Somehow she felt a sense of confusion with regard to the subject and a desire to avoid the eye of the Blessed Mother.

Neither did she mention him morning or evening in her prayers to God.

"For," argued Maurice, Jr., "one should speak of serious affairs at such times, and not—not of side issues."

Accordingly, when she was weeding or planting, or industriously plying her needle, she would remark casually:

"If you do not mind, O Blessed Mother, you might send Mr. MacMorlan along my way. You see, I'd like just to say, 'I'm sorry' before I die. You need only bring about the meeting—that's all. I'll do the rest."

This generous little supplicant had been making these prayerful suggestions for some time, it seemed, yet Mr. MacMorlan failed to come. Nothing daunted, Maurice, Jr., hoped and waited, and had faith in her Star.

Her garden those days was a pretty sight with its abundance of old-fashioned flowers. Somewhere in that quiet earth she knew that her mother's dear little canary was buried. She often wondered where he lay, and thought of the wish

which Lærtes expressed for his poor sister:

"And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!"

But she fancied that over the ashes of the blithe little bird that something bright would bloom, like scarlet geranium or nasturtiums or hollyhocks.

Yet with all the goodness and piety of these days, she was still, and should ever be in this life, the Maurice, Jr., of faults and imperfections—quick flashes of anger, impatience, and hasty judgments ever were hers—those "teasing imperfections" which, the saints say, keep us from being proud of our advance in virtue.

So Maurice attuned her life to work and song, finding no time for idle dreaming or regrets. Believing that her own would come to her in God's good time, she could afford to wait. What did not come, could not be hers, so why sigh about it?

The maternal instinct developed, and she waited upon her father as a mother waits upon a child, anticipating his every wish.

It was pleasant to watch them of an evening, surrounded by a circle of their friends, for the twain had always been favorites with young and old—Maurice, Jr., listening, with mirthful eyes, while Maurice, Sr., lived over again his youth and uttered wise maxims and platitudes.

A strange phenomenon, too! It appeared that when the father of Maurice, Jr., was a little boy, God had sent a race of similar beings to the earth, such as never were seen before or since—sweet-tempered, mild-mannered little men, who walked a chalk mark, and rarely strayed from the path of rectitude. To rob an orchard or a bird's nest, or to stay from catechism for the sake of going fishing, was almost unheard of in those days!

It was not that the dear old man was a hypocrite, but only that he saw things now from a different point of view; he viewed them as they should have been had Adam and Eve behaved themselves in the Garden of Eden.

Yet occasionally he forgot the reformed Garden and related an escapade of his boyhood or youth, at which the young people shrieked with laughter, and their elders looked grave, until they caught the merry glance of Maurice, Jr., when they, too, laughed.

His point of view had changed, it seemed, in other directions also. One day his daughter overheard a conversation between him and one of the kitchen maids that astonished and amused her.

Scotch Maggie found herself in a maze of bewilderment, and came to that wise man, her master, to see if he could extricate her.

How could you please everybody? queried perplexed Maggie, including God, your parents, two such contrary-minded lads as Shamus Corcoran and Robert MacGregor—mayhap your master and mistress, not speaking of yourself at all.

After much questioning and sifting down as to facts, it became evident that Shamus Corcoran and Robert MacGregor were two suitors of the fair and conscientious Margaret; the one an Irish lad whom she had known but a few months, the other a playmate and compatriot whom she had known almost all her life.

When two people are fighting about you, what are you to do? And, after all, it is just a question of wants. Of course you do not know what God wants; but if your parents want Robert, and Robert wants you, and you want—ah, yes, indeed, Shamus, and Shamus wants—

"Stop a moment, my good girl," cried Maurice Ronayne, a bit testily, "so far I can make nothing of it but 'The House That Jack Built'—in a word, what do you want yourself?"

"Only Shamus, sir."

"You are modest," said Maurice, Sr., smiling, "but now, in the name of Heaven, why do you not take him?"

"Because we'd be Scotch-Irish, sir," replied Maggie promptly, "and you know that you and your daughter do not approve of such matches. Besides, my name is Kenyon, and—it is in poetry—may I repeat it?"

And Maurice, Jr., listening on the veranda, and blushing over past misdeeds, heard Maggie, who was a well-read girl, repeating with great effect:

"There are Cochranes (born Corcoran) as polished as you please,
And Kenyons who were Keenans, and Murpheys, now Murfrees."

"And we'll sit upon the pint-stoup and we'll talk of auld lang syne,
As we quaff the flowing haggis to our lasses' bonnie eyne."

"You see, sir," said Maggie, with a puzzled frown, "if I took Shamus, 'twould be a Scotch-Irish match, neither one thing nor the other."

Further inquiry elicited the information that Shamus was a sober and steady lad and doing well; and that Robert was sober and steady, too, and doing better; that is, in a worldly sense. And while Shamus, it seemed, was all heart,—in fact, quite an abnormal development,—Robert was likewise an anomaly of nature, being all head. It really was a fearful problem, but which would he, her master, take?

"You see, they haven't asked me," retorted her master, laughing, and then, growing suddenly solemn at sight of her perturbed, blushing little face, "Maggie, my lass, take the man with the heart every time, for the man with the head can console himself elsewhere. As for the difference in race, from my own personal experience, I should say it is the best thing in the world, and gives variety and spice to life."

"Be united in heart and religion," he added, after a pause, "and leave the rest to God."

The little handmaid departed in the seventh heaven of happiness, and her mistress put in an appearance.

"A pretty piece of reasoning, Daddy," she said laughing, "but do you see what your sentiment has done?—given Shamus a loyal wife, to be sure, and deprived poor Robert of a possible helpmeet, and your daughter of a faithful servant."

Then with a glance at his rueful countenance, "But possibly somewhere in the universe these things equalize themselves."

Forever associated with the name of Maurice, Jr., should be the thought, not of life's tragedy, but of its pleasant things, its glimpses of comedy and mischief and mirth, like sunbeams flashing over the face of the deep, revealing its ripple and spray.

Always talking about occasions of merit, these days, she took a class in Sunday-school.

"I want boys," she said, applying to Père Régnier.

"Why boys?" he queried.

"It would be more meritorious, don't you think?" asked the would-be missionary. "Girls are such prim, good little things, I never thought it a worthy action to teach them. Besides, that saying about Heaven being taken by the violent, has always bothered me—I've led such a placid existence, you see. Don't you think that boys would mean something—something to grapple with?"

"Grapple with boys, then, and at the same time take Heaven by violence," retorted Père Régnier, and went his way, so supernaturally grave that Maurice, Jr., stared after him thoughtfully.

The next Sunday afternoon Père Régnier conferred upon her a class of boys.

Two hours later, Maurice, Sr., feeling fresh and tranquil after his long nap, went to meet her as she came up the

walk, with disheveled tresses and dusty apparel, and cheeks unnaturally flushed.

"Well, my lass"—he began.

She covered his mouth with her hand.

"An' you love me, Daddy, don't ask questions until I can collect myself."

A moment later, to the accompaniment of a vigorous beating and brushing of her drapery, she flung forth incoherently:

"I am positive, yes, utterly positive, that there is not one boy in Heaven! Such an hour of combat as I had!—indeed

"One crowded hour of glorious strife,"

only there was no glory about it, and I retired discomfited from the field."

She glanced up to meet her father's anxious gaze, with a smile:

"Dont look so disturbed, Daddy. Don't you see I am gradually brushing away all my exasperation? Yet I never knew that such small mortals could have such passions so fully developed—anger and jealousy, fighting and turbulence, kicking and punching, and raising—the dust, the dust, the dust," finished Maurice, Jr., and with a final vigorous bang of her broom, she subsided into a chair and talked it out.

Yet the next Sunday she managed better, and the Sunday after, better still. Then the day came when her unruly Sunday-school class appealed to her as so many lovable little individuals, instead of a concrete mass, with propensities at once pugilistic and volcanic, as she had regarded it at first.

She became a great favorite, and her sphere grew so enlarged, that she at length held sway over a whole section of little boys. Indeed, it seemed that every small urchin in the Sunday-school wanted to get near the pretty teacher who wore such lovely "gownds," and had such caressing ways, and who, when she reproved you, could not keep a laugh out of her eyes.

But dearest of all these little souls to Maurice, Jr., was a newsboy named Ned, whose history she had learned from Père Régnier.

Ned was ten years old and chief breadwinner for a family of six. His mother was a laundress when she could get work, but she was ill most of the time. Then he had a big brother who was a cripple, while the "toddlers," Ned confided to his teacher, "didn't count."

He himself, Maurice told her father, was one of the quaintest, brightest spirits in the world, and his stature hardly more than that of a baby. He rarely failed in his lessons, and took the most hopeful views of life.

His little Irish tongue, being a mixture of prattle and slang and brogue, delighted the ear of his teacher.

That was a glorious red-letter day in the life of little Ned, when, having induced a comrade-in-arms to dispose of his wares, he wandered over hill and dale with Maurice, Jr., while she related for him fragments of all the lore she knew from Mother Goose Melodies and Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales to Tennyson's Idylls of the King.

But over the Knights of the Table Round he did not enthuse. When Maurice suggested patterning his life after that of the noble King Arthur or Sir Galahad, he shook his head. Such an idea was too high flown and advanced for the practical mind of the little newsboy.

They were "just a lot of dead min, tacher, mum."

He further informed her that he knew "a betther man nor all thim, a much alive man, who bought stacks of his papers and treated him to many a bite, and his name was Misther MacMorlan!"

Of course there was only one man in all the world of that name. Maurice, Jr., acknowledged with a start that the world was small indeed.

Ned now suggested shyly that he should be "just meself, your little knight, Sir Ned."

By methods peculiar to this little woman, she had conquered the turbulent spirit and completely won the heart of this lad. And strange it was, and according to the dispensation of Divine Providence, that he had yet to play a prominent part in her affairs, and be for her a little Man of Destiny, as you shall see.

How Ned the newsboy arrived at the fact that Mr. Douglas MacMorlan and Miss Maurice Ronayne, Jr., had once been friends, and something more, shall never be known. You see, when one is only a chronicler of the deeds and motives of others, a guess in the dark frequently has to be made, and it is not always right. Perhaps he was of the brigade that saluted Douglas with rice and confetti on the wedding day that-was-not. Perhaps, and this is more likely, from constantly talking about the two most beautiful beings in the world, as he thought them, each to the other, they themselves unwittingly divulged to him the secret.

But to Père Régnier Ned made the statement that his two friends "had scrapped and were ashamed to make up, and that he would bring them together!"

Henceforth it became his consuming desire, next to that of selling all his papers. He did much scheming and planning; but the two most beautiful beings in the world, for some singular reason, seemed to be shy of each other.

With the days of spring and early summer Ned held as usual his place of honor at the head of his class; but now, always with a bunch of posies in his hand for his teacher, his patient face lighting up with pleasure when he saw her.

At first, after she had knighted him, he awaited her with his valiant arm in its ragged sleeve thrown protectingly across the back of the pew. (Maurice had fitted him out with clothes from time to time, but there was no keeping them whole, it seemed.)

Once she reproved him gently: "Little Sir Ned, knights should not look disorderly."

He never again offended in this way, but ever after, his arm within hers, comrade-like, it was always, "Tacher, me an' you"—implicit trust that he was her little knight, and she his fair lady.

She took the bunches of buttercups or clover or dandelions from the eager little fingers with warm appreciation, but once, when he held out to her a bouquet of daisies nearly as big as himself, she made an armful of the child and the flowers, regardless that they were the cynosure of neighboring eyes, and, overwhelmed with the old, uncontrollable emotion, she buried her face in their wealth of white and gold. Those perfect blossoms, which God's hand had made, and which hers had so ruthlessly destroyed, to rifle their secrets in the days agone! And now it was of God's mercy that the daisies had bloomed again!

"Don't try to smell 'em, 'cause they ain't roses," whispered Ned, surprised at this display of crass ignorance on the part of his wise teacher.

It may be said, in passing, that the brave, loyal, little knight, Sir Ned, slept early beneath the daisies, and so escaped the storm and stress of life.

It was June again—not the "merry, smiling June," of which the poet sings, but June dismal and weeping, with east winds and general discomfort; the June that makes you feel you have a spinal column, as well as a heart and a few other things,—that makes you know, in fact, that you are very human, with wishes not always gratified in season.

Maurice, Sr., and Maurice, Jr., sat by the comfortable hearthside, watching the cheerful blaze and discoursing of the weather.

Maurice, Jr., held a bit of sewing in her hands, to which she paid but scant attention, her eyes glancing frequently from the dripping leaves outside, to the dancing flames within. A mite of a dog reposed on her knee, and a smaller mite of a kitten dozed at her feet.

"One would feel like paraphrasing the words of the poet," said Maurice.

"'Oh, whatever is so rare as a perfect day in June!'"

"It is like human nature," replied her father, "uncertain, doubtful, capricious, perverse, contrary and—and postponing," he added, for want of a better word.

Maurice drew down the corners of her mouth demurely, and with her needle traced a pattern on the table-cloth.

"Daddy, have I ever been any of—those things, to you?"

"What things, *acushla?*"

"Oh, perverse and—all the rest."

"No, *mavourneen*, you've been to me always like—a day in June."

"Like—this June, Daddy?"

"You are inquisitive, *cushla machree*—no indeed—just perfect, and what I wanted since your birth."

"And at my birth you wanted?"—

"Maurice, Jr."

"God knows you got her," cried that young lady, resembling Erin with a "tear and a smile" in her eye.

"And somebody else lost her," observed Maurice, Sr.

There was a long pause, during which hosts of little sparks flew madly up the chimney, as if in wild quest of something or somebody.

"Speaking about wooers," at length said his daughter (nobody *had* been speaking about them), "has Shakespeare classified them, I wonder? He has told us of the 'Seven Ages of Man.' Were any one asking, I should say they were like the following five classes."

She examined attentively the ears of the little dog.

"There is first the desperate wooer, who in moments of madness assures you that he longs to die for you. Well, it's better that he should die than live for you."

"Then there is the diffident wooer; so nervous and shy is he, that he lets you slip through his fingers—purely through fright and procrastination. It is best that the loss should be on that end."

(To be continued.)

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

More than 15,000 civilians, and 4,000 soldiers and sailors in uniform, assembled on the campus of the Marine Barracks, in the Brooklyn Navy Yards, on Sunday, May 27th, to assist at the fourth annual Mass in memory of the Nation's dead.

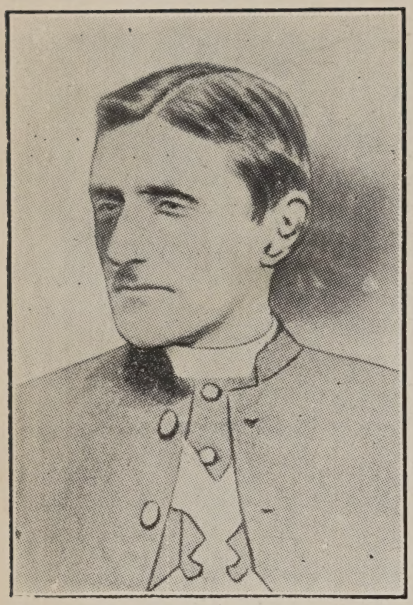
The celebrant of the Mass was the Rev. W. H. I. Reaney, Chaplain of the Navy. He was assisted by Rev. John P. Chidwick, rector of St. Ambrose's Church in Brooklyn, and Chaplain-in-Chief of the Army and Navy Union of America; Rev. William F. Olmstead, and Rev. John F. Nash, rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, in Brooklyn. The altar was surmounted by a cross of gold, on either side of which were vases of flowers, and tropical plants.

On their way to the altar the priests passed between two walls of gold-braided officers and handsomely gowned women, so densely crowded together that a cavalry charge could scarcely have broken through.

As the Mass began a rain storm broke over the assembly, and the heaviest rain-fall ever experienced on the campus sent most of the civilians under trees and the sheds of the marine barracks. The Knights of Columbus occupied the post of honor in front of the altar, and never moved until the Mass was over and the priest had left the altar.

When the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" was reached, Father Nash raised an umbrella over the head of Father Reaney and whispered that it might be well to change the Mass into a low one as there was no sign of the rain abating. This was done in order to

MASS IN THE NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN.



Courtesy of Catholic Standard and Times.

VERY REV. F. C. HAYS.

allow the choristers and the assembled throng to seek some shelter.

In the meantime the rich vestments worn by the priests were completely ruined, as were the altar pieces, including the missal of the receiving ship Hancock, to which Father Reaney is attached. There was a lull in the storm just as the last gospel was reached. This gave Father Reaney an opportunity to preach a brief sermon on the dead soldiers and the sailors, for whom the Mass was celebrated.

The Very Rev. F. C. Hays, known as "The English Apostle of Temperance," and who has a record of having obtained or procured the signing of 325,890 pledges in eleven years, recently delivered an address at the Grand Opera House in Philadelphia. Father Hays came to this country, from Australia, where he conducted a great temperance crusade, obtaining over 25,500 pledges in that country, and 25,863 in New Zealand—a wonderful record. On leaving Australia, early in April, he was tendered one of the most magnificent receptions ever given in that country to any man; and the most prominent officials of the government, business men and private citizens united to do him honor, and to render thanks for the undeniably great good he had done for their country.

In his address in Philadelphia, Father Hays said:

"It is not sufficient to recognize this as a great national evil. That, of course, is the first step toward reform, but it is not sufficient. It is not sufficient to pray for reform. It is not sufficient to go about bemoaning the evils of drink. We must settle down to work and do all in our power to remove the evil. It is easy for all to say what they would do if a foreign foe were to invade our country, but what is wanted are numbers of fearless men and women to oppose a foe that has invaded the United States; that is worse than any foreign foe, and that is sapping your future greatness. The great strength of a nation is in its homes, not in its army or navy. The great battles of the future will be in the markets of the world, where the steady hand, the clear eye and the unclouded intellect will win. It will be an intellectual rather than a physical conflict, and if your people are to be in the forefront they must first conquer the drink evil, that great enemy of the home, and thus purify the stage upon which man plays his life.

"I cannot, for the life of me, understand how any man claiming to be a lover of his country or a follower of Christ can refuse to do his part to curb this vice, the cause of the greatest sins. By education, by cultivating a sound public opinion, by religion, by wise legislation we should do all in our power to wipe out this blot on our Christianity and our humanity."

He concluded by making a stirring appeal to the moderate drinker, who, he said, can never tell when he may be the drunkard of to-morrow. He advocates only total abstinence pledges, and these not only for the sot and the drinking man, but for him who takes only an occasional glass; to acomplish anything, all must work hand in hand. And in this connection, he said:

"When a child is playing with fire we do not encourage it to continue until it reaches the point where the flames endanger its life. Men of the strongest will have succumbed to the fascination of drink until they fell to the lowest depths. No drunkard ever dreamt that he would become such, and no moderate drinker can be sure that he will not become a drunkard. My appeal is to the moderate drinker, and for even a higher motive than his own betterment. Give up that one glass for God's sake and the sake of your own children; for the good of your neighbor, and, having given it up, unite yourself with your parish branch of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. And if there be no society there, ask your pastor to form one, that by association you may help to form a sound public opinion. Come out in the open and lend your influence to the cause. It is God's work. Give your example to others. You cannot ask one whom you know to be abusing drink to stop when you will not do so yourself. Whether others follow you or not, keep on; do your duty and God will reward you."

Jerry J. Helen F. Josephine. George M.

THE FOUR COHANS

AN INSIDE VIEW OF THE STAGE.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

The human habit of accounting for facts through a theory, and of trying to manage them according to the theory, explains the peculiar opinions prevalent among religious people with regard to the theatre. As one of the most stubborn facts of history, which neither legislation, denunciation, indifference, the hostility of enemies, nor the blunders of its friends, has been able to root up, it should be accepted by this time as a natural institution; or, at least, as a fact that must be recognized and dealt with on the principles of common sense. For millions of most respectable, sincere, and intelligent persons this phase of thought has not yet arrived. They look upon the theatre as ever dangerous to morality and even to faith, a source of social corruption always at work. Of course they know less about the stage than about the moon, which is nearer to the earth than the stage to their consciousness; but that remoteness and ignorance do not hinder their pleasing and sweeping generalities. Actors laugh at this popular prejudice, just as Catholics laugh at the Knownothing opinion of Catholic doctrine and practice. They are not troubled at the advent of Sarah Bernhardt with a Sardou concoction like *The Sorceress,* whose banality and falsehood give the Puritans the opportunity to talk with knowledge of the evils of the drama. As they are more interested in making a living or a reputation than in combating the prejudices of others, they live more or less serenely indifferent to that public opinion which does not in any way affect their salaries and profits.

From the Philistine's point of view it is an odd, amusing, contradictory life. I sat the other day and listened long to Jerry Cohan's account of his own career, unable to explain the interest which held me. Remark that the prefix Mr. and the full Christian name are not used. This comes through no lack of courtesy, but

JOSEPHINE COHAN NIBLO AND FRED NIBLO, JR.

simply because the gentleman made his name and his fortune as Jerry Cohan, and it is as proper to use it thus as to refer to the clever French actress as Bernhardt. If you met Jerry Cohan on the street, or going to Mass of a Sunday, you would put him down as a peaceful citizen given to a profitable and respectable occupation. His figure and face indicate a quiet, reserved, artistic nature; his manner is deferential, unassuming; you would never connect his orderly behaviour with the abandon of the stage dance, the rollicking gaiety of the present American farce. Mrs. Cohan looks as if she had never left the serene atmosphere of her home, or busied herself with stage cares, or lived in a trunk for years. A little grandson was called in from the strategy of war in the backyard, soiled and tousled from a vigorous campaign, to make the acquaintance of the visitor, at whom he looked very much as a great commander might have looked at a curious neutral "butting in" when least wanted. All around were evidences of the true home, much loved and cared for, because the profession of its occupants kept them circling about the world. Just as it should be, of course; actors are of the same quality as their neighbors, without getting credit for the likeness; and there should be no surprise in finding them living without an orchestra on the verandah, a limelight in the parlor, and a ballet on the second floor. The Cohans might have been in business, or law, or medicine, for any sign to the contrary about their home.

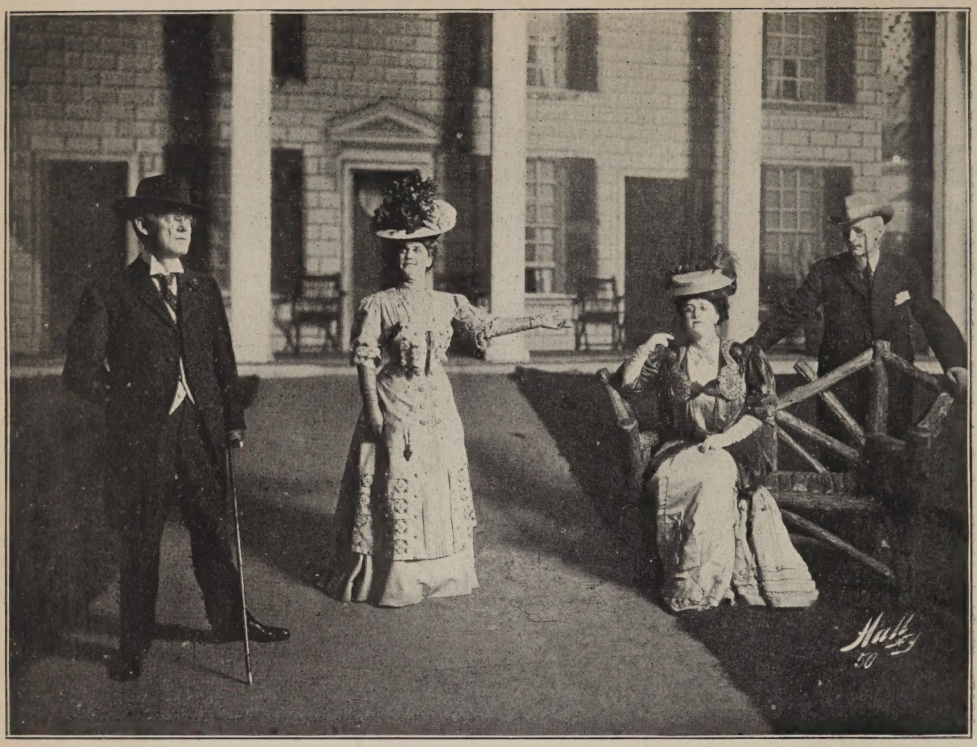
The question which Jerry Cohan had to answer invited an account of his career, expressed in the vernacular: How did you and your family arrive? The Four Cohans are at the head of their department of professional life, as entertainers of the public. Father and mother, son and daughter, command attention and salary together, which is a rare combination for a group of relatives to achieve. In the stage vernacular they are said to have arrived. At the present moment three of them hold the stage of a prominent roof garden for the summer; the fourth is in Europe, the mother of the warrior mentioned in the preceding paragraph; and the courtesy heaped upon the son, George, the light and glory of the family, by the Theatrical Syndicate, is rich enough to draw tears from David Belasco. In answer to the question, Jerry Cohan spoke entertainingly for an hour or two, maybe it was three, and if it had been four his story would have lost nothing in profound interest. Not solely because it was the story of an honest struggle for fortune and fame, ending in success, but chiefly because it touched the pleasantest and jolliest memories of my own youth.

Having stepped upon this planet in the year 1848, Jerry Cohan began to

"RUNNING FOR OFFICE" THE FIRST HIT OF THE FOUR COHANS.

dance upon it professionally some eighteen years later. His singing was not up to the standard, and he adopted the recitative with music, or without it, as circumstance ordered. He was usually poor enough to have to pay the fiddler, and sufficiently in pocket to do so without regret. What touched me most was the fact that he had been with McEvoy's Hibernicon and "The Mirror of Ireland" and his own Irish Panorama. Ah, what joy of earth ever surpassed the delicious, sparkling, brimming draught that these long-forgotten entertainments held to the lips of pious and innocent youth! We were taught to hold the theatre in the same horror as sin itself. The Panorama of Ireland was an exception. Even the clergy sat in the seats of honor at this embryo of the Boucicault play; and we young things, trembling with delight, drank in the jokes of Pat and his colleen, laughed to the point of exhaustion, envied their nimble and exquisite dancing, and marvelled at the real moonlight on the pictured lakes of Killarney. That mere statement transfigured Jerry Cohan to my eyes; for here was one of the dreams of my youth, a hero of those sweet dreams, living, speaking, in the flesh before me.

Acute work did "The Mirror of Ireland" in behalf of the stage. While the clergy denounced the theatre from the pulpit, at intervals, and the parents daily at home, and its visitation became matter for woful and trembling confession, the sinful institution was actually getting inside the Church itself through the Hibernicon and the other charming panoramas of Ireland. They are heard of no more in this part of the world at least, owing to the invasion of the simpler and more effective stereopticon; yet I have a suspicion that an interesting and profitable entertainment might be set forth in a revival of this form of amusement. Jerry Cohan met his wife in Providence while both were attending church. To put it more precisely, he was distributing

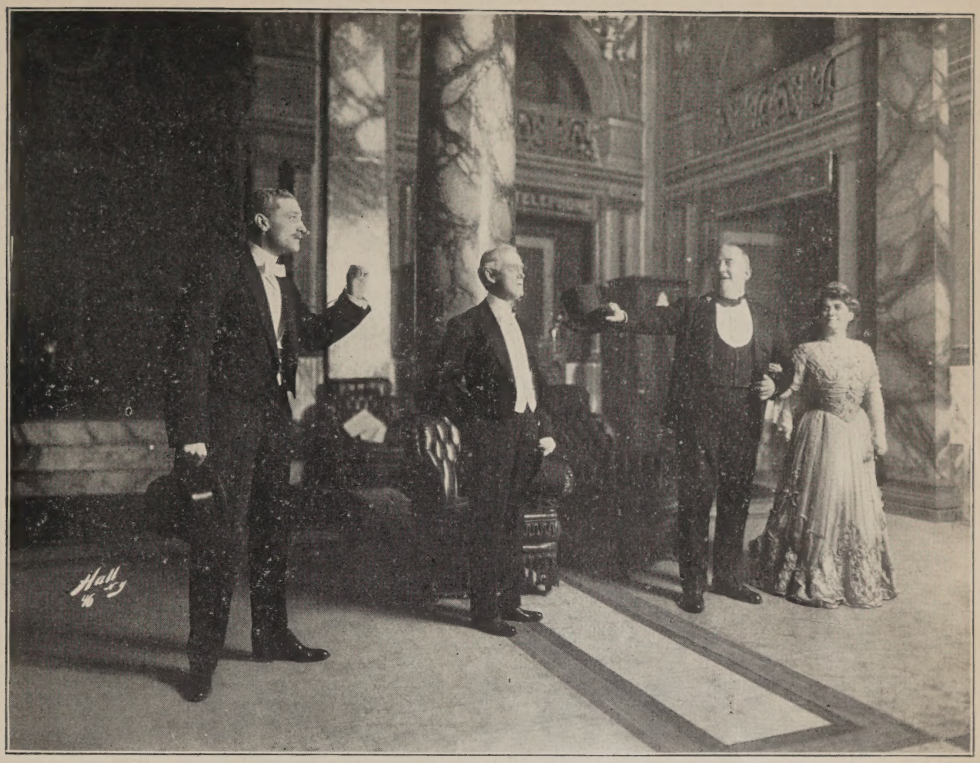


"GEORGE WASHINGTON, JR." ACT I. MOUNT VERNON.

the handbills of his show at the door of the church which she attended; and so they were married, and so she drifted into stage-work for the mere convenience of the thing; and when the children came, George and Josephine, from mere proximity to the stage they also drifted into professional life. Part of the time the children traveled with their parents, until their education had to begin, when they were placed at school, in the care of friends.

Laura Keene, capable manager as well as clever actress, engaged Cohan for an Irish play, at the fine salary of forty dollars a week, but the contract fell through without fault on either side. Then he tried a tour with an Australian actor, the pair providing the entire program; his specialty being that of an impersonator of famous men. It was not then considered as remarkable a performance as now. Liston the humorist used it in his entertainments, but he impersonated types, eccentricities, not well-known personages. In our time the idea has made a small fortune for clever impersonators, for the reason that caricature and the development of photo-engraving have made millions acquainted with the world's leaders and notorieties. Sometimes Cohan had a good deal of money, and more times he had none. The Howard Athenaeum in Boston had his services for a while; he played in minstrel troupes; occasionally he was billed as "The Great Jerry Cohan;" he toured in such melodramas as *The Owls of New York* and *The Mollie Maguires,* even in Pennsylvania; until the latter play seemed to invite assassination, when it was shelved.

The upward struggle had its source and its strength in the natural ambition to win a sure position, to act a man's part, and to support his family. The method of it gave only pleasure in spite of its disappointments. Perhaps the sin-



"GEORGE WASHINGTON, JR." ACT I.

gle shadow on his pathway sprang from the dread that the long years of labor, of planning, of hope and vision, were to have no shining success. So many clever and industrious actors have gone to their graves without winning more from society than a respectable living! Meanwhile the parents were faithful to their guardianship of the children; in spite of separation for long intervals they never lost their hold on the young hearts; on the road they had the best teachers in music and stagecraft that the company could provide; and their reward for thoughtful, faithful, and affectionate care had this recompense—that their chief glory was to come from their children. Josephine showed herself possessed of the artistic dramatic spirit; George displayed the originality which has won his early reputation.

Cohan, perhaps, rarely thought of this indirect fame for himself. Like most industrious and solicitous fathers he wished to give to his children rather than to receive. His wife, the true and loving mother, was concerned with the proper training of the little ones, and the enjoyment of their company. The sincere and unselfish always build better than they know, from a simple, heartfelt aim and steady effort securing larger results than they intended. In 1888 they formed the stage company of "The Cohan Family," a popular method twenty years ago, carried to that point where the members had no relationship whatever. Out of that company grew the new organization of "The Four Cohans," which interested and pleased one section of New York some years ago with concoctions like *Running for Office* and *The Governor's Son.* The artistic grace of the daughter, the nimble legs, peculiar wit of the son, the technical skill and finish of the parents, and the lively form of entertainment, secured them instant and profitable favor. Jerry

THE COHAN FAMILY.

Cohan and his wife learned in that success how strangely success may arrive to the votaries. They had trained a clever dramatic writer and a finished artiste in son and daughter. Still in their twenties—Josephine is a metropolitan favorite, with the fervor, delicacy and fire of a talented woman; and George has the constructive power of the dramatist. Fortune has smiled upon them greatly, without weakening their common love for one another. "The Four Cohans" is now become a phrase for opulent managers to conjure with, and George writes parts in his plays for his father and mother. Josephine has gone off to a husband and her own way in graceful vaudeville sketches. The happy parents, still youthful, sit back contented with a success to which their love, care, and training contributed immensely; but which would be worthless without the loving recognition of affectionate and worthy children.

Josephine is the artiste, George the dramatist. I have already given in these pages an illustration of his method and a sample of his success, in the creation queerly named *Forty-five Minutes from Broadway.* This means the town of New Rochelle, which has a large New York colony within its gates. The phrase from which the play is named is commonly used by real estate speculators in advertising; the chief inducement to a New Yorker to build or buy a home in the suburban town is the short time required to travel to it. Very few writers would think of using such a phrase as the title of an important theatrical production; but it illustrates nicely the quality and character of this young man's talent. He has begun rightly with the expression of ordinary things. He was

really acquainted with no other. Yet in the play mentioned he stumbled upon the old-fashioned melodrama and adapted it to modern fashions. Your full-blown, literary dramatist would never have attempted anything so absurd, so unlikely to sell in the market, or to bring him fame. Only an unconscious youth, skilled in pleasing the public with little plays, ambitious of higher things, kept rigidly within the bounds of his own experience by his lack of literary knowledge, would have tried it and won.

Take this sample of his journalistic work, which is clipped from an off-hand sheet edited by him. "The expression, 'he handed me a lemon,' has been declared to be about the most senseless of all phrases now used by the slang-loving American public. But really, when I first heard the remark, I admired the man who made it. . . . A lemon, of course, suggests something yellow, something yellow suggests a seedy proposition, a seedy proposition suggests a tight squeeze, and a tight squeeze suggests a bitter experience. A lemon is yellow, seedy, bitter and hard to squeeze. A lemon is hard to take, even with seltzer in the morning. Lemon is really a member of the slang family. . . . Something is wrong with the man who likes lemons, so something must be wrong with lemons; and the saying, 'he handed me a lemon,' means, 'he put me in wrong.' Being an Irishman I naturally do not like the color of a lemon." This is the precise groove in which the mind of George Cohan runs. His entertaining sketches are written on this pattern. Nothing seems to matter except the moment, which must be filled with passing pleasure. His father taught him the art of entertaining, and he is now able to provide the vehicle which helps a thousand others to be entertaining.

As a boy he scribbled verses in the fashion of the variety stage; then he began to compose music for his verses; finally his songs caught the public ear and have earned for him a small fortune. From the literary point of view there is nothing in them but their ability to please a listener. The same may be said of his plays; but that very ability to hold interest for three hours, to co-ordinate the elements of interest, is the basis of the work of any dramatist. It has brought George Cohan recognition and fortune; the Theatrical Trust has grappled him with hooks of steel; and he will have all the work he is able to do for years. The same fortune befell the amiable and clever Clyde Fitch, whose plays won success so uniform that, as the story goes, he was engaged to turn out a play as often as he could, with the guarantee that it would be staged and forced into success. These plays failed as emphatically as an enemy could desire. Even dramatic entertainment of the lightest sort, since it is concerned with human life, seems to demand from the dramatist that which is within him. Plays may not be machine-made, within a month, like wooden nutmegs; they must grow from the bush, nourished by proper soil, attended by the trained husbandman.

The natural development of George Cohan, after study of the literary and dramatic art, would be into modern comedy. His capacity for catching the details of the life about him is large, but he does not understand, and therefore cannot express, the philosophy within them. He is already a wealthy young man. His entertainments have vogue, but nothing is more fickle than the fashion of the time. What he should do is perfectly clear to the outsider: use his wealth for the leisure of a little study, and attempt other forms of the dramatic art. Around him are the former popular favorites, sunk to the safe level of

commonplace citizens. Their success in doing one thing did not save them from obscurity. By slow degrees and long practice George Cohan attained his present height; the next height beyond can be won only by the same labor. Let us all hope that he will struggle to win it, if only to keep hold of what he has. The same story might be told of his sister, Josephine, who presents her little sketches each season with unvarying success. Her capacity is hardly touched by the demand of these little plays, fashioned to present public taste. She must climb higher, making greater demand upon her own qualities, until she has attained the completest artistic expression of which she is capable.

The point with which I am concerned, however, is less the future of "The Four Cohans" than the moral of their career. They are simple people, with the faith of their fathers unclouded, hardly knowing how to be anything else than good Catholics. Probably they own the faults peculiar to our day with regard to the faith; but they have kept the faith through all changes of fortune and will die faithful to its doctrines and obligations. It might be well for the skeptical to look at the institution of the Stage through their history and experience.

AHERLOE GLEN.

BY E. F. MCKENNA.

Oh God! I am tired of this lonely life
On the weary desert of woful strife,
Mid the haunts of frenzied men;
And I long for the mute companionship
Of the daisy red and the bright cowslip
In the shade of Aherloe Glen.

I long for the thrill of the blackbird's notes;
I sigh for the lark's loud song that floats
Through the Glen in the waking morn;
I see in my dreams the fountains clear;
The music they make in their fall I hear
And I smell the sweet hawthorn.

I long for the tender whisperings
Of silence like tremor of angels' wings
When the day's declining light
The golden orbs of heaven reveals
And over the Glen a shadow steals
That softly breathes, "Tis night."

Longing for visions that long have fled;
Dreaming of flowers that long lie dead
And, never shall bloom again—
This, alas, is the exile's lot—
Memory's waste has a "greenest" spot,
And mine is Aherloe Glen!

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

"Was it right, Sarah?" she asked, turning the pale face and strained eyes full upon the little girl.

"Yes, if he were a nice man," she replied, in great confusion. Cousin Grace then surprised her by gathering her in her arms, and kissing the red mouth.

"Little oracle!" she cried. Then she pushed the child gently from her, and said, with the pretty laugh again in her voice, and the light in her eyes, "How should I know if he were nice or not? I never saw him. Maybe he was like the man you met yesterday in the pasture, when you went to catch Billy. Was he nice?"

A puzzled look came over Sarah's face, making her appear preternaturally wise to the eyes bent upon her.

"I don't know, Cousin Grace," she said slowly. For an instant, a shadow lay on the clear face of her listener; but it vanished, as she said:

"Come and help me gather apples, Sarah, to make pies for to-morrow. We are going to have company, and oh! they do need to have so many things cooked for them!"

"Will auntie show them her quilts? And shall I see them?" asked Sarah, rising with alacrity.

"Yes, indeed, the quilts will be exhibited, and you shall have a reserved seat," said Grace, leading the way to a tree.

"What does the 'Children at Play' look like, Cousin Grace?" inquired Sarah, who had been puzzled by the title of that piece of workmanship.

"Oh! there are the cutest little scraps, shaped like diamonds, and sewed together in such a way that you fancy they are a crowd of children, holding hands and dancing around in a ring. Poor mother!" she added under her breath, a whimsical smile on her lips.

"Oh, I wish it were to-morrow!" cried Sarah, clasping her brown hands.

"And the apples not even picked for the pies! and the cakes not made! and the salad not chopped up! and the rooms not swept and dusted! O Sarah! wouldn't it be terrible if you were a fairy that got all her wishes, and it would be suddenly made to-morrow, and not a thing to eat for all the company?"

"I mean I wish we had everything done and then it were to-morrow," explained Sarah.

"And would you give up the sweet, long night, with the moonlight on the still land and the katydids chirping in the trees?" asked Grace, taking hold of a branch to shake down the apples.

"There will be other nights, Cousin Grace," observed Sarah, wisely.

"But not this night, little Sarah!" cried Grace, with wonderful sweetness in her voice. "Here go the apples!" and a shower of the fruit fell on the ground.

As they were leaving the orchard, Grace became quite grave, and said:

"You must not stay out here late of an evening, Sarah. The lady sometimes walks on this path, and she would not like to be seen by anyone."

"The dead lady, Cousin Grace?" whispered the child, in awed voice, but Grace was prevented from replying by Alice calling to her to make haste with the apples.

"May I help you peel them, Cousin Grace?" asked Sarah, who was fond of

the company of this agreeable girl. But she shook her head and said, laughingly:

"Alice would think you were hindering me, too. Anyhow you are too little to work. Run and play!"

Run and play! They were Aunt Dilly's words, and Sarah knew they meant that the colored woman did not want to be bothered with her. Twice she had heard them that morning, in her new home, and their significance sank deep into the heart of the little girl.

"I must not get in their way, or they might get cross like Aunt Dilly," she mused, as she turned toward the water trough. The sight of the pathetic little figure in the drab gingham apron and blue sun-bonnet, crossing the unkempt stable lot, brought a pang to the heart of Judge Hilton, who was passing along the road. He seemed to have a telepathic knowledge of the young lonesomeness that dwelt in the child's soul, and it gave him a prophetic vision of her days in this busy, self-centered family. He shook the lines sharply over the back of his horse, and drove through the blinding sunlight with a mist in his eyes.

"I wish I could catch a gosling," soliloquized Sarah, as she came to the trough. "It is bee-autiful the way they swim."

The geese were in their usual place, under the walnut tree, but Sarah did not venture to execute her wish.

"If I had him," she continued, sinking to her knees, "I would drop him into the water like this," letting her hand fall and sending up sprays. "It would wet his neck and back. Then he would begin to work his feet, and away he would sail! Pretty soon he would see something in the bottom of the trough and he would dive down to get it, and when he would come up, he would be covered with drops of water, and you would think he had necklaces on his neck and down his back. He would be a tame gosling, and I would play like he was a ship. His body would be the hull and his neck would be the mast. But what would I do with his head and long bill? Masts don't have things like that. They go up straight and tall, and are pointed off finer than Aunt Dilly's knitting needles. I reckon I can't play like he is a ship after all, although he would make a bee-autiful one, because he could go by himself. He will just have to be what he is. But if I could have made a ship out of him, I would have played like I was a rich man, and had plenty of good ground to raise tobacco on. And when it was done growing and made up into nice long hands, I would haul it to town, which would be at this end of the trough, and put it on my ship, which would sail down to the city, at the other end. And there would be a rich man there waiting for my ship and he would give me ever so much money for my tobacco. Then I'd take a big rope and tie my ship to the land, while I went up to see the city. There would be ever so many people, and I would stop at all the windows. There would be a most bee-autiful doll in one of them, and I would buy it for my little girl. Then I would go to another store where they have lemonade and cakes and candy and I would get a whole lot of them for her. Then I would go to another store and buy Aunt Dilly a yellow dress, which she wants, and plenty of whiskey for her to drink, so she would not be cross with my little girl when I was away from home. Then I would buy a hundred barrels of hot biscuits like my auntie makes, so my little girl would not have to eat pan-cakes any more, and a jar of blackberry jam to put on her biscuits. When I had got all this, I

would take them down to my ship—O Lord!"

She sprang to her feet, her eyes dilated in horror, for a big tawny head had been thrust into the trough, while a long red tongue was lapping the water.

"O Lord! I wish I could run away!" she cried to herself, fear seeming to root her to the ground. "He'll eat me! Look at his big mouth! Oh—h!"

The shepherd dog lifted his beautiful head, and on seeing the child, an expression almost human in its love and gladness shot into the hazel eyes. He waved his long tail gracefully, as with the dignity of his breed he waited the first approach from the stranger. At sight of his eyes, fear began to die in Sarah's heart, and she instinctively held out her hand. He gave a low, short bark, which made Sarah laugh. Her merriment seemed to amuse the dog greatly, and he capered around his side of the trough in a way that Sarah found extremely droll. The louder she laughed, the more she clapped her hands, the wilder grew the pranks of the dog. Finally he threw himself on the ground, and she went directly to him and patted his silky head. In return he licked her hand, thus sealing their compact of friendship.

"O Nettie, look at the bee-autiful big dog I've found!" she cried, as, a few minutes later, her cousin, warm from an encounter either with the atmosphere of the kitchen or Alice's iron will, crossed the lot on her way to the stable. "He came up to the trough to get a drink and then began to play. I wonder whose dog he is?"

"Ours, of course," replied Nettie. "Alice doesn't like him because he tracks the porch, and she gave him to a man who lives ever so far from here. Father told her he would come back and I am glad he did! I wish he would wallow in mud, and then roll himself on every floor in the house. The hateful old thing!"

"Who is, Nettie?" asked Sarah.

"Alice, of course!"

"Do you think she will send the dog away again?" inquired Sarah, a strange sensation in her throat, as her eyes went back to the dog, now seated on his haunches and gazing intently upon Nettie, as if waiting to hear his doom.

"No, for she will see that it is no use, as he would come back again. She will get the *Niggers* to kill him," declared Nettie.

A cry broke from Sarah's lips, and falling on her knees she wound her arms around the tawny neck.

"O Lord! I'll surely die if they kill him!" she moaned. A grim smile crossed Nettie's set face.

"Shut up, baby!" she commanded. "Alice might hear you and come, and if she were to hear you swearing, she would have you sent back to your Aunt Dilly."

"Would she let me take this bee-autiful dog with me?" asked Sarah, ready to depart on receiving an affirmative reply.

"If you want him that badly you can have him here," said Nettie. "You just tell father you wish to keep Rover to play with you, and he will let you. He said we might go to town because you asked him. Tell him you had a big dog like Rover—"

"But I didn't, Nettie!" interrupted the honest Sarah.

"You can say you did, I reckon," retorted Nettie. "It is no worse to tell stories than it is to use swear words, as you do. Tell father you are lonesome for your dog, and he will say you can keep Rover. Then Alice won't dare to hurt him, for what father says goes, even with her. I reckon he must be hungry after his long walk. Go to the

house and ask mother for a biscuit for him!"

"I don't want to, Nettie," said Sarah, who shrank from asking a favor of her aunt. "I will wait till dinner, then I will bring him half of mine."

"I would go myself, but they think I am upstairs dusting," confessed Nettie. "But it can wait. I want to begin the story Ida lent me. It is a long one, and we have to finish it before school commences. Come on, we can read until noon. Mother is getting dinner, and Alice and Grace are baking the pies and cakes, and nobody will have time to go upstairs to look after me."

Sarah, who would have preferred to remain with her new friend, obediently followed her cousin to the hay-loft; then, from its hiding-place, Nettie drew forth Wilkie Collins' "Man and Wife."

"Sublimest danger, over which none weeps,
When any young wayfaring soul goes forth
Alone, unconscious of the perilous road,
The day-sun dazzling in his limpid eyes,
To thrust his own way, he an alien, through
The world of books."

Thus exclaims Mrs. Browning, bewailing the lonely child Aurora, in her green chamber; and so might we cry out, seeing these two children thus early brought, by the printed page, to look closely upon man's passion and woman's frailty. To the precocious Nettie, it was the drawing back of a curtain of the mysteries of life, upon which she was being too soon thrust by ungenerous nature. It was partially unintelligible to Sarah, who could only glean from Nettie's rapid reading, that a beautiful woman was in great trouble, the nature of which even Nettie's explanation failed to make plain to her young mind. Page after page slipped under the impatient fingers, for, with other dishonest readers, Nettie boldly skipped every paragraph that had no actual bearing upon the story. It was the picture that interested her, not the setting of Scottish scenery and staid English manor-houses.

The ringing of the dinner bell called her back to real life. Hastily hiding the book, she left the loft and slipping into the house sped to the neglected rooms. Snatching up the cloth, she began a furious onslaught on the furniture, sending the dust back into the atmosphere, again to fall upon the place from which it had been swept.

Acting on the advice which her cousin had hastily imparted, Sarah, with Rover, stationed herself by the trough. Presently she saw her uncle, and the two Negroes, approaching with their horses. On hearing the clinking noise made by the chains, Rover ran forward to meet the men, with glad barking. Mr. Kenny stooped and patted the dog's head, and the act brought lightness to the oppressed heart of the child. As he drew near she saw that her uncle's face was red and his bright eyes had a strained look in them, while his steps were slow. It was thus her father used to look, when he came in from the field, and she remembered that he did not like to be bothered at such times. She would have crept away, but the fate of Rover overcame her reluctance to intrude upon her uncle. Seeing the demure little figure by the trough, he looked on her pleasantly and asked why she was standing there in the sun. The next minute she was pleading to be allowed to keep the dog.

"Are you lonesome for your own dog, little girl?" he asked.

Across Sarah's mind flashed the recollection of Nettie's advice. But when she tried to say "Yes, sir," the words stuck in her throat.

"I never had a dog, uncle!" she cried. "Aunt Dilly said I was trouble enough, without having a dog, and it was enough for my father to have to feed a lazy little

girl. But, O uncle! if you will let me have Rover, we will go away from the house every day, where we won't trouble auntie nor track up Cousin Alice's porch. And it won't make you poor to let me keep him, because I will not eat all my biscuits and meat, but save some of them for him."

"Good Lord!" muttered Mr. Kenny. "How was the child brought up! Take the horses to the pond, boys, this water is too warm!" he said to the Negroes. Sarah's heart quailed, for that was the way her father looked, when he was angry. She was on the verge of tears, when he sat down on the end of the trough and drew her to his knee.

"Sarah," he said, so very gently that she gazed at him in surprise, "if you had told your father that you wanted a dog, as you told me, he would have given you one. Your father loves you, little girl, as he loved your mother before you. Aunt Dilly was an ignorant old woman, who did not know your father's mind. Now Rover is yours, and you can do with him whatever you please, and no one in the house will say you nay. He will be no bother nor expense to us, for he is a good dog, and such as he is worth a great deal to a man. Nor must you ever think that you are a bother or expense to us. I want you to feel as much at home here as Nettie does, for it is now your home, Sarah."

Manlike, Mr. Kenny was now half-ashamed of himself for showing so much feeling, and stooping down, he picked up a stick, threw it across the lot and then ordered Rover to bring it back to him. When the dog obeyed, Sarah clasped her hands and cried:

"Did you ever see such a bee-autiful dog!"

"Rover is a fine fellow, and I am glad he has come home," assented Mr. Kenny, putting down the child and rising stiffly from his seat. "I reckon he is as ready for dinner as we are. Come on old boy!"

The joy of Sarah's heart sorely interfered with her appetite, and long before the others had finished the dinner she was done, and sat waiting for the general rising from the table, which would give her an opportunity to prepare Rover's meal.

"What are you going to do with that plate, Sarah?" demanded Alice, as the child began to gather up the scraps.

"I am going to feed Rover," Sarah said, timidly, her eyes fastened pleadingly on her cousin's stern young face.

"That dog hasn't come back!"

"Yes, and he is going to stay this time," announced Nettie, glad of the victory which the incident afforded.

"We shall see about that," commented Alice, slowly.

"But uncle gave Rover to me, and he said no one was to send him away, or kill him." Sarah lost her timidity in fear for her new pet.

"You put her up to this!" exclaimed Alice, turning upon her sister, while the angry color mounted to her cheeks.

"And I'll put her up to more, or you'll let me alone," replied Nettie. "If you want to boss Sarah, you will have to make terms with me."

"I don't see why you always accuse me of wanting to boss people," complained Alice. "I'm sure I don't. But if I try to get you to do your work in the right way, or to keep things clean and in order, I am bossing. I wish, Nettie, you would not be so unjust to me."

Alice's voice trailed off into silene, and Nettie's impatience waxed stronger. She would have died by inches before she would have cried for quarter; but not knowing how to voice this feeling of contempt for her sister, she turned abruptly to the perplexed Sarah.

"Aren't you going to feed that dog to-day?" she demanded. "How would you like to be kept without your dinner, if you had walked as far as he did?"

"But I didn't know if I would be let feed him," said Sarah, ready to break into tears. Old Aunt Dilly had none of the complexity of these white relatives, and accustomed as she ever had been to the directness of that simple mind, she could not here find a certainty to guide her actions.

"Did father tell you you could have Rover?" asked Nettie, standing, with firmly planted feet, on the other side of the table.

"Yes, he did!" answered Sarah.

"Well, what more do you want?" she asked. "Isn't father boss in his own house?"

"I reckon so," said Sarah, dropping her eyes, lest she might encounter the stern glances of Alice.

"Well, then, get Rover his dinner!" commanded Nettie.

"What shall I get for him?" she inquired, lifting her gaze to Alice, who, however, regarded her in cold silence.

"Anything you want," announced Nettie, with a supercilious expression on her face. She watched Sarah as she tip-toed around the table, picking up little bits for the waiting dog; then, some hidden indignation burst in her generous heart. She went forward and snatching the plate from the child, said:

"Go out to the back porch and fetch me that old pan you will find there. I'll show you how to feed a dog!"

Glad of the release from the responsibility, Sarah sped from the room, while Nettie turned upon the silent witness of the scene.

"I'd think you would be ashamed to treat a *Nigger* the way you treat Sarah!"

"In the name of common sense, what have I done to Sarah?" asked Alice, in her sweetest tones.

"You've got her scared half to death, and you know it and are glad of it," returned Nettie. "But she won't be, after I get through with her."

"Little you will think of Sarah, when something else comes up to interest you," observed Alice, preparing to remove the dishes.

The fact of her inconstancy smote Nettie, and she determined that, come what might, she would always prove her cousin's ally. The child had now returned with the pan, and into it Nettie emptied the few scraps, which Sarah had collected; then, taking up a fork, she lifted several pieces of meat from the platter, broke off generous slices of bread, and then poured over the repast, the contents of the milk-pitcher.

"That is how Rover is used to being fed," she stated, and led the way to the porch where the tired dog lay. As the children appeared, he rose, and when the pan was placed before him he began to eat, with a relish that delighted Sarah.

"Did you ever see any one so hungry?"

"You must not say 'any one' when you are talking about a dog," reproved Nettie.

"Why?"

"Because dogs aren't people."

"I don't care if they aren't!" replied Sarah. "I love Rover ever so much more than some people."

"And the more you see of those people, the better you will love Rover," replied Nettie, out of her young wisdom. "But loving him doesn't make a person out of him."

"Why doesn't it?" asked Sarah, her troubled blue eyes on the philosopher.

"Because he can't talk and think."

As if to deny the statement, Rover lifted his beautiful head, and, looking full on the children, began to wave his long tail. Sarah uttered a cry of delight.

"He's talking now!" she exclaimed, and flinging herself on her knees, she

clasped her arms around the big neck, and imprinted a kiss on the intelligent face, while Nettie looked on, with a smile of disdain.

"Sarah," she said, "I want you to listen to me. I'll have to wash the dishes, and they won't let you help me, so there's no use asking. You go up to the hay-loft, and when I am through, I will tell Grace that I believe you are lost, or maybe have run away because Alice is so mean to you; and then she will tell me to go out and look for you. I will steal around the stable, and come in through the back door, and then we can read for ever so long. It is a good book, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Sarah, slowly, for the new life was proving so novel and intricate that she was beginning to confound it with the story which Nettie was reading.

"You go right now—Yes, ma'am, I am coming!"—she cried to her mother who was calling her to the kitchen. "I'll come up the minute I get through. I don't see why those old women must bother us coming here to-morrow," she complained, as she reluctantly turned to the warm kitchen. "We have work enough, without their making more for us."

Sarah, with Rover by her side, left the cool porch and obediently made her way to the stable. But when she reached the door and peeped in, her little heart quailed, for the twilight of the place was suggestive of the "buggers," with which Aunt Dilly had tormented her young life.

"I am sure they are hiding in there," she communed, "and when I go up in the loft, they will run up and catch me and eat me alive. Aunt Dilly always said if I went away from the house and got lost, that was what would happen to me. I don't want to go up in the hay-loft and get lost!" and the tears gathered in her blue eyes, and began to roll down the pink cheeks. Rover, who was not troubled by the fears of his little human companion, entered the stable, and, after making a leisurely examination of the premises, flung himself down on the floor. Resting his head on his paws, he stared at the child, standing irresolutely in the doorway. Rover's fearlessness brought a grain of courage to her heart, and, venturing across the step, she sat down on the platform to await the coming of her cousin. As the long minutes passed, the blue eyes began to blink, and when Nettie, with flushed face and throbbing heart, entered the place, she found the child lying against the steps, fast asleep.

"Such a baby!"-she thought, hurriedly waking the sleeper. With the sleep still in her brain, Sarah followed Nettie up to the loft; the book was taken from its hiding-place and the reading began. Whether her nap had cleared her mind, or the dramatic situations of the novel appealed to her imagination, Sarah now began to follow the development of the plot, with an interest that seemed to electrify her small body. Once, in turning a leaf, Nettie chanced to glance toward her, and the rapt expression of the child's face held her eyes for a moment: as she resumed the reading, she congratulated herself upon having such an attentive listener. Then, across the affecting words of the heroine, rang the cry:

"Nettie! O Nettie!"

"It is Alice!" exclaimed Nettie, dramatically. "And she is coming straight here! If she finds us, it is all up with us. Come quickly and let us hide! Crawl over there into that corner, and I'll pile the hay up before us, and she won't be able to find us."

Sarah hastened to obey, and long before Alice had gained the stable door, they were securely hidden. The heat of their position soon became almost unbearable. Sarah felt as if she were

smothering. She thought that she must scream out in her distress or she should die; but Nettie's whispered command to keep still silenced her.

"Nettie! Sarah!" called Alice. "Why don't you answer me? I know you are up here, for Rover is lying below."

Nettie gasped, and then, hearing her sister's step on the stairs, with rare presence of mind she flung the book farther under the eaves, and drew up before it a wisp of hay. Alice mounted the stairs slowly, for she was weary of the burden of the work which fell rather heavily upon her. But seeing the vacant loft did not disconcert her.

"Nettie! I know you are hiding here, and I am going to find you, if I have to turn over every bit of hay up here. You may as well come out!"

Devoutly Sarah wished that Nettie would accept the inevitable, for the heat and feeling of suffocation were increasing in intensity; but the wish proved her ignorance of her cousin's character. Nettie was one of those children who always see even a losing game to the finish. Her sister might discover her, if she could; but until she did so, Nettie would remain behind her screen of clover.

"Sarah!" then called Alice. Sarah's little heart seemed to flutter into her throat, but the firm pressure of Nettie's hand on her arm was reassuring. Something of Nettie's doggedness then entered into her pliant nature, and she, too, decided that it were better to die of heat or suffocation, than answer this entirely disagreeable cousin; for it is a fact, however painful to admit, that never is a friend's cause so deeply our own as when our personal interests are likewise bound up in that cause. Sarah perceived that Alice's interruption threatened to destroy her pleasure for the afternoon, and she found herself sharing Nettie's rebellion against the interference.

Alice was pursuing her search diligently, and with the aid of the long-handled fork, had already drawn away the hay from the eaves opposite to the side on which the children lay. As she reached the end of the loft, she paused, and leaned out of the window, to get some fresh air, for she found the atmosphere of the barn stifling.

Her eyes, tired and smarting from the long hours in the sultry kitchen, went lingeringly over the fields, basking in the dreamy haze of the August afternoon. How cool and refreshing was the thicket, which ran up from the playful brook! She had often wished that she could lie down there for a whole day to rest; but she had never been able to take that day. It was always work, work! and standing there, she seemed to behold a picture of her life, caught and hopelessly tangled up in the eternally revolving wheel of domestic labor.

With an unconscious sigh, she was on the point of returning to her search, when she chanced to let her eyes fall on the locust tree, standing alone on a hill, which ran at a right angle from the loft window,—the wide-spreading locust tree, under which the children had found the horse. A muttered exclamation of surprise escaped her, and she leaned farther over the window-sill, in a vain effort to distinguish the man, who, when she first saw him, was stooping over a stone, and taking from under it what seemed to her, at the distance, to be an envelope. As she watched, she saw him unfold a letter, lift it to his lips, and then hastily thrust envelope and letter into his pocket. His next movement was to draw out a note-book and pencil, and after a minute, in which she judged he wrote a few lines on one of its pages, she saw him again bend over the stone, and lay under it a small white object. Then he drew himself up, walked rapidly down the hill, and was hidden from the watching eyes, as

he reached the narrow vale, through which the brook flowed.

"Well, I declare!" muttered Alice, and, like one in a dream, she walked across the hay, and went down the steep stairway, quite forgetful of the purpose of her visit to the loft. Nettie pushed aside the hay, and dragged the half-fainting Sarah from their hiding-place. They struggled to the small window, which had given Alice her first glimpse of a mystery or a romance, and filled their lungs with the refreshing air.

"If she had waited much longer, I reckon we would have died," she gasped. "I was never so nearly smothered in my life. But what made her leave, without pulling the hay out of the other side? It isn't like Alice to let anything go unfinished, after she has begun it."

"Maybe she couldn't get any breath either," observed Sarah, faintly.

"That wasn't the reason, for I heard her go to the window. Maybe the yellow jacket stung her, and she got sick. You see he has his new mud-house built up there on the rafter. Of course, Alice didn't see it, and when he came along and found her stopping up his way to get in, he just stung her. Something terrible must have happened, or she would never have given up until she found us. Whatever it was, I am glad. Aren't you?"

"Yes," assented Sarah, "but I wish we had a cooler place to hide in."

"This is the only place there is, and we don't have to hide all the time," rejoined the philosophical Nettie, as she crawled back to secure the book.

For another hour the reading was continued, and then they heard the flute-like voice of Grace calling them.

"We are coming," replied Nettie, thrusting the book into the hay. At the foot, sitting on the platform, with Rover's head on her lap, was Grace.

"What is the matter, Grace?" demanded Nettie, as her pitiless eyes fell on the exquisite face, looking out from the depths of the sun-bonnet. "You look—look scared!"

"Isn't it enough to make one look scared, when two little girls run off on a warm day, and nobody can find them?" asked Grace, and as she caught sight of the pained eyes Sarah's tender heart melted.

"I am sorry I scared you, Cousin Grace!" she cried, the red mouth beginning to quiver.

"Don't mind, Sarah! I am not scared now that I have found you." The playfulness of Grace's voice did not sound quite natural. "Nettie, we have needed you very badly this afternoon. Mother and Alice are tired—"

The beautiful voice broke, and something like a quiver ran over the fair face; but in the next instant, she was saying in her former tones:

"And so I came up to ask you if you will not help us a little? Alice is busy re-dusting the rooms, and mother has gone to the garden to get the vegetables for to-morrow. There are two pies in the oven to be watched, and the knives and forks to be scoured. Will you do this for me, while I go down into the field to get some daisies to decorate the table?"

"Of course I will!" promised Nettie, readily, for the evident weariness of Grace troubled her young conscience.

"I thought that you would," said Grace, the smile flitting over her face. "I will take Sarah with me to help gather the flowers. I shall be back in a little while."

CHAPTER IV.

COMPANY.

The Thursday, which was to bring the company, the big dinner, and the exhibition of the quilts, came in with a low, threatening sky.

"It is going to rain!" announced Nettie, as she sprang out of bed, and bounded to the open window. "It is going to rain and the company won't come, and mother and Alice will be so cross that they will make me mend all day, and we shan't get to read a line."

"O Lord!" ejaculated Sarah, sitting up in the bed and pushing the curls out of her eyes. "And we won't get any of the pies and cakes, nor to see the quilts."

"Oh! we shall get the cakes and pies, for they are already cooked, and have to be eaten to save them," Nettie threw back over her shoulder. "And if you want to see the quilts that badly, I will show them to you on Saturday, when mother and Alice go to town. They always go to town on Saturday, and then I have such a good time."

Sarah had extricated her little limbs from the coverlids, and was now leaning over the sill, contemplating the sky.

"But we shan't get to see the company."

"I shouldn't care if we never saw them!" retorted Nettie. "Brother Ed's wife will come, and whine, and whine, and whine! She is always saying she has got a headache, or a backache, or a toeache—anything, so it is an ache! I don't believe her, because if she were always aching, she couldn't get around as lively and eat as much as she does. Mildred just wants to be finicky, because she thinks it is stylish. I don't see how Ed stands her. Then, there will be old Mrs. Halley, who will poke her nose into everything in the house, if some one doesn't watch her. There's Miss Willy Dane. She is kinfolk of Mildred, and that is the reason we asked her, because we don't like her a bit."

"Why?" inquired Sarah.

"That is a secret," said Nettie, mysteriously.

"And what is a 'secret'?" Sarah had lived too closely to nature to be familiar with the terms of man.

"A secret is something you never must tell," explained Nettie, and in the solemn silence which followed the simple mind of Sarah tried to grasp and master the strange knowledge.

"Then, there is Mrs. Bailey. She wears spectacles, with big silver rims, and when she looks over them at you, with her pop eyes, you must not get scared and holler, for that would not be polite; and anyhow she won't hurt you."

"I do not think the company is at all nice," asserted Sarah.

"Mrs. Neill is nice, but maybe she won't come, for she and Mildred do not get along well together," said Nettie. "I wish she would come and Mildred would stop at home, for she can tell you the funniest stories you ever heard in your life. She and mother are great friends, and sometimes she stops several days with us. She can sing, too. There is one song she sings more than any other. I know it and I shall try to sing it for you, the way she does:

"'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

"'For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak a cup'"—

"Have you said your prayers?" A stern voice asked the question, and, turning quickly, the children saw Alice standing in the doorway, with the face and attitude of a young accusing angel.

"O Lord, no!" cried little Sarah, clasping her hands over the white bosom of her nightgown.

"Sarah Kenny! What is that you said?" cried the horrified Alice, advancing and catching the child threateningly by the shoulder. The action and the voice went like knives into the sensitive

heart of the child; and she broke into a passion of tears.

"She didn't mean any harm!" cried Nettie, snatching the weeping child from her sister. "She always heard her Aunt Dilly saying it. She did not have any one to tell her better."

"And now that she has some one, why do you interfere?" demanded Alice, with righteous indignation.

"Because you could not teach any one to be good," stormed Nettie. "You just make people want to be bad all the time. Wouldn't you rather be as wicked as your Aunt Dilly, Sarah, than as good as Alice? Say yes, Sarah!"

"Yes," said the sobbing child. "And my Aunt Dilly is not wicked, and I want to go home!" A long piteous wail concluded the words, and then the hearts of the three seemed to stand still, as they heard the heavy footsteps of Mr. Kenny on the stairway. As he came up slowly, the passionate sorrow of Sarah vented itself in an occasional heart-breaking sob, while Nettie and Alice looked at each other uneasily. Never, in the memory of either, had their father interfered in the bickering that did so much to mar the peace of the household; and they knew not what this portended.

There was an unusual brightness in his eyes, but otherwise his face wore its habitual calm, as he paused on the threshold and asked the cause of Sarah's crying, which had disturbed him at his morning prayers. Alice related the facts, with all the literalness of truth, and the man listened, with his thoughtful eyes bent on the frightened Sarah.

"You meant well, Alice," he then said, "but you are not old enough to know how to deal with a nature as different from your own, as is Sarah's. If you see faults in the child, speak to your mother about them, and leave the reproving to her. Sarah has not had much happiness in her life. We may not be able to give her any, but we must not add to her misery. I do not want," he added, "ever again to hear her cry in this house, as she was made to cry this morning."

He was not a man of many words, and now he turned and went slowly down to his interrupted devotions. In the moment which followed, Sarah's future in her uncle's home re-adjusted itself. The slow anger of her nature having been kindled by her father's reproof, burned out whatever tender sentiment for her cousin had lived in the breast of Alice; and a dislike, which was ultimately to turn into indifference, was sown in the ashes of that affection. And the slight, delicate-looking girl was the master mind and will of the family, although they were rarely openly asserted. Their working was sub-conscious, perhaps unconscious; and while none imagined it, it was Alice's opinions which were gradually coming to rule in the house, and were penetrating into the home of her brother, which was near enough to come within the circle of her influence. As she regarded Sarah, so, finally, would all, even the uncle, who had thus unwisely championed her cause. This would not be done through malice on the part of Alice, but simply because of the dominating influence of her mind.

"Have you said your prayers, Nettie?" she asked, turning to her sister.

Her father's pronounced attitude toward the strange cousin, so at variance with his attitude toward his own children, had a temporary clannish effect on Nettie, who now felt that, in some way, she had joined causes with her sister. It made her say more gently than was her wont: "No, I have not."

"Before you begin to talk and sing, you should first say your prayers. Now make haste down, for we want to get the house cleaned up early."

A painful silence followed her departure. Sarah was convinced that she had brought some terrible calamity upon the family, and, as she drew up her stockings, devoutly she wished that she were back once more with Aunt Dilly. But in the midst of her sorrow, she heard the glad barking of Rover, and instantly the clouds on her day lifted. If she were home, she would not have that good playfellow, nor the long watering trough, nor the prospect of beholding the wonderful quilts. She hoped it would not rain, and when she knelt to say her prayers, she asked God to send out the sun so the company would come, and fervently besought deliverance from the habit of calling upon His name irreverently, since it had on two occasions threatened to ruin her happiness. She also sent up a petition that poor Aunt Dilly might also be reclaimed from the evil, which was evidently a grave one. Then, comforted, she went down the stairs to Rover, who was waiting for her on the back porch.

(To be continued.)

FRENCH AND IRISH AFFINITIES.

BY SUSAN GAVAN DUFFY.

In a cosmopolitan city, such as Nice is, where most of the countries of Europe are represented, to say nothing of the complicated amalgam of nationalities furnished by visitors from Australia and the two Americas, much interest can be got out of the study of the affinities and differences presented to us by the various races of men. When I say study, I hardly mean anything so suggestive of research and real work as that serious word ought to imply, for the *dolce far niente* atmosphere of languorous pleasure-loving Nice, enervating as the drowsy air which swooned around the island of the lotus-eaters, does not tend to foster students. But a glorious morning sun-bath on *la Promenade des Anglais,* or an afternoon ramble among the olive groves round Cimiez, yields an added joy, if while the eye is delighted with all that is most lovely of sea and sky the mind is engaged in some mild intellectual pastime which is neither labor nor absolute idleness, but a pleasant something which lies between. And so in my walks abroad, and friendly intercourse with the natives, I have amused myself by tracing the subtle likeness which exists between the French people among whom I now dwell, and the people of the land where I was born, and their marked differences,—both, at so many points present, to those who have even a modicum of Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins. To begin with, there is an instinctive sympathy and good understanding between Gauls and Gaels (unfortunately lacking in the other case), which at once sets them at ease with each other, and reveals them at their best. And where they diverge, for their characteristic traits are by no means identical, they are mutually tolerant of these *détours,* and ready to make generous allowance for each other's idiosyncrasies—a form of charity of which hostile nationalities are rarely capable.

Both nations trust, probably, too much to intuition, have quick perceptions and

sensibilities, and are so easily moved to tears and laughter, so lifted on high by hope, and dashed so low by despair, that their calmer neighbors, whose disciplined feelings are kept under stricter custody, sneer at them as frothy and hysterical.

These exquisite brighteners of our dull world, French *esprit,* and Irish wit, bubbling up spontaneously, like water from a spring, are surely akin, and between them lift the load of life from weary shoulders as nothing else—but the belief in God's Providence—can do! And the sanguine temperament,—always hoping for the best, and quick to see the glint of the silver lining shining through the darkest cloud,—is it not found more often among the French and Irish than among other nationalities? Theirs, too, the saving gift of seeing the humorous side of things when it is so hidden away by misery, or overlaid by the commonplace, as to be beyond the vision of others; and Provençaux (for it is the French of the South whom I know best) and Irish alike have so much imagination that they see by the light that never was on sea or land,—an invaluable gift when the sunlight which serves ordinary mortals reveals what is *un*popularly known as a black look-out.

Another gracious gift the two races undoubtedly have in common is charm of manner. This charm, though it exists all along the line, is only to be found in perfection at the two extremes of society, for the vast middle class, naturally most *en evidence,* has not wholly escaped the taint of vulgarity and aggressiveness which has everywhere invaded moder manners. But I hold that those quite delightful people, well-bred men and women of French or Irish birth, are as a rule so tactful, courteous and genial, that they are fitted without any special training to take their place in diplomatic circles; so certain are they to always say the right thing in the right way, to steer clear of embarrassing subjects, to conciliate and win over the people with whom they have dealings, and to make social intercourse run on pneumatic tires. Indeed it seems to me, prejudiced woman that I am, that a French or Irish grandmother is a luxury no good old English family can afford to deny itself, as the sweetness and light she will have bequeathed to her descendants, will, without undermining the national character, add a piquancy and zest which will probably have been omitted in the *pâte* of which they were originally formed. Let any one count up the brightest and most lovable of their English friends, trace back their descent a generation or two, and see if it does not lead to this sprightly grandmother. Just a modification of the universal axiom, *Cherchez la femme!*

If simple dignity, natural refinement, and absence of self-consciousness are the basis of good manners, then surely the peasants of both races, who abound in these qualities, may claim also in their degree to be well bred. It has been my good fortune to have been on more than one occasion the guest of French peasants, who played their rôle of hosts with such simple hospitality and grace as to put me completely at my ease. Once it happened that a well-to-do *paysan* and his wife got up a little garden *fête* for a party of which I was a member. The table was spread in a bower built among the branches of an enormous chestnut tree. This bower, proudly named Robinson by its fashioner and proprietor, in compliment to the summer residence of Robinson Crusoe, made a delightful and original banquet hall, and the *close* of a very successful entertainment was reached when, at the end of the repast, as the coffee was served, our host re-

cited some verses he had written for the occasion. If these verses did not scan accurately, they at least expressed the most kindly sentiments, with just enough poetry in them to warrant the author claiming kinship with the famous troubadours of Provence.

Another time it was quite a poor woman who feasted us generously from her solitary mulberry tree. She, too, had set her table in a garden, with all her available plates, and a little twig beside each, on which to impale the fruit, lest our fingers should be stained by the crimson juice. And when my turn came to return these hospitalities, I found my humble friends were no less admirable as guests than they had been as hosts, a severe test, for many people of less primitive experience, who are comparatively at ease among their own familiar surroundings, are apt to feel *gauche* when they get away from those supports, and to become painfully stiff and unnatural when they put on company manners. But my peasants were unaffectedly happy, and quite free from restraint; and if any of the table appliances were new to them, they took them as a matter of course, and used them at least as skillfully as we had manipulated the twigs. And no guests I ever entertained made me prettier compliments. It is just because of their facility for saying pretty things, which come to their lips as pearls did to the princess in the fairy tale, that both Irish and French are sometimes charged with being insincere. But it is no effort to these sympathetic people to be agreeable; the kindly, gracious word comes to them as naturally as song to a bird or scent to a flower, a fact which people with less gracious impulses, to whom it is an effort to be genial, fail to grasp.

A friend of mine, who likes to go to the root of things, maintains that the good will between Gaels and Gauls dates back to the Deluge, and that both races, or, rather, certain tribes of both races, had Japhet for a common ancestor. I am sorry to lack antiquarian lore sufficient to verify or combat this theory, and shall not hark back beyond St. Patrick, a Frenchman whose services to Erin may well have laid the foundation of the bond of sympathy between the country of his birth and the country of his love.

SLANDER.

(After Bürger.)

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

When Slander's tongue pierces thine heart
  Take comfort in this saying trite—
"It's ne'er the bad and rotting fruit,
  That gives the wasp her appetite."

MARBLE MONUMENT TO PIUS IX, UNDER THE HIGH ALTAR OF ST. MARY MAJOR, ROME. HERE HE FIRST INTENDED TO BE BURIED.

IN THE PAPAL WARS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY J. LOFTUS.

Part III.

THE FALL OF ROME.

On the 16th of September, 1864, the famous "Convention of September" had been drawn up at Paris between Italy and the Emperor of the French, regarding the future of the remnant of territory left to the Holy See. Napoleon still watched over Rome, and determined that Victor Emmanuel should respect her rights. Victor Emmanuel's Government, however, only looked for a pretext to seize the Eternal City, and was deterred only by France. Thus matters stood until 1864 when France insisted on having the future definitely settled.

The following are the articles of the Convention:

ACT I. "Italy was obliged not to attack the actual territory of the Pope, and to prevent by force every attack that may proceed from without.

ACT II. France shall withdraw her troops gradually, according as the army of the Pope is organized. The withdrawal shall be completed within the space of two years.

ACT III. The Italian Government shall not protest against the organi-

zation of the Pontifical army, although it be composed of foreign Catholic volunteers, in as far as it may be able to sustain the authority of the Pope and tranquillity in his territory to the boundary of the Papal states. Nevertheless it is to be understood this force must not become a menace to the Government of Italy.

ACT IV. Italy declares herself ready to treat for the assuming on her part of a proportional part of the debt on the ancient state of the Church.

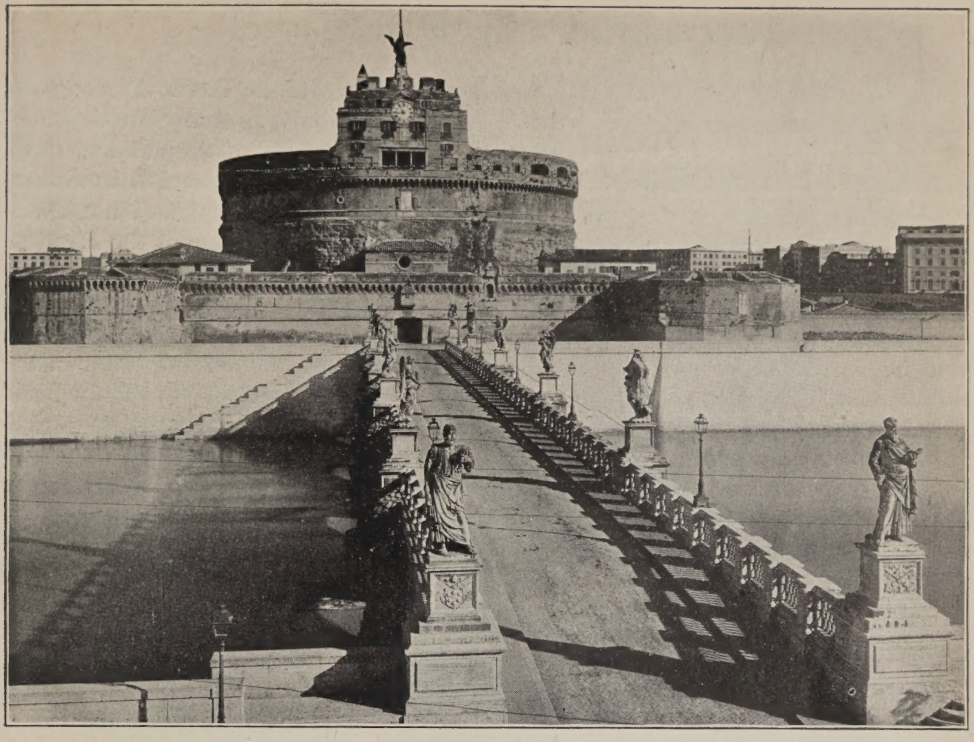
ACT V. The present Convention shall be ratified, and the ratifications shall be exchanged within fifteen days."

THE HOLY STAIRS OF JERUSALEM. IN ROME FOR OVER 1000 YEARS.

From the tenor of these articles it will be seen how fast Italy was bound to remain satisfied with what she had plundered from the Pope, and what a difficult part she endeavored to play in 1867 by secretly favoring the Garibaldian invasion, while, at the same time, convincing France of her fidelity to the Convention.

If Italy had been able to deceive France and the other Catholic Powers as to her real intentions, she failed to blind individual Catholics. Danger now surrounded the very throne of Peter itself—menaced Rome, the city of the popes and martyrs; yet France kept her eyes closed and Europe remained silent. But what devotion was shown by the Catholic family of the Sovereign Pontiff! In France, Spain, America, Ireland, Holland, Hungary, Sweden, part of England, and every province in Italy, small bands of young men hesitated not to leave aside their titles, throw up lucrative positions, and rally round their beloved Pontiff. Even from Canada, and parts of Asia and Africa, men came to save Pius IX from the rapacity of the Government of Italy.

The opportunity so long sought for by Italian statesmen came much sooner than anybody expected. The evening of the 19th of July, 1870, was a momentous one for Europe. That evening, in the Senate House in Paris, the Duke of Gramont announced to the French Senate that war had been declared upon Prussia. It was the prelude to a short and miserable struggle of what was once the first military power on earth — first for conquest, then for bare life. It saw in the near future the deposition of an Emperor — thrust



FORTRESS OF SAN ANGELO

from his throne by a people disgusted by his weakness and vacillation; it foreshadowed the French eagle struggling in the merciless talons of that of Prussia; it brought with it the fall of Rome, and made the Vicar of Christ a prisoner within the city from which he had ruled for a thousand years.

No sooner had France seen the sword which she had drawn upon Prussia growing weak than Napoleon determined to withdraw his few thousand soldiers from Rome. Italy, knowing well this move of the Emperor was a mere bid for either her assistance or neutrality, hesitated about coming to any decision. She made no pronouncement about the war, but still declared to the French Government her intention of observing the Convention most faithfully; and France in turn tried to buoy up the hopes of the Holy See that "United Italy" would never dare molest Rome. But Pius IX, who had had such bitter experiences of what Italian promises were worth, was too well aware of the contrary. During the final interview which General Dumont —who had been in command of the French troops in Rome—had with the Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Antonelli, the French soldier reassured the Cardinal that the withdrawal of the troops made no matter; United Italy would respect the Convention, etc. The Secretary heard him patiently to the end, and then rejoined—"All you have said is very good, General, but I must tell you there are three men—men in an excellent position to judge of the situation—who have not the confidence with which you desire to inspire me: the first is yourself, the second is Victor Emmanuel, and I am the third."

Nor was the great Cardinal mistaken. No sooner did Italy lose all hope of France's success in the war, than she came to an agreement with Protestant Prussia that, in return for her neutrality in the war, she should be later on shield-

ed from French vengeance in case of her attack upon Rome. Stormy scenes between the friends and foes of the Holy See ensued in the Italian House of Parliament. Nancini, the arch-enemy of Pius IX, in a speech conspicuous for its violence and lack of honor, urged the Government to an immediate declaration of war upon the Pope. "The moment cannot be more propitious!" he cried. "Just consider. The Pope stands alone; Spain must provide for peace within her own confines; France is in a pitiable condition; Prussia has refused to guarantee the safety of the Pontifical territory . . . Austria frightened by the new dogma of (papal) Infallibility is withdrawing herself from the Concordat."

These and similar arguments at length prevailed, and the spoliation of the Holy See was immediately decided upon.

Even at this stage we should not view their decision with such repugnance was not their subsequent conduct characterized by the most unblushing hypocrisy. Soon a circular was sent to every court in Europe lamenting "how much the Italian Government felt the necessity of satisfying the legitimate aspirations of the Italian people." It promised to secure "the independence, liberty and spiritual authority of the Pope." It regretted that foreigners had to protect the Pontiff from his Roman subjects—although the fact stared Italy in the face that no people in Europe more loved their ruler than did the Romans love Pius the Ninth. After this followed a list of promises regarding the conduct of the Piedmont Government when it should have taken over Rome from the Head of the Church—promises, indeed, not one of which was ever observed and probably not intended to be so either.

This document was followed by another which partook both of a farcical and hypocritical character. "His Majesty, the King," wrote the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, "as guardian . . . of the integrity . . . of the national territory, and having the interest, as Sovereign of a Catholic people, of not abandoning to danger the fate of the Head of the Church, assumes faithfully, in accordance with his duty, in the presence of Europe and the Catholic world, the responsibility of maintaining order in the Peninsula and protecting the Holy See."

But in what manner was Victor Emmanuel to put those fair speeches into execution? We may as well ask the manner in which the wolf protects the lamb. This gracious policy was carried out by ruthlessly despoiling the aged Pope-King of the barren tract of land and the city of the Cæsars, which the eldest daughter of the Church had forbidden him to touch ten years before. And this meant "protecting the Holy See!"

Europe received this intimation without protest. The Republic of Ecuador alone of all the nations had the courage to boldly protest against the spoliation. It seems the irony of fate that thirty-five years afterwards, Pius the Tenth should be compelled to complain to the world, at a consistory, of opposition shown to the Church to-day by that same Republic; that Protestant Prussia should vie with Catholic powers in honoring the Holy See; that Catholic France, who once insisted on surrounding with her legions the throne of Peter, should now do her utmost to obliterate all traces of religion from her face.

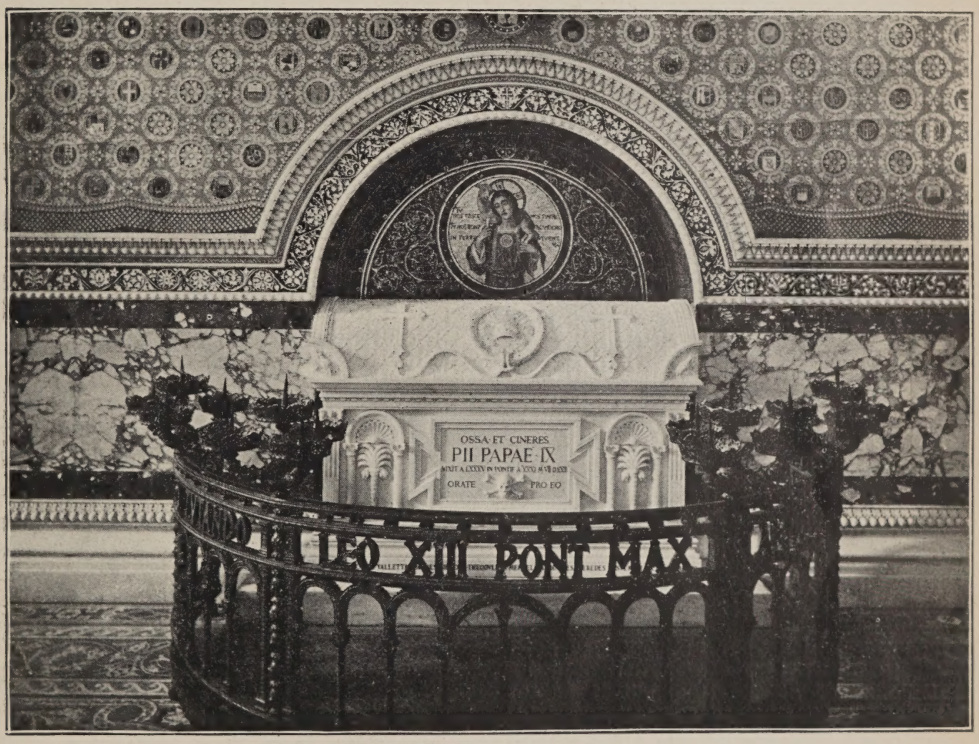
Both sides were now prepared for the crisis; Pius IX determined to defend his city by force of arms; Victor Emmanuel had 65,000 men under arms waiting for the word to march upon Rome. The King of Italy, however, resolved to enter the Eternal City peacefully, if possible, and, accordingly, made Count Ponza the bearer of a letter to the Pope. A

few extracts will be of interest here as an instance of unprecedented audacity and cool effrontery. It opened thus:—

Most Holy Father:

With the affection of a son, with the faith of a Catholic, with the sentiments of an Italian, I address myself now, as on former occasions, to the heart of your Holiness.

A storm full of perils menaces Europe. By the aid of the war which desolates the centre of the continent, the Revolutionary Party of the world increases in daring and



TOMB OF PIUS IX IN CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE, OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF ROME.

is preparing—especially in Italy and the parts governed by your Holiness—the greatest dangers for the Monarchy and the Papacy.

I know, Most Holy Father, that the greatness of your mind will not be less in the magnitude of these events; but I being a Catholic king and an Italian, . . . feel it my duty to take, before Europe and the Catholic world, the responsibility of preserving order in the peninsula and the safety of the Holy See.

I see the necessity for the security of Italy and the Holy See, that my troops—who are already posted at the frontier—should advance to occupy that position which will be indispensable for the safety of your Holiness and the maintenance of order.

Your Holiness will not see in this precaution a hostile act. . . . If your Holiness, as I do not doubt, and as your sacred character and benign mind lead me to hope, is inspired with a desire equal to mine, of avoiding all conflict and violence, you will confer with Count Ponza, who bears this letter, and who is empowered with all necessary instructions from my Government. . . . Your Holiness, by liberating Rome from foreign troops, by removing from it the danger of being the continual battle-ground of opposing factions, will have concluded an admirable work, will have restored peace to the Church, and shown Europe, now aghast at the horrors of war, how great battles can be won and immortal victories achieved by one act of justice and one word of affection.

I beseech your Holiness to deign to impart to me your Apostolic Benediction, and I again protest to your Holiness sentiments of my profound respect. I am

Your Holiness' most humble, obedient and devoted,

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

The gentle old Pontiff read the epistle to the last word, then a glow of anger and indignation suffused his countenance. "What is the use of this display of hypocrisy?" he cried with vehemence. "I recognize in the Italian Government no right to interfere in the internal affairs of Rome. I always hoped that I should be allowed to end my days in peace without seeing the last rood of my territory wrested from me. With regard to the guarantees and assurances made to me, I have good reason to know what they are worth, especially under a Government whose policy changes with every change of ministry. You may carry out your intentions but you will never obtain my consent. I can yield to violence, but to sanction injustice—never!"

Such was the determination of the Head of the Church against the powerful and ruthless prince. His greatest enemies never brought a charge against him worse than that of his being too gentle, too good. Yet hear how he stood alone, dauntless and undaunted, forsaken by his friends, threatened by his foes, but resolved, if necessary, to die for justice.

Not a moment was lost in sending Victor Emmanuel an answer full of calm dignity and courtesy:

Your Majesty:

The letter which your Majesty was good enough to direct to me was delivered by Count Ponza of St. Martino, but it is not worthy of an affectionate son who glories in professing the Catholic faith and prides himself in royal loyalty.

I do not enter into the details of your letter, in order not to renew the sorrow which its first perusal occasioned me. I bless God who has permitted your Majesty to fill the last period of my life with bitterness.

For the rest, I cannot allow certain demands nor agree to certain principles put forward in your letter.

Again I invoke the help of God, and place in His hands my cause, which is, indeed, His. I pray He will confer many graces upon your Majesty, shield you in danger, and show you the mercy of which you stand in need.

PIUS P. P. IX.

That very day which saw the despatch of this epistle beheld an army of 70,000 Piedmontese troops cross the Papal frontier. They marched in five divisions, under the supreme command of General Cadorna. Rome was their goal, and the crushing of the 12,000 half-armed men —who had come from the north and the south, from the east and the west, to give their blood for the Pope-King, —their highest aim.

Within the walls of Rome all was tranquil, and the citizens, full of sympathy with their beloved Sovereign, lost no opportunity of testifying their loyalty and affection.

The Papal Zouaves worked with superhuman energy to put the city in a state of defence; which, indeed, was a colossal task, as the walls surrounding the Eternal City* had been long yielding to the ravages of time, and no necessity for fortifications had arisen for many centuries. General Kanzler who was placed in command of the army inspired the men with extraordinary enthusiasm.

The ancient walls were strengthened; several of the city gates were built up; sand bags were placed on the crests of the fortifications for the protection of the men; and 160 cannon, many of them, indeed, of obsolete type and short range, were mounted around the city. Paid spies and other creatures moved among the soldiers and citizens endeavoring to seduce them from their allegiance. The former had no time to return any answer, but the latter simply ducked the hirelings in the Tiber.

Soon all was in readiness for the invading army, and the battle between light and darkness was about to begin. The

* The most famous fortification still protecting Rome is the great brick wall built by Aurelian. Isolated remains of the walls built by the kings are yet extant, but they are mere traces. Some of the Popes extended the walls, but those of Aurelian, commenced in 129 A.D., are still the chief fortifications.

morning of the 16th of September, 1870, found 70,000 men encamped on Mount Marius, immediately outside the walls of Rome. Many times before had the mistress of the world witnessed a similar spectacle,* but all had frankly come as open enemies, not like Victor Emmanuel with the mask of hypocritical friendship.

A letter was delivered that evening to General Kanzler, asking him to allow the Italian army a peaceful entry into Rome. The writer, General Cadorna, pointed out the futility of opposition, but received for his pains only a curt reply that the Sovereign Pontiff did not desire the presence of enemies within the walls. Another letter followed next morning in which the apostate Cadorna† was gracious enough to hold out as an enticement to surrender that his soldiers should march into Rome to the cry of "Viva Pio Nono!" Not even did this tempting allurement captivate the Pontifical troops. The attack was then postponed for twenty-four hours in hopes that the Pope himself might allow a peaceful entry. The only answer, however, the outraged Pontiff returned was that "the Italians might and could overpower him, but they should enter only after it should have been made evi-

BASILICA OF ST. MARY MAJOR

Its roof is covered inside with the first gold brought from America, which was presented to Pope Alexander VI by Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain.

* Successive hordes of barbarians, under Aleric, Genseric, Attila, swooped down upon Rome. The Constable De Bourbon, in the sixteenth century, sacked it and left it a mass of shapeless ruins. Attila, "the Scourge of God," appeared at its gates with his myriads, but awestruck by the august mien of Pope Leo I, the savage monarch withdrew, leaving the city unmolested.

† General Cadorna was a friar in his early days.

MONUMENT TO GARIBALDI ON THE JANICULUM HILL.

dent to the world that force alone obtained Rome." All hope of submission being now past, the powerful hosts were made ready to attack the city the following morning.

Perhaps the saddest of Christian Rome's many sad nights was that of the 19th of September. Through the entire night priests heard the confessions of the men who in reality desired to prepare for death. They resolved, if defeated at the ramparts, to fight from street to street; and afterwards, this failing, from house to house. Towards evening Pius IX drove from the Vatican to the Church of Santa Croce where the Holy Stairs* and other great relics of the Passion are kept.

Old and heart-broken as he was, Pius IX, resolved to climb the Stairs, like one of the ordinary faithful, on his knees, to implore the assistance of Him whose battles he was fighting. Having reached the landing in a state of exhaustion, he sank

* The Holy Stairs, down which our Saviour walked after being condemned by Pilate to the death of the Cross, was brought from Jerusalem by Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great. It has been preserved with the greatest reverence in Rome for over one thousand years. Throughout the year, but especially on Good Friday, tens of thousands, Romans and foreigners, climb the sacred steps on their knees, with the greatest fervor. As no foot must touch the marble, a wooden casing encloses it. Through glass let into the wood, traces of the Divine Redeemer's blood may yet be seen.

upon his knees, his forehead touching the floor, and poured out his very soul to the Master. "O Great God!" he cried, "My Lord and my Sovereign, behold me, your unworthy representative, here in the midst of my enemies come to beseech your divine help." Then convulsive sobs shook the aged frame, and one of the most sublime of prayers passed the quivering lips. The Father of Christendom asked the Almighty to spare Rome. If a sacrifice was wanted He might take the life of His Vicar—but save the Vicar's beloved Romans. He reminded Heaven of his age, his ill-health, the number of his enemies; he offered the merits of Rome's martyrs—the martyrs of the Colosseum where so many thousands of Christ's fearless followers listened to the roar of eighty thousand spectators "Christiani ad leones!" He offered the sufferings of the Man-God Who had descended these steps nineteen centuries before to die for sinners. "Spare—spare Rome from the hands of her invaders," was his cry. His own life meant nothing, Rome meant all. Then after a few minutes meditation he arose, saying, "After all the will of God is the best. May it alone be done.*

Then the Pope went with the Noble Guards to his carriage, and drove back to the Vatican, cold and silent. As he passed through the streets his loving people hailed him with affection; but the sight of his enemies' cannon pointed at his beloved capital seemed to have broken his heart. On arriving at the Vatican, he quickly made his way to his own apartments, leaving strict orders to be left alone and to be called as soon as the first shot should be fired by the enemy the following morning.

The cannon of the Piedmontese opened fire exactly at five A. M., and soon the city was encircled by a hail of flame. Early as the hour was, Pius IX was fully dressed when called. He at once went to his private oratory, recited part of his breviary and made his morning meditation. Then with an air of unspeakable sadness he stood looking out at the guns of the invaders belching forth fire and death upon Rome and his brave Zouaves, who were fighting with almost superhuman energy.

With a deep sigh he turned away and commenced to vest for Mass. What a fervent Mass that was! What thoughts surged through the Pope's mind as the roar of hostile cannon frequently rendered his voice inaudible! How earnestly he besought the Lord Whom he held in his trembling hands!

His own Mass over, Pius IX heard another of thanksgiving, and then remained in deep, silent prayer. On rising, the Pontiff was reminded by an attendant that his breakfast hour was already past, but he replied he could touch no food. Then he proceeded to the great audience hall where the Diplomatic Corps awaited his arrival.

Amid a painful silence the Vicar of Christ took his seat upon the throne. Around him stood the representatives of nations who had so basely deserted him in this his hour of peril, but not a sign of resentment appeared on his countenance as he solemnly blessed them. Many of them he knew would wish doubtless to adopt any measure for his rescue. After a short pause Pius IX commenced to speak.

"Once before, gentlemen, you gathered around me in 1848, and your presence consoled and cheered me. May God bless you for your goodness.

"I have written to the King, but I do not know if my letter has reached him. However, whether it has or not, I have now no hope of touching his heart or

* The above is the gist of Pius the Ninth's prayer on this dramatic occasion. One of his attendants wrote it down privately at the time.

of arresting his ungracious proceedings. Bixio, the notorious Bixio is now at our doors supported by an Italian army. He is now a Royalist general. Years ago, when a simple Republican, he made a promise that should he ever get within the walls of Rome he would throw me into the Tiber. In an hour or two he may fulfill his promise. Were it not for the sin which he should bring upon his unhappy soul, I would not make an effort to thwart him. May God forgive him!

"Only yesterday I received a message from the young gentlemen of the American College, begging—nay, I should rather say—demanding permission to arm themselves and become the defenders of my person. Though there are few in Rome in whose hands I should feel more secure than in the hands of these fearless young Americans, I declined their generous offer with thanks and bade them devote their kind efforts to caring for my wounded soldiers.*

"Yesterday on my way to the Holy Stairs, I saw the flags of the different nationalities waving over their respective establishments throughout the city. I realized with pain that the colors were flung to the breeze by these people to save their property and their lives from the invaders, to extort from them that security and peace which my poor flag is no longer able to give.

"I would be glad, gentlemen, to say I rely upon you and upon the countries which you have the honor to represent for deliverance from my difficulties and for the restoration of the Church, as was the case in 1848. But times are changed. The poor, old Pope has now no friend on earth upon whom he can rely. Relief must come from Heaven. Still, gentlemen, remember the Catholic Church is immortal."

The heart-broken Pontiff had scarcely ceased to speak when a messenger arrived, breathless, with the information that the enemy had just made a breach in the walls. Cadorna's sharp eyes had discovered that the Porta Pia, being badly built, offered but little resistance. By a concentrated fire of short duration the old walls were battered down at that spot, and nothing remained but to charge.

His charge, however, was opposed by the Papal troops who fought with incredible skill and, indeed, even recklessness. The Piedmontese were thrown back in disorder. But they soon rallied. The Zouaves stood ready to receive them again; but that moment an order from the Pope commanded them to lay down their arms, as further bloodshed would be useless. Next moment the enemy flocked into the city and—Rome was lost! With a mighty shout of victory the Piedmont soldiers rushed onwards insulting their few, but gallant, foes, making a mockery of all religion, and spreading a reign of terror among the inhabitants. Thus did the minions of a ruthless king, who called himself "Catholic," deprive the Head of the Catholic Church of the last remnant of his ancient territory.

So fell the throne of a thousand years, after beholding the rise and fall of kings and emperors, governments and dynasties, the dissolution of many nations and empires. Thus fell Rome, and with it was broken the last tie which bound modern with mediæval Europe.

* The Pope refers here to the North American College, which was founded, at his special request, by the American hierarchy. This institution numbers the largest number of students of foreign colleges in Rome, the total now being over one hundred and twenty young men. Catholic America has reason to be proud of her national college in the Eternal City.

TWO DEATHBEDS.

We pass over eight years to stand by the deathbeds of the Head of the Catholic Church and of the King of Italy.

One evening in the month of January, 1878, Victor Emmanuel II went to enjoy his after-dinner cigar. A few minutes later he lay unconscious on the floor, in the throes of death, within the walls of the apostolic palace on the Quirinal Hill, which he had taken from the Pope.

Three days later, the King died, after being fully reconciled to Holy Church. The moment he learned of his danger, Pius IX had sent his own private chaplain to absolve the King from the sentence of excommunication and to convey to the dying man his apostolic benediction. Such was the return the outraged Pontiff made his despoiler. Victor Emmanuel's remains were laid to rest in the Pantheon.*

One month later, Pius the Ninth, who celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his episcopal consecration, who had outreigned the years of Peter* and seen the thirty-second year of his pontificate, fell ill and calmly passed away amid the tears and prayers of Christendom.

Before his death, the Pope changed his mind regarding his last resting place.

Some years previously he had his tomb prepared in the Basilica of St. Mary Major† and, up to a short time before his death intended to be laid there. As the end drew near he called the ecclesiastics who surrounded his bed: "Bury me," he said, "out among the poor at S. Lorenzo's. It is there I wish to rest." And there Pius the Ninth sleeps to-day—"out among the poor"—in the Church of St. Lawrence—away from the world that had made his life a prolonged martyrdom.

Pius the Ninth was eighty-five years and seven months old at his death, fifty-nine of which he had passed in the sacred ministry.

When the remains of this, one of the greatest of Pontiffs, were being conveyed by midnight from the Vatican Palace to their last resting place in the

* The Pantheon is rightly called the most perfect pagan building in Rome. It was built originally, as the restored inscription on the frieze shows, by Marcus Agrippa, in 27 B.C. It was restored by Septimus Severus and Caracalla, but under Trajan was totally destroyed by lightning. Hadrian then rebuilt from the foundations. The Pantheon was closed as a temple in 391 A.C., but in 608 Pope Boniface IV consecrated it as a Christian Church, which it has since remained, under the name of "S. Maria ad Martyres." The interior of the Pantheon is a rotunda 143 feet in diameter. It is lighted only by an aperture 28 feet in diameter, in the roof. Although the rains of heaven have been coming in this aperture for nineteen centuries, and in spite of all the vandalism it has been subjected to, it still stands fair and firm, and always brings us back to the day when it was the temple of all the gods whose statues are now replaced in the niches by those of the saints. Among others buried there, are King Humbert, son and successor of Victor Emmanuel II, who fell a victim to the dagger of an Italian anarchist, Raffælle, Peruggi, etc.

* From the days of St. Peter until those of Pius the Ninth, a tradition existed in Rome that "no Pope should ever outreign the years of Peter"—twenty-five years. Pius IX, however, reigned thirty-two as Sovereign Pontiff. His Pontifical Jubilee was celebrated with such eclat in 1871, by the world at large, that Pio Nono burst into tears on the last day of the celebrations.

† The Basilica of St. Mary Major was founded by Pope Liberius and John, a Roman patrician, 352. On the 5th of August of that year, the spot upon which the basilica stands was covered with snow, and, according to tradition, the Blessed Virgin, appearing in a vision, told them a church should be built there bearing her name. This legend is commemorated here on the 5th of August every year, the feast of "Our Lady of the Snow," when, during solemn high Mass, showers of white roses are thrown down constantly through two apertures in the vaulting.

The flat roof is gilt with the first gold brought from South America and bestowed on Pope Alexander VI by Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain.

Church of St. Lawrence,* outside the walls of Rome, the cortege was attacked by a band of Garibaldians and Socialists who attempted to throw the coffin into the Tiber. To atone for this insult the Catholic world converted Pius the Ninth's last resting place into a chapel unparalleled, even in Rome, for its magnificence, respecting his dying wish, however, of allowing him to sleep in a plain sarcophagus with the epitaph which he himself had written.

"Ossa et Cineres Pii Papæ IX." ("The Bones and Ashes of Pope Pius IX.")

* In the Church of St. Lawrence, the remains of St. Lawrence, St. Stephen, the first martyr, and St. Justin are preserved here, under the high altar, in a silver shrine.

LONELY.

BY "CAHIR O."

The heather up on Croghan's shinin' purple in the sun,
  There's silver on the haw-bush and there's goold upon the whin
My father's face is cheery for the ripenin' has begun
  But *ochanee?* it's me that's quare an' lonely.

It's blithe to see the daisies peepin' at ye thro' the grass
  An' to hear the birdeens callin' from the hedges that ye pass;
But the laughin' o' the boys an' *cailins* comin' home from Mass
  Is hard upon a body that be's* lonely.

Och? *ochanee?* I mind the time it's me could lift a song;
  It's not so very long ago, in troth not very long.
An' I could laugh the heartiest o' them I'd be among
  But och? the heart be's heavy when ye're lonely.

The goold was in his curly hair the day he sailed away.
  I watched an' watched his trawler till she crossed Burncrana Bay—
An' now we'll niver meet no more until the Judgment Day
  Ochone, but thinkin' makes a *cailin* lonely.

†*"Mo leanbh bocht!"* my mother said, the day his fate was known;
  My father niver spoke, but squeezed my two hands in his own.
But I could only think o' Pat beneath the waves, his lone!
  ‡*Mo leun? Mo leun?* 'tis that that makes me lonely.

*North of Ireland for *is*, in the habitual present.
†"My poor child," pronounced, "Mull yanniv bucht."
‡"My grief," pronounced, "Mull yane."

A CAPTIVE SUNBEAM.

BY MAUD REGAN.

Her sponsors, in a spirit of prophecy, had named the tiny blue eyed morsel Hope, and as she smiled and sang her way through the years of a particularly sunny childhood, she might have been the radiant embodiment of the virtue whose name she bore.

Walking was, from the very outset of her career a form of locomotion which her impetuosity seemed to spurn.

A vision of twinkling feet and flying pinafore, and tumbled golden curls, she would flit along the garden paths like some vivid human butterfly, while Murphy, the ancient autocrat of those fragrant and glowing, though somewhat chaotic, realms, would follow her capricious dartings and sudden poisings over some new miracle of bud or blossom which the night had brought forth, with eyes that beamed pridefully.

"A reg'lar glint o' sunshine, that's what she is!" he would exclaim delightedly.

"Here, Miss Hope, darlin', I'm after pickin' ye a grand posy."

And the child retracing her way with little hops and jumps, and a queer crooning song improvised for the benefit of whichever member of a numerous doll-family happened at the moment to be clasped head downward in a fervent, if injudicious embrace, would graciously accept a tribute for which her elders sued in vain.

Alas, that even for such gay flitting things as humming-birds and butterflies the nets are spread!

In Hope's seventeenth summer, (one instinctively ignored winter in computing the brief tale of her years), there began to manifest itself a slight lameness against which she struggled at first incredulously, the gay indomitable spirit over-riding mere physical disabilities, but with an effort which grew daily more exhausting.

All the home circle leagued itself against the intrusion of a fear which, in connection with one so splendidly alive, seemed too tragic to be faced.

It was the girl herself that sent quietly for the old physician who with Murphy and Santa Claus—an oddly assorted triumvirate—had once divided the empire of her childish affections. In response to her insistent demands he told her, somewhat huskily for so old a practitioner, a truth which stripped of all euphuism and kindly circumlocution meant that little merry, tripping Hope must go soberly all her days.

"Thank you, doctor," she said softly, after a moment's pause, during which the old man walked to the window and gazed misty-eyed across the garden, so full of color and motion, with its darting birds, its floating moths, its showering petals.

"I had much rather know first. I can get used to the idea alone, and bye and bye when you tell the others it will be easier for them if they know I don't mind—much."

It was in a final appeal from the old doctor's verdict that she was brought to a famous hospital in a city some hundred miles distant from her home. While installing her in a white, sun-filled room and calming the fears of a mother reluctantly confiding her treasure to alien keeping, the nurse, who was to become her most ardent slave, gleaned something of the fragmentary information which has just been recorded.

"Why, mother, darling, I shall love it here," she said gaily. "It's all sunshine!"

Somehow the words seemed to strike the key-note of her hospital sojourn.

Through gray days or gold, the girl's indomitable cheeriness created an atmosphere which made itself felt on the very threshold of the flower-filled room whose hospitality she dispensed with childish gayety.

On days when pain called a truce she evolved with the aid of her chafing dish, a very witch's cauldron of savory and mysterious brews,—little delicacies for the regalement of the tired nurses, who early acquired the habit of spending their "hours off" in the one corner of the building which gloom never invaded.

"What a tonic she is after these neurotic women!" exclaimed a sorely tried "special," who for two months had been humoring the vagaries of a social leader recuperating after the futile activities of a strenuous season.

"You are a lucky girl to have her all to yourself," she continued looking up to the tall dark girl with Irish eyes, whom, following the initiative of a Chinese patient, the training school had christened "Missy Nurse."

"Oh, she's dear—if only one could do more for her. She suffers horribly," the girl answered, disconsolately. "It's a pity we have hearts. We should be mere machines for giving medicines or taking temperatures, so we wouldn't suffer with such little heroines as Hope."

Through Missy Nurse, all the cheery gossip of the hospital penetrated to the girl's room. The ward has its humors as well as its tragedies, and these she greeted with her little sudden infectious laugh which ran down an entire scale of mirth.

She was the first to hear the story of the "Most Unsophisticated Probationer," or in hospital parlance "Prob" who, following abjectly in the train of a stern visiting surgeon, had faltered, in reply to his abrupt demand for a probe.

"Yes, doctor, I'm the probe," and had been unable to appeal from the conviction of lunacy which she read in his stern blue eye.

There was also food for mirth in a scene from which Missy Nurse came fresh to her bedside.

She had been discharging, as cured, an ancient dame in whom a two months' residence in snug hospital quarters had bred a strong distaste for the austerities of her former lot.

"There's people better able to go, lying there snug in bed," she was volubly complaining to Missy Nurse on the staircase, when suddenly in the lower hall she espied the eminent medical light, whom she regarded as the author of her woes.

Abruptly shaking off a restraining grasp and announcing to the horrified girl her fell purpose of treating "that Molson" to "a slice of her tongue," she bearded the astonished dignitary, held in awe by even such august beings as head nurses and house surgeons, with the declaration:—

"It's well known you have an enmity against me," and proceeded with the different counts of her indictment till a smiling orderly, by dint of promises and threats, led her, still protesting, to the waiting cab.

Tales of the little, sunny, lame girl who vanquished pain with a jest, and filled the lagging hours, when more than mere endurance seemed possible, by dressing dolls for the invalids in the children's ward or concocting savory dainties for overworked nurses, gradually drifted through the little hospital world.

"Jenny Wren" and "Little Mark Tapley" were some of the names by which she came to be called, but they seemed a "gilding of the lily," when fate had al-

ready provided her with one which so perfectly expressed her character.

The poor paralyzed millionaire in the next room, confronted for the first time with the pitiful futility of the "almighty" dollar in the great crisis of human fate, grew keenly interested in his cheery neighbor, whose gay little laugh seemed to annihilate the grim walls of suffering, and throw wide once more the world of youth and spring. He whiled away some tedious hours devising for her little surprises of books, and pictures, and miraculously gorgeous flowers, and reading the brief, impulsive, unstudied notes which came in reply,—notes which so perfectly accorded with the mellow laugh, and golden hair, and merry eyes of which the nurses told him.

When it was known that the hospital would be visited by a world-famed Viennese surgeon, whose touch was healing to the halt, he would cheerfully have sacrificed many of his idle thousands that little Hope might once more go dancing and tripping on her way. But this was not to be, for hospital authorities had only endorsed the old doctor's verdict, deciding that the girl's cure must be left to time—a clever shifting of a painful issue.

A little newsboy in the children's ward, a waif with whose fate no one was vitally concerned, was to have the right of way on a path stubbornly closed to the girl, on whose recovery so many hearts were set.

Little "Jacky," all unconscious of his good fortune, lay anticipating the operation in the grip of an overmastering, but unguessed fear. The sense of physical soundness, the delights of running and jumping—these were remote and uncertain advantages which did not counterbalance such vivid, imminent terrors as the keen, cruel instruments, the ferocious-seeming surgeon, and the intent faces in the amphitheatre rising upward tier on tier.

Small patients in the surgical ward had familiarized him with the gruesome details in their highly-colored versions of their various experiences, in an odd spirit of emulation denied its legitimate outlet in class-room or play-ground.

Jacky had found these experiences highly diverting as ghost stories are apt to be in day-time—those very ghost stories which recur so vividly when the lights are out, and the nursery empty, save for one converted scoffer who hides his face from the mocking shapes with which the darkness teems.

Jacky, frightened and dispirited, bore his sudden accession of importance in apathetic silence. There were not lacking, however, sudden flashes of his old spirit, and when his neighbor in the next cot, slightly envious of Jack's sudden pre-eminence, vented his spleen in the remark:

"Oh, I say! won't you get it though!"

"Don't care if I do!" retorted Jacky, puffing his sunken cheeks vainglorioously. "It's a drefful honor. Very few boys would be worth the trouble."

It was perhaps but natural that Hope should feel an absorbing interest in the little cripple's fate.

When the doctors gently told her that she could derive no benefit from the great surgeon's visit, the sudden extinction of a ray of hope cherished desperately through the months seemed for one moment to leave the future unbearably dark. For the first time, Fear and Discouragement peered out through the masking smiles, and hiding her face in the pillow, she cried softly;

"Oh, Missy Nurse, I did think there was a chance for me! There were so many things I wanted to do."

But it was only a momentary defeat,

from which she rallied with a little deprecating, unsteady laugh.

"That was cowardly and selfish of me. Of course the poor little boy needs his strength most. He has no one to look after him. Don't you think I might go to see him?" she continued eagerly. "You could wheel me over and I truly would'nt excite him."

So that is how a pale golden-haired fairy in a loose blue robe, which to Jack's inexperience seemed woven of summer skies and bordered with fleecy clouds, came to visit the children's ward.

Her lap was heaped with white hothouse lilacs of the millionaire's giving, and in her hand was a satin-clad marionette of wierd agility, which, acting upon her instructions, Missy Nurse had secured at a famous French toy shop.

With the aid of the fascinating master of ceremonies friendly relations were speedily established, and, with the lilacs for text, spring fields and whispering trees and waving flowers sprang magically up in the vivid recital of the fairy queen.

"But you'll soon see them all for yourself, Jacky," she concluded, somewhat wistfully, regarding the small pilgrim on the threshold of the wide, green world for which she pined. "The enchanter is coming to-morrow with your seven league boots. Did you never hear of them?"

Poor Jacky! In the school of poverty his wits had been sharpened to precocious keenness, and high above the babel of the street his sweet, piercing voice had been heard piping of many sad, unchildish things: "Extra! All about the bank robbery! All about the murder," —but in mere nursery lore he might have been confuted by the veriest lisper.

The strange language sounded sweetly, in ears long defrauded of their birthright, and the wise, alert expression yielded to one of pure childish glee as he followed Hope on the trail of the fleet hero of the magic boots. When the girl signified that her visit must close, Jacky laid a weak, detaining hand on the wonderful blue robe.

"Say, Miss, does the doctor really carry a knife that long?" he whispered, stretching his arms to their utmost limit. "Jimmy says it hurts offle! You see, he's bigger'n me, but I'd hate to have all those students think I was a baby."

"You poor wee mite," said Hope, unsteadily, "who has been cruel enough to tell you such stories? He hasn't a knife at all, nothing but his strong, kind hands, and you won't even feel them. You'll just go to sleep, and when you wake your feet will be almost ready to scamper over those fields where the daisies grow, and the larks are singing;—and I shall be watching it all from my chariot here and trying not to envy you."

"Why, that's a cinch!" said Jacky, radiantly, "I guess the fellows were jealous."

The next morning Missy Nurse, with pink cheeks and sparkling eyes, brought Hope immediate news of the success of the operation.

"Jacky took the ether beautifully," she exclaimed breathlessly. "Just at first he struggled a bit and called out in that sweet little voice of his that always makes one think of a linnet's pipe, 'Extra! All about the giant!' And then he just settled down contentedly and murmured away to himself till his voice trailed off into silence, and somehow he seemed so small and forlorn it brought a lump to my throat. 'Pshaw! there ain't no giant —just a doctor with big, strong hands, and you go to sleep, and when you wake —when—you—wake.—' "

Well, Jacky woke, bandaged within an inch of his life, and deeply disappointed to find that the miracle was not complete,

and he must be much quieter than before, but the Viennese surgeon, smiling and shaking hands with a group of admiring confrères, seemed abundantly content with the result of his efforts.

"Oh, he is wonderful, wonderful!" Missy Nurse concluded excitedly. "So big and quiet, and capable and tender."

It was some time before Jacky entered on the enjoyment of the golden arrears of his childhood under circumstances of unexampled prosperity, which arose out of Hope's first and only visit to the millionaire neighbor, on the eve of her departure from the hospital.

To the eyes of seventeen he seemed a very venerable and imposing personage, with his massive head, his silvery beard, and great dark eyes where all the forces of his being seemed to have rallied for their last stand.

"I don't know how to thank you," Hope began softly.

"Then don't try," he retorted with a gruffness which somehow did not dismay. "Besides, it is all the other way. It has helped me a lot to know what a plucky fight you were making, and it's hard to resign all the things you've lost at your age. I was none too patient at almost three score and ten, when life is only a Pandora's box from which most of the ills have flown. But you see, the parallel holds—Hope is at the bottom after all," and he smiled at her with kindly, old-world gallantry.

"But all those flowers, and the books," persisted Hope, "I must tell you how they cheered me. There were those last poems—I liked one immensely," she said shyly, "Beneath the Bludgeonings of Chance."

"My head is bloody but unbowed," the man continued softly. "Rather a grim choice, little maid."

"Not just that bit," said the girl eagerly. "I am not very certain but the lines seemed to run":

> I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul.

The old man's hand closed gently on hers and a silence fell—a silence during which their knowledge of each other ripened as it could not in a decade of casual intercourse.

When Hope broke it, at last, it was to voice a thought, which, tinged with cupidity or envy, or flattery, had shaped the actions of so many among whom his lot was cast—the lonely lot of a Midas, smitten with the golden curse. But the child-like eyes so frank and kindly viewed the matter in a totally different, and quite impersonal, light.

"It must be lovely to be very rich!" she exclaimed wistfully.

"I don't know, child," he answered simply. "It seems to me, I could furnish a rather comprehensive treatise on the subject 'Things which money cannot buy.' Lying here the rust and the moth seem pretty conspicuous in the foreground of the picture. Odd how I lost sight of them all those years,—and I used to pass for rather a shrewd man."

Evidently the girl's presence was quite forgotten, for the words seemed less an answer to her implied question than an arguing out of a vexed problem, a backward glance over out-grown ideals and worthless ambitions which had assumed an aspect so strange and sordid in the searching light of life's setting sun.

As he mused, Hope gained courage to plead the cause of the little waif soon to be cast adrift on the treacherous maëlstrom of the street.

"He isn't like you or me," she concluded earnestly. "No one cares what becomes of him when he leaves here."

"No, he isn't like you—or me," he assented softly. "He's young and strong

and his life is before him—a whole fresh, clean life! One could almost find it in one's heart to envy him.

"Well, if you think a few of my idle thousands will help him to make something of his chances you may try the experiment. At any rate it will be an occupation for you to arrange the details, Hope—pardon me, the word slipped, but I don't know what else to call you, and I might have been your grandfather."

"Why, I have always called you Mr. Millionaire!" Hope confessed naïvely, and two laughs rang out, one pure mirth and music, the other weak and rusty from long disuse.

"I am going home, you know," she said, after a pause—"it is that I came to tell you."

"So am I," said the man softly, "but by a different road."

Her eyes were vaguely troubled as she stretched her hand to touch the bell which would summon Missy Nurse.

"I think you are the kindest man in the whole world!" she cried tearfully. "I shall pray for you every single day. Thank you a thousand times. Thank you for everything and—" for Missy Nurse was on the threshold—"goodbye, Mr.—"

"Millionaire," he suggested, whimsically. "It is my one claim to distinction."

"Goodbye, Hope"—his tone was indescribably tender and regretful, and he lingered a little on the words, repeating them softly when the slight, golden-crowned, smiling vision had passed across the threshold.

"Goodbye, Hope! Somehow it makes one think that Pandora's box is quite empty, but it is something to have known her."

HIS FRIEND.

BY E. M. WALKER.

"Then you like my story, Jack?"

"Immensely. It's one of the smartest, cleverest things I've read for a long time."

"But—? For there is a 'but' of course. There always is."

"Well, to be quite honest, it seems to me a bit daring, and—"

"Don't trouble to find another adjective, old fellow. You know I consider some of your notions just a shade *arriéré,*" and Cecil Carruthers stretched out his long legs in front of the blazing fire and puffed away at his meerschaum contentedly.

His friend, Jack Dacre, standing erect on the hearthrug, looked down at him with a half-amused, half-concerned expression.

"My view of everything is so different to yours, Carruthers."

"For instance?"

"For instance, your tale. *I* couldn't have done anything half so good, but I feel that you, *you,* might do something much better if only you took your art more seriously."

"My dear boy, I *do* take my art seriously. I look at it from the most serious point of view possible, the bread-and-butter point of view. Remember, I've my living to get, and I'm not at all the sort of enthusiast to enjoy starving in a garret. *You* may be famous after your death, perhaps—some hundreds of years after, I should say—but *I* choose the present. I mean to be a rich and successful man, and to be rich and successful now-a-days one must be pushing, and up-to-date, and smart, and conceited, and original. Now, I flatter myself I am all those. The views I take of things are in general plausible, and coherent, and striking. Whether they are true or not is another matter; one has no time to dig and delve for truth in the twentieth century. Excuse me, Jack, I can't develop my theme as forcibly as I otherwise might, because I'm so fascinated by that photograph. What a charming face!"

"Which? The old or the young?"

"*Old,* indeed! Why, a face like that has no age. It will never be old; I think it has never been young."

"It *has* been young, for it belongs to my Aunt Margaret and I have a picture of her at eighteen."

"How matter-of-fact you are! I mean never young like us—never boisterous, and uncouth, and unreasonable, and ridiculous. I could look at that portrait all night."

"Better take it home with you."

"Don't scoff. She's your aunt, so you naturally can't see all I can."

"What do you see?"

"I see the face of a woman of mature years, with almost perfect features. The brow under the grey hair is very noble—candid and innocent as that of a child, yet denoting rare intelligence. The mouth is firm, severe even, but the eyes (grey eyes, I should say) are gentle. They do not rest on us, but look beyond us at something we cannot see. Sorrow has chiselled those lines about the mouth, but sorrow courageously borne, for there is nothing bitter or querulous or despondent about them. It is a very grave face—singularly grave, yet singularly attractive. It does one good to look at it; it soothes one like a rural landscape with the evening glow on it. It makes one in love with beauty, in love with goodness. Jack, you are fortunate to have such an aunt. I wish I had a mother, and that

she were just like that. Why do you smile in that sceptical way? Can't you see I'm in earnest for once?"

"I do believe you are," said Dacre.

"Of course I am. Who's the girl? She's a pretty little thing."

"That's my cousin, Irene. She lives with Aunt Margaret."

"You must introduce me to your aunt."

"She leads a very retired life now and doesn't form many new ties."

"Surely she'd make an exception for your special friend?"

"But what a pity to destroy the glamor! You wouldn't care for her so much in real life."

"Nonsense! Let me call some afternoon when you're there. *Do,* Jack."

"I won't have her made a character study for your next *outré* tale."

"Your suggestion is very insulting," exclaimed Carruthers, his eyes flashing.

"Forgive me," said Jack, penitently. "If you very much wish it, I'll try to manage it."

So, as usual, Cecil got his way.

One foggy November afternoon, he found himself standing before the little house in South Kensington, where Miss Dacre lived. It was almost like a cottage, quaint and diminutive, with a bit of garden in front, and ivy climbing over the doorway. Cecil was surprised to come upon this sequestered spot so close to a busy London street. He rang the bell, and was ushered by a neat maid-servant into the small, homely parlor. Jack was already there, and presented him at once to Miss Dacre.

She was sitting on a low chair by the fire, sewing, and greeted her nephew's friend with grave courtesy. No, Cecil was *not* disappointed. He noticed that the carpet was worn, the furniture shabby, and the general aspect of the room strangely old-fashioned, yet a sense of well-being and security stole over him such as he rarely experienced elsewhere. Presently Irene came in with the tea, and he crossed over to her. She was very pretty and vivacious, and the attentions of Jack's handsome friend did not fail to bring a flush to her cheek. For Cecil *was* handsome. His tall, slight figure, fair curly hair, brilliant eyes and eager, changing face, made an impression everywhere, and the small, dowdy room did but render them the more conspicuous. Miss Dacre watched him as he laughed and chatted with Irene, and wondered why her nephew had insisted on bringing his friend to see her, and why this very good-looking, modern young man cared to come. She felt slightly uncomfortable as she remarked his easy, confidential manner towards her niece. Suddenly, he caught her eye and came back to her side.

"It's a great treat for me to be here," he said. "It's so cosy and intimate—just like home, and I have no home, you know."

"So Jack told me," replied Aunt Margaret, kindly. "But he did not represent you as at all a person to be pitied."

"No? Well, perhaps I'm not. And yet this afternoon I begin to realize how much I miss."

"You must be too busy to be lonely," she said, and began to question him about his work. She had little or no experience of the modern young man, especially of the literary young man; she had never seen anyone at all like Cecil before, and she was interested. And then, he was so willing to talk, his responses were so ready and frank, and his naive, boyish conceit was not altogether displeasing. He always spoke and acted on the assumption that everyone liked him, and was interested in his doings, and he was not often wrong. Miss Dacre was no exception to the rule. She was

not quite sure if she approved of Cecil, but he had fascinated her.

And yet she felt hopelessly at sea when he began to speak of modern literature, skipping lightly from author to author, and summing them up in witty, superficial, epigrammatic sentences. All she felt sure about was that he was talking of books which it would not be good for Irene to read.

"I know nothing of modern literature," she acknowledged at last.

"Why should you?" returned Cecil. "You have a fine, classical taste—Jack told me so."

"Jack makes the best of me for he knows I am too old now to catch up with the times. But I should like to read something of yours, Mr. Carruthers."

"I'll send you something along," said Cecil, promptly, adding, (for he did not suffer from modesty) :—"I daresay you won't like it, but at all events you'll recognize the good work in it, which the general public are incapable of doing."

He wondered why his companion smiled—that rare, charming smile of hers. But it was time to go, and reluctantly he rose to take leave. "May I come again?" he asked.

"Surely, if you care to."

"If I care!" he exclaimed. "You'd be weary of the sight of me if I came as often as I felt inclined."

Next day, Cecil chose out one of what he considered his best tales (not *"outré"* at all, as Jack would say) and posted it to Miss Dacre. He was rather anxious to know what she thought of it, but he had the good sense to wait a fortnight before he called again at South Kensington.

This time he found Aunt Margaret alone. Irene had gone to a *matinée* with her cousins, she told him. She beckoned him to a seat by her side, and began to talk to him quietly, directly, as she was wont to talk to Jack.

"Shall I give you back the story you were good enough to send me?" she asked.

"No keep it. Do you like it?"

"I am no judge, as I told you before, Mr. Carruthers. The workmanship seems to me excellent, but I don't like the tone."

"Not like the tone!" ejaculated Cecil, ruefully, "and it's one of my mildest."

Miss Dacre laughed. "What must the others be like, then!"

"Tell me what you object to in it."

"Do you really wish it?"

"Please."

"Well, to begin with, your characters seem the sport of circumstances. They do miserable, mean things, and one pities them for it. You imply they can't help themselves."

"That is fair criticism. I always feel that about people."

"And then in the end, when your hero makes away with himself, it seems quite natural and inevitable."

"Come now, Miss Dacre, what was I to do with such an impossible chap? I had to polish him off somehow."

"Certainly. But you write as if suicide were justifiable."

"Perhaps it is. Yes, I think it is."

"But your life is not your own," said Aunt Margaret, quickly.

"That's just what Jack would say. You Catholics are all alike—so strict and unbending and mediæval. You don't adapt yourselves to the times. Forgive me—I didn't mean to be rude. Indeed, you take my poor little tale too seriously."

"I am sorry you should write like that, because it might do harm to inexperienced, unbalanced people."

"Those sort of people don't read what I write—it's above them."

"But someone might read it—someone in a certain mood—one never knows. 'Moods have wrecked souls.' I am interested in you, Mr. Carruthers, so interested that I should like to see you do good in the world, not harm."

Cecil felt flattered. And then he was very susceptible. No woman had ever troubled to talk to the wayward boy like this before. He was touched, subdued, by this contact with a serious, simple nature. For a moment the jarring, gossiping, hollow world, with its low standard of success, was shut out.

"My friends are most of them such pagans," he said huskily. "I should be different if I came here often."

"And that you must not do," returned Aunt Margaret, gently. Then, noticing the look of blank surprise on his face, she continued:—"I will speak to you quite frankly, Mr. Carruthers. I should blame myself severely if an intimacy were to spring up between you and Irene. She is only a child—a very impressionable child. You have impressed her already, I don't mind telling you that. If she chanced to become attached to you, I feel it could bring her nothing but unhappiness."

"But it's absurd!" cried Cecil, springing up. "Such a thing has never happened to me before. I only think like most other people, and you forbid me the house as if I were—" he checked himself. "I had better go before your niece comes in, I think," he concluded with an air of chagrin.

"I can understand it seems absurd to you. You must put it down to my being 'strict and unbending and mediæval,' and an 'old maid' into the bargain."

Cecil flung out of the house and went back to his lodgings to brood over his injuries. He vowed he would never go near Miss Dacre again. He reflected how selfish it was of her to shut herself up and refuse to be an influence for good in the life of a rising literary man. Good people were so terribly limited, so inhuman! As if he had ever looked twice at that little fool of an Irene! He was angry and hurt, and also a little lonely. The one house where entry was denied him seemed to him just then the only house in London worth entering. His friendships were most of them so casual, so unsatisfying, so undependable.

For quite a week Cecil felt ridiculously unsettled, unable to fix his mind on his work or to begin anything new. But at the end of that time, he had an unexpected stroke of good fortune. The editor of one of the leading reviews wrote, asking him to come for an interview,—and offered him regular work. Cecil was enchanted. "I shan't have to do 'pot-boilers' now," he explained to Jack. "It isn't many men, I flatter myself, who are on the staff of 'The Griffin' at my age. Hendon's such a jolly fellow, too—seems to take a personal interest in me. Let this be a lesson to you, Jack, to go on putting good work into everything you write. Some day a discriminating editor comes along, notices it, and your fortune's made."

Cecil worked hard all winter. Besides his columns in "The Griffin" he was engaged on a novel into which he put a great deal of personal feeling. He had suffered at the hands of good people; they would have none of him, he chose to think, and in revenge he would show them up. He hoped that a certain Miss Margaret Dacre would read his book, and see to what extremes her uncharitable narrow-mindedness had driven him.

Nine months saw Cecil's novel completed. It was brilliant, sarcastic, shallow, and it had the promise of a successful book about it. The first publisher to whom he took it, offered him favorable

terms on condition that he made a few alterations.

No wonder Cecil went round to "The Griffin" office one bright autumn morning, with a buoyant step and radiant face.

He had to wait a minute or two for Mr. Hendon, and as he stood idly by the editor's desk, his own name on a sheet of note-paper caught his eye. He ought to have turned away immediately, but almost before he knew what he was doing, he had read the page. "Dear Miss Dacre," the letter ran, "Your *protégé*, Cecil Carruthers, is doing good work, and I do not regret having given him a helping hand, etc., etc."

Cecil dropped the sheet and moved across to the window. His brain was in a tumult. So it was to Margaret Dacre he owed his position on "The Griffin," and not to his own transcendent genius! He felt humiliated, yet the next moment came a thrill of pleasure. For it is good to have a friend; it is a happiness to be helped. Then again, he felt vexed with himself for having read the letter. "It was dishonorable," he muttered. "Jack would not have done it—dear old Jack! But then he is so different from me." This was the first really humble thought of himself Cecil had had for a long time.

When he reached home, the first thing he saw was the manuscript novel awaiting alteration. "Ah!" he said, and a struggle began in his mind. Nearly a year's work! It was hard to lose it—and yet! "It is not fair," he told himself, "I know it is not fair. I wrote it when I did not want to look at things fairly. I used to think that didn't matter so long as one was successful; now, somehow, things look different."

Slowly, hesitatingly, he began to tear it up.

"I should like to tell her I have done this," he thought, "but of course that can never be. I must be content to follow her advice, and she never to know, just as she has been content to stand my friend, never dreaming I should find it out. After all, she was responsible for that child's happiness. What a strange world! We only met twice, and yet she counts for so much in my life."

What makes a friend? What filmy strands
Are these that turn to iron bands?
What knot is this so firmly tied
That naught but Fate can now divide?
Ah, these are things one understands
But once or twice!

Margaret Dacre and Cecil Carruthers did not meet again. Miss Dacre went back to the country, and when Jack emigrated, the last link between them was severed. A day or two before his friend's departure, Cecil asked suddenly:—

"Does your aunt ever speak of me now?"

"No."

"Did she ever mention that she told me not to come to the house on account of your cousin, Irene?"

"Never. Once she said," (Jack grew rather red),—"I don't know why I speak of it, you'll only laugh,—but once she told me that she said the Rosary for you sometimes."

"God bless her!" murmured Cecil, fervently.

THE LONDON CHARTER-HOUSE.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

The founder of the London Charter-House was that gallant knight, Sir Walter Manny, known all the world over as the rescuer of the Countess of Montfort from the besieged castle of Hennivere, and the special pleader for the citizens of Calais. The fourteenth century was the age of chivalry, and in the old chronicles we read how Sir Walter once took prisoner a brave French knight. He released his captive on the single condition that he should obtain for him a passport to ride through France. The condition was loyally complied with, and Sir Walter was able to ride free and unmolested through the country till he came to Orleans where he was seized and imprisoned. On the remonstrance of the Duke of Normandy—who had given the passport—Sir Walter was released, and presented by the French king with a number of beautiful jewels. Sir Walter thanked the French monarch, but declined to accept the gift until he had obtained permission to do so from his own sovereign, Edward III of England. The English king was greatly pleased with Sir Walter's reply, and from henceforth the Flemish knight who had come to England with Phillipa of Hainult, was the trusted friend of both king and queen.

The most memorable of all the noble knight's achievements was the founding of a Carthusian monastery outside the walls of London. The word Charter-house is simply a corruption of Chartreuse, the wild mountain solitude where Saint Bruno founded the order in the eleventh century. The London of the Plantagenet period was subject to severe visitations of a certain sickness which, for want of a better name, perhaps, was termed the plague. One such visitation took place in 1347. It is said to have begun in the south of England from where it quickly spread to London. The graveyards of the town were not nearly commodious enough to hold the dead; and Sir Walter bought thirteen acres of ground and gave it for an additional graveyard. More than fifty thousand persons, Stowe says, were interred in it in one year; but the number is probably an exaggeration. Twenty-two years later, when Sir Walter was approaching

his own end, he bought ten acres more, and thereupon he established a house for the Carthusians, and called it "The House of the Salutation of the Mother of God." The Carthusians have been called "the great miracles of the world! men living in the flesh yet out of the flesh! angels of the earth."

In an old chronicle the daily life of the monks of the Charter-House is told. "They have two tunics with cowls, but no additional garments in winter, though in summer they may lighten their garb. They sleep clad and girded, and never after matins return to their beds. Directly after these hymns they sing prime and go to work. No one is ever absent from daily service except through illness. Never more than two dishes are served, and lard and meat only to the sick. From the Ides of September till Easter they take but one meal a day, except on Sunday. They never leave the cloisters but for the purpose of labour; nor do they ever speak to each other. They bestow care on the stranger and the sick, and inflict mortification on their own bodies." Such was the daily round of Saint Bruno's children in the London Charter-House for two hundred years.

Sir Walter did not live to see the full completion of his work. He died a year after the establishment of the house; and he and his wife, the Lady Margaret, were laid to rest among the dust of the poor and unknown who had died of the plague.

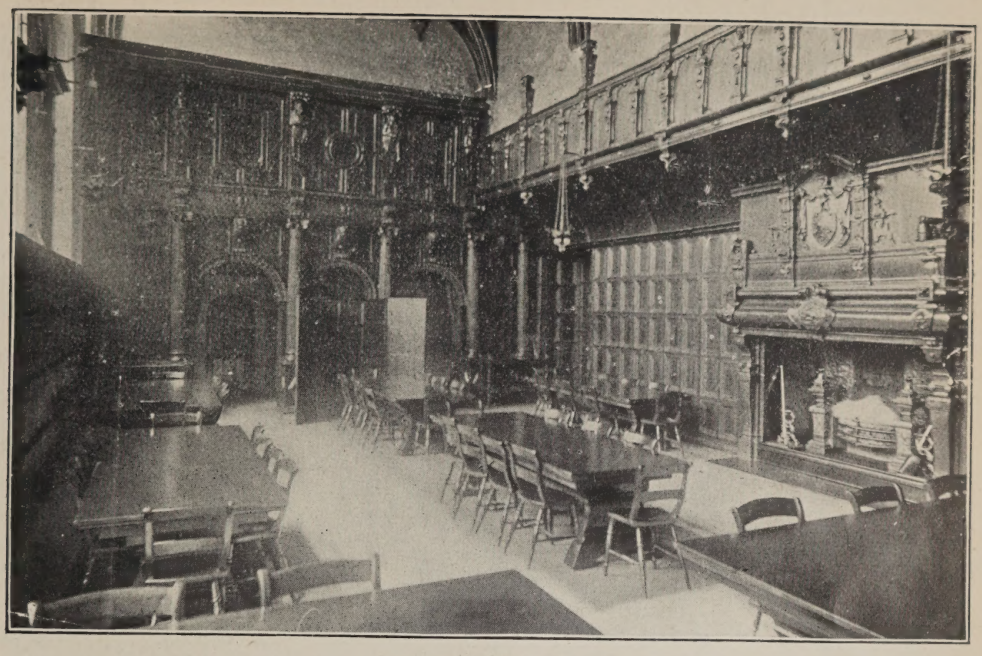
CHARTER HOUSE.

Day after day, and year after year, the Carthusians of London lived their lives of prayer, labor, and mortification. The old monks died; new recruits took their place; and the time came when Henry Tudor revolted from Rome for the sake of the worthless woman who was beheaded by his orders a year or

CHARTER HOUSE CHAPEL.

two later. At that time Father John Houghton was Prior. A contemporary of his, Maurice Chauncy, bears witness to the piety and humility of his life: "He spent twenty years in religious life in great austerity, perfect humility, with admirable patience, and in entire self-abnegation." Even the Protestant historian, Green, pays his tribute to the brethren of the Charter-House: "Their charity and devotion had won the reverence of even those who condemned monasticism." Perhaps the good reputation of the monks, perhaps their position under the city walls, drew on them the quick attention of the new *regime*. In 1534 they were called upon to approve of Henry's divorce, and marriage to Anne Bolyen. In vain did the Prior protest that interference in the king's affairs did not belong to them. Such answer proved unsatisfactory. The Prior on behalf of the entire community then said he could not understand why a marriage so long unquestioned could all at once become unlawful. The Prior and his procurator were committed to the Tower. There they were confined for a month. Then acting on the advice of some learned men who said the succession was not a thing they should die for, they offered to take the oath tendered them, if the saving clause "so far as the law of God permits" was added. The required words were added and the two monks returned to the Charter-House. But another oath was to be tendered them.

The king at last broke off all union with Rome. In November, 1534, Henry Tudor became supreme head of the new church he had created in England, and it became treason to deny he was such. The new law soon came into operation, and Father Houghton was almost immediately called on to acknowledge the king's spiritual supremacy. The entire community of the Charter-House had prepared themselves by a solemn *triduum* for the trial that lay before them. On the last day "when the Host was lifted up there came as it were a whisper of air, and the sweet, soft sound of music." Father John Houghton and two



CHARTER HOUSE HALL.

priors from the provinces who were visiting the London house were taken into custody on the thirtieth of March. The one, and the only charge against them, was that "they did say the king was not supreme head of the Church." The jury before which they were tried refused to find them guilty of any ill-doing whatsoever. In an old manuscript in the British Museum is an account of how that decision was borne to Cromwell, and of his answer: "If you do not find them guilty, you yourselves shall die the death of traitors." Still the jury held out, and Cromwell had to visit them in person. They yielded to his threats, and the monks were condemned to be hanged, drawn and quartered. Their execution took place under circumstances of savage cruelty on the fourth day of May, 1535. Father Houghton was the first to win his crown, and thus he is the protomartyr of the so-called reformation. His last words were, "Good Jesus, what will ye do with my heart!" and the brutal executioner wrenched the heart of the gentle martyr from its place. His execution was followed by that of his fellow monks, and a secular priest, Father John Bale, suffered last. Each in turn was offered a free pardon if he would renounce his faith, and each in turn refused. An arm of Father Houghton was hung over the Charter-House gate as a warning—a useless warning—to the monks.

Eighteen of the English Carthusians followed their holy Prior by the same torturous way to Heaven. The dismantled Charter-House was given by the king to one Sir Thomas Audley, and through this gentleman's only daughter it passed to the Dukes of Norfolk. It was sold in 1611 to Thomas Sutton, and was by him endowed as a charity, under the name of the Hospital of King James. Eighty old gentlemen and a number of boys were to be supported therein. The school has been removed to Godalming in Surrey, and the new name given to the hospital has been allowed to fall into disuse. The hospital still remains, and is still known as the Charter-House, a house of noble and holy memories.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

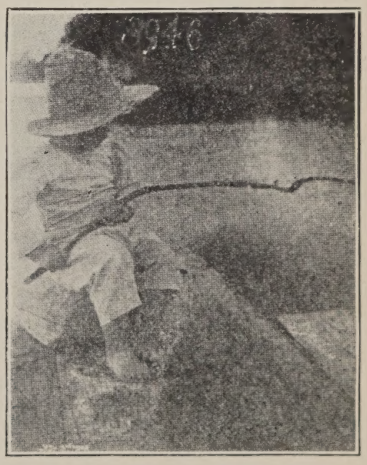
A FISHING TRIP IN CONNEMARA.

BY JOHN P. GUNNING.

The morning was clear and beautiful when I left the Broadstone railway station, Dublin, for the district of Connemara. A friend had kindly invited me to be his companion on a fishing excursion, and notwithstanding all the attractions in Dublin at that season I was not able to resist his solicitation.

We passed through a country not very remarkable for rural beauty, but smiling with fertility on every side, and affording a prospect of a most abundant harvest. There was, however, except here and there, a want of that perfection of agriculture which converts England into a garden, and by which the comparatively sterile lands of Scotland are so conspicuously distinguished. Still a vast progress has been made even within my own memory, and recent inventions justify the belief that a still greater may be expected.

As my friend had started two days before me, I traveled alone. On entering a first-class compartment at the terminus in Dublin, I found a gentleman who soon made me his debtor for the various little courtesies by which he intimated pretty clearly that it would not be his fault if we were not better acquainted. He was a kindly, well-bred man, and a strong Conservative. We breakfasted at Mullingar, found the fare excellent, the prices reasonable, and the people civil. We had taken the precaution at Dublin of telegraphing to the proprietor to have breakfast ready on the arrival of the mail train from the capital. Tea and coffee were made, and well made, when we entered the hotel, and a substantial meal lay smoking on the breakfast-room table. We were in good humor and did the fare full justice. The day continued remarkably fine, and our conversation did not slacken or become less agreeable as the train rolled on. We were now on the confines of Connaught, and the system of



husbandry which was in evidence around us was not by any means so good as that of the country through which we had previously passed. In the one case there were more plentiful crops and a squalid

population and in the other there was a decent and improving population and comparatively scanty crops.

The Connaught peasantry are a fine race. It is impossible to see them without feeling almost convinced of the Spanish origin of the people. The bare feet, the dark red petticoat, and the blue cloak, thrown gracefully over the shoulder and sometimes covering the head, formed altogether a combination such as I have often imagined of the dress of the peasantry of Andalusia. Without either design or effort, and altogether

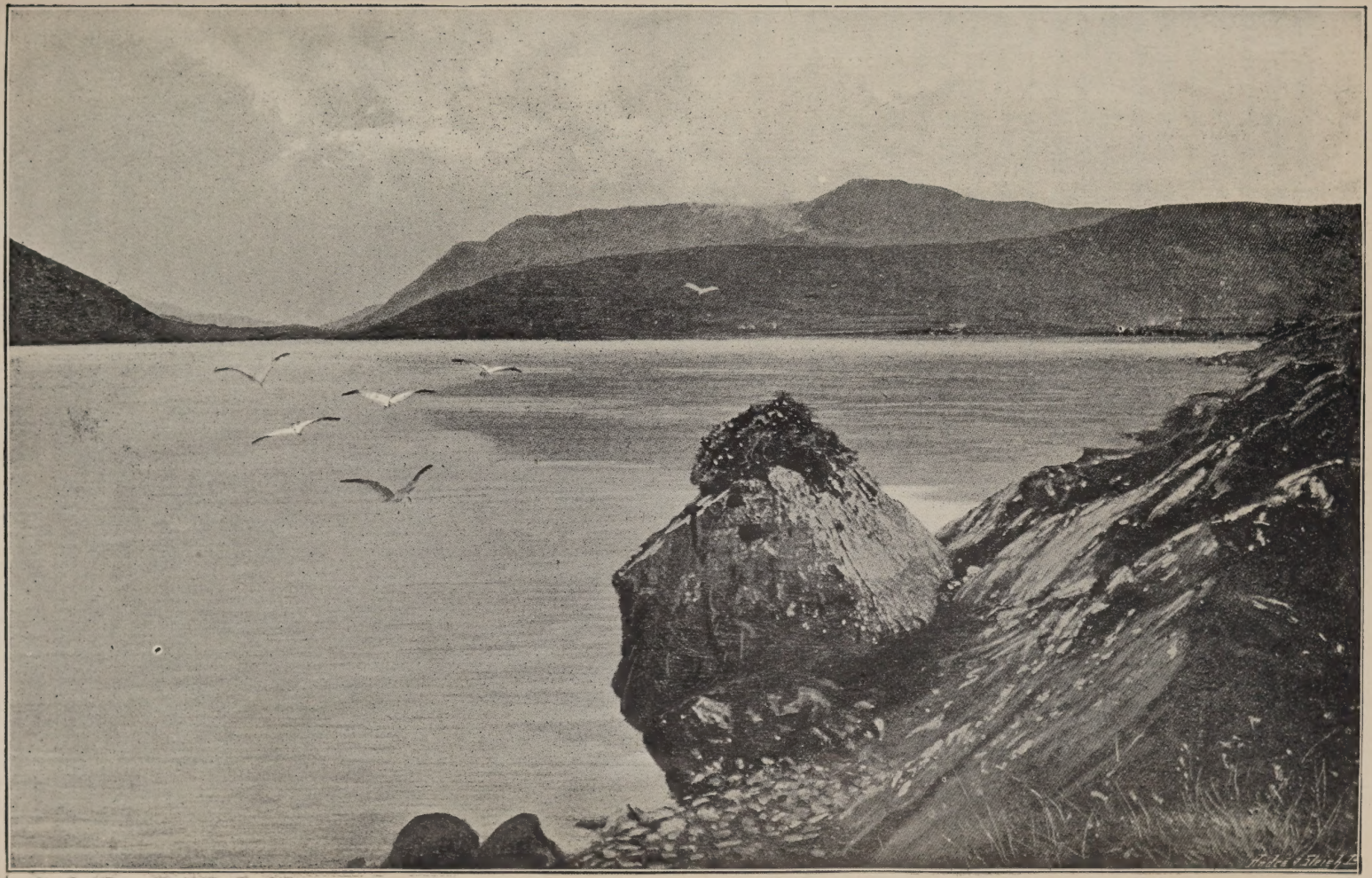
WAITING FOR A BITE

unconsciously, their simple garments were disposed with a degree of taste upon which art could scarcely improve. I had rarely seen a group of women from the time I left Athlone until I reached the wilds of Connemara that would not form a most interesting study for a painter. Their manners too are simple, and they are an innocent and a happy people. Save that they have not been able to resist altogether the temptation to illicit distillation, very little evil is to be found amongst them.

As my object was to reach the fishing-ground as soon as possible, I lost no time in Galway; nor was there, indeed, in the inn at which I sojourned for the night, anything to tempt the traveler's stay. It was noisy, and the noise was not conducive to repose or to meditation. What with snatches of song in the stable-yard, and loud laughter occasionally during the whole night, I could sleep but little.

I arrived at the fishing lodge about four o'clock in the evening. It is a simple, unpretending little building, maintained by a couple of gentlemen who delight in the angler's gentle art. The country around is exceedingly bleak and uninteresting, and at first the traveler feels as if he were cut off from all intercourse with civilization. But in general the fishing is so good that the sportsman forgets everything in the intensity of the angler's enjoyment.

An unusual continuance of dry weather had reduced the water very low, and this, while it prevents the egress of the new fish (waiting in shoals for admission at the mouth of the river) has the effect of rendering the old ones either shy or sulky. But I had no great reason to complain. The air was exhilarating, the exercise invigorating, and when a man is conscious of laying in a store of health he need scarcely regret the want of amusement. Nor was the fishing, under the circumstances, to be despised. In about two hours, the first evening of my arrival, I killed about ten pounds weight of fish, some of them weighing from two to three pounds. But my friend, who was acquainted with the river, observed that that was miserable



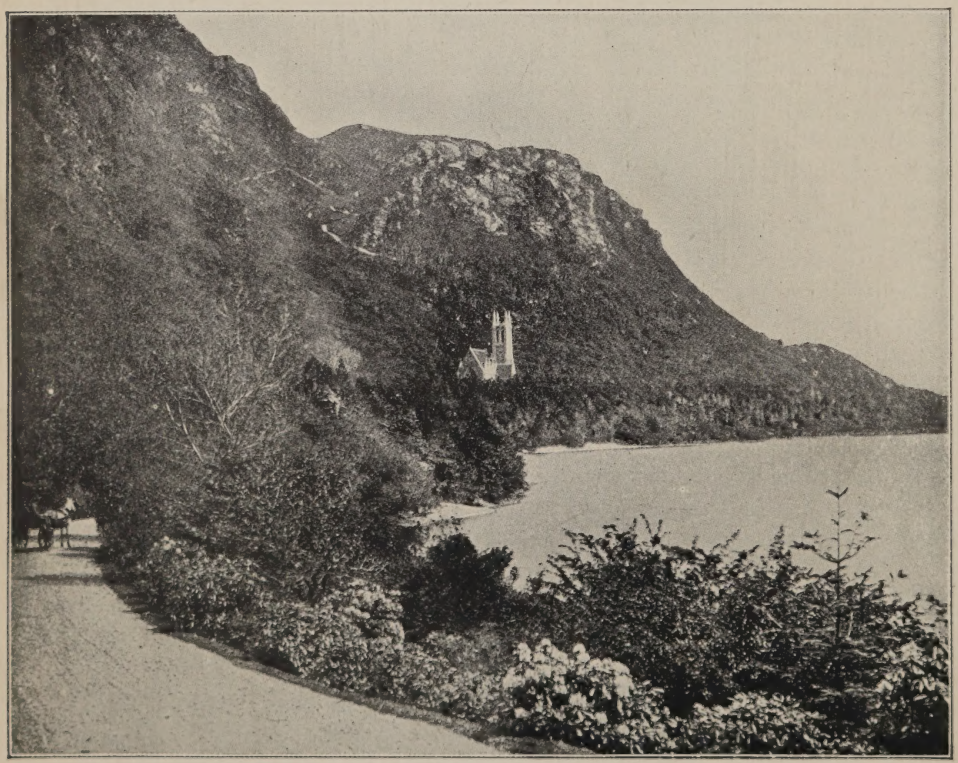
ALONG THE COAST.

A STURDY ANGLER

work, and that he had frequently killed fifty pounds weight of fish, some two or three of which were good-sized salmon.

Certainly never did I see so well stocked a river. It is literally alive with fish. The rising of the trout and salmon frequently resembles a plunging fire into the water. When they cannot be induced to take the artificial fly, it is no uncommon thing for the angler to watch with his landing net at certain narrow parts of the stream, and when the fish are making their way up to intercept and catch them in great numbers. The caretaker of the lodge, when asked by me on my arrival if sport were good, replied: "There are so many in it, sir, that when jumping out of the water after the flies they knock against each other and fall on the banks, and if the grass be high or the heather thick, sorra one but they forget to return. The boys then come down at night, bring them home in *creels,* and salt them."

The next day, the weather being still



A BREAK IN THE ROAD.

very unfavorable, we again betook ourselves to the stream, and by eagerly availing ourselves of every passing cloud or transient breeze continued to have some amusement. The trout rose tolerably well wherever we could fairly expect to rise them, but the salmon were not to be moved. They eyed the fly with a sulky indifference, and no art could draw them from their wary concealment. Memory retains a sharply defined picture of that stream, and its swarming tenants.

Ha! that is a good one. How vigorously he plunges! There he is clear out of the water. With what wild astonishment he regards the mysterious thrall in which he is held, and how desperate his efforts to get free. All is vain! He now makes for the weeds, if he can but take shelter there he is gone, line and all—but that may not be; we must at all risk put the strength of the line to the test. Softly, softly,—that will do. He now has all that an honorable antagonist can require—a clear stage and no favor. But he is done. How heavily he tumbles. His resisting power is evidently gone, and he floats into the net almost a lifeless burden—a white trout in excellent season, weighing about fifteen pounds.

The breeze has now died away, and there is not a ripple on the water. The river is a perfect looking-glass. How beautiful are its windings, and how calm and tranquil is its course! There is a tranquilizing power in the sights and sounds which in this wild region meet the eye and ear, by which the heart is soothed and the mind delighted—by which vain aims are reproved, feverish anxieties allayed, and tormenting disquietudes prevented. Wordsworth's lines, which I quote but imperfectly from memory, are felt in all their force and beauty.

"When the busy stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft in spirit have I turned to thee!
O sylvan Wye,—thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!"

But the sun is not shining now, and a gentle breeze is springing up. Come, we will have another throw! The tail of that stream contains some sporting fish. I will try whether it is possible to entice them. There—I have him! He rose but to mock the fly, and he has been hooked in the tail. He is not so large as the last trout, but his head being free he has twice his power. We must manage him gently, and let him have his way a little; he will be tame enough by and by. Whirr! how he makes the wheel spin! Wind him up, wind him up! There, he is landed! A good-sized trout of somewhat more than two pounds' weight. His color shows that he had been a long time in the river. The trout, when first they enter the stream, are all white, but gradually assimilate the hue of the soil on which they feed, until they become very dark indeed. The quality of the fish, however, undergoes very little change. It is excellent.

Thus I whiled away the time and returned with about twenty pounds' weight of fish in the evening—thoroughly tired and quite ready for dinner. I was peculiarly fortunate in the friend by whose invitation I was privileged to be for a few days a sojourner at his lodge. He is a perfect cabinet of worth and intelligence. I am rather a more bookish man than he is, but in a knowledge of the world, in exact observation of human life, acquired from a very varied experience of life in all its varieties, in sound good sense and plain practical piety, I know very few indeed who are his equal.

Our dinner consisted of some of the fish which we had caught, dressed to admiration, together with a plain, substantial joint or two, to which the mountain air and the exercise which we had taken enabled us to do admirable justice.

At home my consumption of animal food is small, and of wine or anything spirituous next to nothing. But if I ventured to say that here I very much fear that I might be suspected of indulging in theory which was palpably discredited by my practice; for I did address myself to the viands before me with a keenness of relish which an alderman might have envied, and was not sparing of potations either—as needed refreshment.

My agreeable entertainer was full both of information and anecdote upon every subject that presented itself, and satisfied me, by a few plain observations, of the impracticability of making Galway an embarking port for America, a project which was then entertained with much favor, perhaps hope, by the good people of that town. He pointed on the map to Slyne Head, and Loop Head, and showed me how completely a vessel must be enlarged before it could enter the harbor, and the great risk which must be run in such a case, when it might happen to blow strongly upon a lee shore. Besides the harbor itself is dangerous, containing many sunken rocks and sand banks, and in some places is without the depth of water which large vessels would require. The thing cannot be done. It is vain in such a case to fight against nature.

The peasantry in the adjoining village, Rosaville, chiefly subsist by trading in vessels of small burden to the county of Clare. Their lading is generally either turf or sea-weed, in return for which they frequently bring back potatoes, their own soil not yielding produce enough to render it worth any laborious cultivation.

The boats of the fishermen cost them from forty to fifty pounds. I was surprised that they could continue to raise such a sum, but now the Government advances loans for the purchase of the boats, to be repaid by instalments, and so punctually are those instalments paid that there has not been an instance when these poor men have evaded their honest obligations. Surely this is indicative of the high moral tone of the people, which would put to shame the high pretensions of our Saxon neighbors who look superciliously upon our moral and social habits. They have to subsist on the poorest fare, and the little money which they accumulate, instead of going to increase their domestic comforts, has to be paid over half-yearly to the rack-renting landlord, for the cabins that are unfit for occupancy.

In one case we observed a miserable hut, reared against the side of a rock, and loosely thatched with turf sods. The smoke that issued from the door and through the roof denoted that it was a human habitation, although I should have thought that he who could use it for the shelter of a beast could not be a merciful man. It was occupied by a man and his wife, who married without having wherein they could lay their heads. The hut was given to them by a compassionate neighbor, who had used it as a cow house. The poor woman who came out to speak to us exhibited a degree of cheerfulness and contentment with her lot that challenged our admiration. Her countenance beamed with animation and she spoke of her privations with a gay indifference, which to some of us brought home a keen conviction of ingratitude for blessings by which we were all too highly favored. "Any way," said she, smiling and pointing to the rock against which the hut was built, "it has a good gable."

Never did I see a more beautiful instance of the manner in which internal peace may be made to counter-balance external misery.

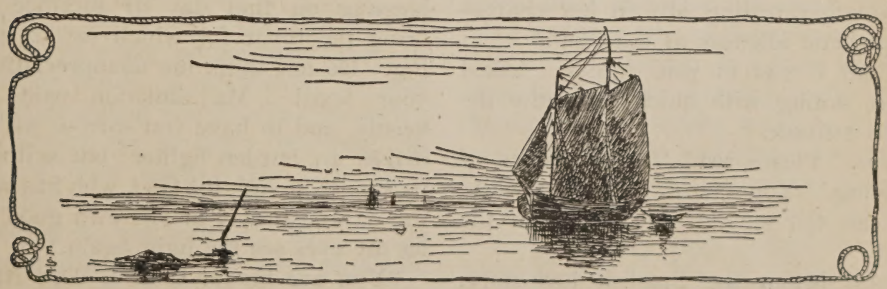
Blessings descend upon your weather-beaten face, poor peasant woman of Connemara! Never shall I forget your words, "Any way it has a good gable!"

Could there be a more perfect compliance with the spirit of the precept, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

There are no Protestants in this wild but picturesque district, save the coast-guard at the station or an occasional policeman at some of the barracks. The simple, pious lives of the Catholic population are most edifying. To the practical, no less than to the theoretical side of them, they bring great religious fervor and moral earnestness. The priests are regarded with the greatest reverence by their flocks, and can influence them at will. And no wonder. They are not only their spiritual advisers but their temporal counsellors as well. They not only instruct them in their faith, but impart ideas of cleanliness and comfort, and endeavor to give a higher tone to their physical well-being, which has been productive of incalculable good.

As a health resort nothing can beat the wilds of Connemara. The air of the mountain districts, blended with the pure, ozone-laden breezes of the wild Atlantic, is bracing and health-giving. The invalid would be very far gone indeed who would not recover his health and strength amid such healthful surroundings. The pity is that this district is not more known. Although the Midland Great Western Railway Company has done a great deal in this way, both by bringing the district in direct communication with Dublin, by the construction of a light railway line between Westport and Achil Island, and by the erection of huge hotels with all modern improvements at Mullaranny and Recess, yet there is much more to be done to develop still further the tourist traffic. The matter should be taken up by the public press. The hotels, too, should be kept clean and neat, the tariff made reasonable, and every facility for traveling at moderate rates should be provided by the Irish railway companies. If these matters were attended to Ireland would in time become the happy pleasure and health resort of Europe and America.

The weather continued so hopelessly fine, and the water so provokingly low, that we resolved to leave our fishing lodge, my companion to return to Dublin, and I to pay a promised visit to a friend at Westport. We accordingly set out,—having been preceded by a jaunting car, and a horse with two panniers, carrying our luggage—and proceeded on foot over the mountain paths until we reached that part of the road where we might mount our car with safety. In about eight hours we were again within the regions of civilization.



"IN THE PALACE OF THE KING."

BY THE REV. WILLIAM J. ENNIS, S.J.

Many landmarks are yet standing in Manhattan. On Amos Street, now West Tenth, is a trim little cottage which belongs to the earlier history of the city, when it was the village of Greenwich. The village has long since lost its independence, being swallowed up in the growth of the city, but its name lives in an avenue, a street, and a tavern, whose reminiscent owner keeps alive the bibulous traditions of Henrik Hudson and his crew of the "Half Moon." The buyers and sellers who crowd Gansevoort Market should see in their dreams visions of wigwams, braves and scalps, for an Indian village once stood near the spot where they drive their bargains. Down by the wharves stood the old Greenwich jail, with lantern-shaped tower. The structure now occupying the site serves as its monument, but, to the unknowing, suggests nothing of the past. Not so the cottage on Amos Street. Its walls are guardians of memories—memories, among others, of home scenes, domestic joys and sorrows, lived out long years before the Brent family entered into possession of the landmark.

One June day Helen and Agnes Brent sat in the quaint, low-ceiled parlor, the elder sister busy with some needlework, the younger resting idly in her chair—the pathetic idleness of the blind.

"Shall I read to you, Agnes?" asked Helen, noting with quick sympathy the listless attitude.

"Yes. Please read 'In the Palace of the King.' You saw the play last week, and can tell me how it looked on the stage."

Helen began the Spanish love-story, but when she reached the part where Inez is described as "quite blind, with no memory of light, though she had been born seeing, as other children," her voice faltered, tears came to her eyes, and the page seemed a trembling blur. Presently, with an effort, she regained composure, and clearing her voice continued the passage. "There are many sharp pains, many terrible sufferings and sorrows in life that come and wrench body and soul, and pass at last either into alleviation or recovery or into the rest of death; but of those that abide a lifetime and do not take life itself, the worst is hopeless darkness." Again the reader lost control of her voice, and closing the book she sobbed aloud.

Agnes, the Inez of real life, threw her arms around Helen, begging her to be resigned. Her sweet face told of her own resignation and faith. Grace supporting struggling nature always produces elegiac lines. Andromache of Homeric story has numberless Christian sisters who smile through their tears. Kissing Helen tenderly, Agnes tried to comfort her and strengthen her faith. "Why, Helen, your promises are brittle," she said, in gentle chiding; "you promised to be brave, and bear up for my sake. And remember the nine Fridays are not over yet. The last one will be in July, the day of Harry's ordination. His first blessing on that day of sacrifice may bring the favor for which we are praying. Do not think me unappreciative of your love! My affliction pains you keenly, and to have you sorrow with me makes my burden lighter; but neither of us should be sad, for God, who has willed the darkness, may in His own good time let my eyes see the light again."

"You are braver than I, dear Agnes. Forgive me for adding to your grief. I must have more faith."

"Yes, but not the faith of faith-cur-

ists," rejoined Agnes, laughingly; "otherwise, I shall order you to prescribe absent treatment at once."

"Christian Science is only a fashionable fad," declared Helen. "It is weaker than five-o'clock tea. To deny all ills when one is racked with headache, neuralgia, or old-fashioned toothache, is not rational. We must be faith-curists of the right kind—accept all the pains and aches and diseases as penalties for original sin, use all the natural means God gives to allay them, and with strong faith depend on His will as to whether they are to cease or continue"—

"But Helen," interrupted Agnes, "this is not 'In the Palace of the King.'"

Helen told her the story, describing the characters so skillfully that Agnes became absorbed in the recital.

"You are Dolores, Helen," she said once, "she was so tender and thoughtful in her loving kindness to her blind sister."

"You must give me some notion of Don John, and play the fairy godmother against a grizzly warrior-father, Agnes."

"Isn't Frank Don John enough? Surely neither our warrior-father or peaceful mother is against him."

Helen blushed, and a vision of bridal robes and orange blossoms rose before her. Agnes stroked the pink cheek lovingly. "Why Helen, you are blushing," she asserted. "What will you do when the banns are read out?"

"Well, I hope and pray that Father Carter will make no mistake when he reads our banns. Last Sunday he read out Frank Fallon and Emma Fitzmorris, both prayed for as lately deceased, instead of their banns. He was either nervous or absent-minded."

"Maybe he was neither," laughed the younger sister. "They were dead—in love—and perhaps needed prayers to remain so; or Father Carter may have thought of the little girl's definition of marriage, 'A middle state of suffering where souls go for their sins.'"

"If you girls want any supper, you had better come," called a cheery voice from the dining-room, and Helen whispered to Agnes to praise the chocolate cake she had made, for her mother had told Frank that she pitied him for the poor housewife that God would send him.

II.

The study of time-tables is an art, intricate indeed to the uninitiated, yet a week before Harry Brent's ordination every one in the family knew every detail of the journey to Woody Crest, from the time the ferry-boat left her slip in New York until, with train changing at Baltimore, they would reach Woody Crest, fair Woody Crest, the loveliest spot in Maryland!

Agnes, who had the retentive memory characteristic of the blind, was called by her brother the Chief of the Bureau of Information. The ordination, trains, choice of route were the topics of conversation at table and away from it. In the family senate it had been voted unanimously to leave the choice of route to the mother, and she had selected the Pennsylvania, even though it did not go straight through to Woody Crest. She wanted to ride through Baltimore from station to station, and see what changes had taken place in the city since the time when John and she had spent part of their wedding trip in the City of Monuments. She longed to arrive in Baltimore in the early morning, to live again through far-off scenes, and her husband was glad that she had made that choice. Now he could ride smoothly over the streets along which he had rolled in a lumbering coach when he took his newly wedded wife to Mt. St. Mary's. The dear old Mount! the cradle of bishops! When he was leaving college, Father—afterwards Bishop—Larkin had said to

him: "John, you will never marry; you are too bashful to propose." And, as proof to the contrary, he had taken his young wife to the Mount on that memorable morning. Southern hospitality, white steps, the old coach, the cobbled streets, the ride to the mountain, the view from the summit across the valley to old St. Joseph's, where Mother Seton sleeps, near the convent of the white-winged Sisters of Charity, and the prospect down the valley itself, its checker-board fields, small dwellings and big barns, to good Frederick Town, "green-walled by the hills of Maryland," peaceful, restful, somnolent, where Barbara Fretchie in fancy or in fact waved her flag of defiance—all had part in the retrospect of husband and wife through the shadows and sunshine of their married life. Their children knew the story as an oft-told tale whose repetition was an unfailing pleasure to father and mother.

The railroad to Woody Crest was built when engineers halted at difficulties and travelers proceeded leisurely. For the greater part of the way the road follows the windings of the river, which, in summer time, sluggishly pursues its sinuous course to the sea. One who was proof against sea or train sickness might revel in the game of snap-the-whip that the train plays in and around the elbows of the hills. But the scene is fair withal, and some bits of the folding hills, with the river glinting between, are picturesque. Poor, sightless Agnes leaned her head on Helen's shoulder and tried to form mind-pictures of the passing scenes which Helen described to her, as they rode from Baltimore to Woody Crest. Along the depressions of the hills streamlets tumbled in childish fury against lichened boulders; the turnings of the road revealed rugged hills with oak and chestnut crests, yellowing fields, a blackened ruin—half concealed by the Virginia creeper and the climbing trumpet flower, —and the river, almost motionless in its course until it fell over the mill-dam with a tremulous shimmer of spray and mist.

"There's the small granite church on the top of the hill!" exclaimed Helen. "O Agnes! that must be the place where Harry taught Catechism. Don't you remember how often he wrote home about the pleasant walk on Sunday that brightened all the day?"

"Royalton!" called the conductor.

"That is the place, Agnes!" Helen's excitement was increasing; "there is the many-windowed granite mill, the superintendent's cottage, and the gloomy homes of the mill-workers, and"—

"Woody Crest!" shouted the conductor.

"Woody Crest!" echoed the brakeman.

And in a moment a joyous reunion took place on the narrow platform, as the father and mother greeted their son, and his sisters and brother closed round him with affectionate enthusiasm, expressive of the love pent up during years of separation.

"Mother and father can take the carriage," said Harry, "and the rest of us will walk up the hill. Our turnout is antique, but it will save you a climb."

The horse and carriage were indeed dignified in their antiquity, the one pacing along, sedately slow, as became a seminary horse, the other creaking rheumatically. The colored driver was dressed in ancient livery, silver-buttoned, and used only at ordination times. Carriage, horse and driver looked like relics of Colonial days, furbished and brought into use in the days of rubber tires and automobiles.

There is no hotel in Woody Crest. Women guests are accommodated by the hospitable neighbors, and the men stay at the seminary, in the private rooms, if they can be spared; if not, in the lecture halls, the scene during the year of philosophical and theological strife. But va-

cation had come, the strife was ended, and it was fitting that the halls should shelter glad-hearted sleepers during a few days, as they did on many a circle day during the year. The atmosphere of Woody Crest is ever morally and spiritually exhilarating. Freedom from the cares of the outside world seems to affect every one who enters the spacious, manorial park. "Who enters here, leaves care behind," might well have been written over the large gate at the carriage entrance, and over the smaller one to the right, opening on a walk bordered by an Osage orange hedge. And indeed it was noticeable that during ordination time the buoyancy of youth seemed to take possession of the eldest first. Their cares and sacrifices had begun earlier, so they deemed it their right to be the first to live again, even for a brief span, those days when responsibilities were unheeded and sacrifices unknown. They were generally the leaders in playing tricks on their companions in the improvised dormitories.

Many a visitor to the old seminary at Woody Crest will remember the clock on the stairs, whose quarter strokes in the stillness of the night disturbed sweet sleep more than the whirring and clanging of trolley cars and the rumbling of overhead trains. This old clock has looked on generations of seminarians, and its strident voice has recalled from dreamland to routine many an unwilling mortal, who with equal unwillingness had retired at its command. Its works are rheumatic now, and age is in its voice. Like every other old clock on the stairs, it has a story to tell. Were it ever to go on a strikeless strike, and become reminiscent, it could tell of visitors starting with affright from their sleep, fancying that the house was on fire and the fire-gong sounding in the crowded streets of dreams; or of young seminarians, and older ones as well, anxiously awaiting at the door of the examination hall for the clock's signal to enter. The old clock could tell a pathetic story of the times when its solemn voice counted the last beads on the rosary of life for some who sleep in the shadow of the gray wall and the dusk of the trees they loved so well.

The morning of the ordination forecasted a warm day. The air was heavy with the night's dampness, and a thick veil hung over the river at the foot of the hill. Now and then a fugitive breeze brought a scent of ferns and grasses from the woods, a breath of new-mown hay from the meadow, or the pungent tang of fruit ripening in the orchard. The guests in the neighboring houses were up with the birds. Their walk led them along a miniature "Under the Linden's" path, and past the cemetery, with its mortuary chapel, over the door of which an inscription in Latin makes known that here the Church guards with a mother's love the ashes of her children. Linden Walk gives entrance to Maple Lane and to paths that encircle a lawn and lead to garden beds. On this morning the fragrance of roses, heliotrope and mignonette, mingling with the spicy pine, symbolized the incense of prayer rising from the hearts of the parents and friends of the favored ones, who would soon choose the Lord as their portion and inheritance forever.

III.

The liturgy of the Church is the poetic expression of her dogma. Dogma is divine truth appealing to the intellect. Liturgy is the pure white light of truth broken into prismatic colors, leading the imagination captive, and intellect unites them again into the white light of faith. God asks for the service of spirit and of matter. He speaks to body and to soul, that both may show their loyalty to Him, their Lord and Master:

That heart and mind according well.
May make one music as before,
But vaster.

The ceremonial of ordination is a symphony of beauty and truth, from the entrance of the levites within the sanctuary until they leave it as priests of God, seriously happy in their self-surrender.

Helen followed the ceremonies with an English translation, and Agnes' wistful face gave evidence of her intent interest.

"Remember, Helen," she whispered, "what I said to you that day that you read to me 'In the Palace of the King.' To-day is the first Friday, and the day of Harry's ordination! Maybe our prayers will be heard."

The sound of her brother's voice answering "adsum" as the archdeacon called the names of those to be ordained, changed the current of her thoughts, and she listened attentively as the beautiful words of the liturgy were spoken.

"Dost thou know them to be worthy?" asked the Bishop.

"As far as human frailty permits me to judge," answered the archdeacon.

"Deo gratias," came with joy from the prelate's lips. Yet, to exclude the unworthy from the sanctuary, the Bishop addressed all present, asking if any one had aught against a candidate, and if so, "to come forward in confidence and declare it."

The solemn silence that followed was broken by the Bishop, addressing the kneeling candidates on the praiseworthy manner in which they should discharge the functions of the priesthood. He told them that their duties were to offer sacrifice, to bless, to govern, to preach and to baptize; that the unchallengeable passport into a state so holy was heavenly wisdom and unblemished morals. He bade them recall how Moses at God's command chose seventy elders as his helpers, and that they typified those elders, and in the New Law seventy-two disciples were chosen by the Master, and that they were their successors.

A slight commotion in the sanctuary, following the Bishop's earnest address, caused the blind girl to turn to her sister for an explanation.

"The young men are lying prostrate on the floor of the sanctuary," whispered Helen, "and the Bishop is kneeling on the footstool, and"—

But the plaintive *Kyrie eleison* told her that the noble, rhythmic prayer of the litany had begun. Presently the Bishop rose, mitred, and, with crozier in hand, turned to the candidates, blessing them thrice:

That Thou vouchsafe to bless these Thy elect:
That Thou vouchsafe to bless and sanctify these Thy elect:
That Thou vouchsafe to bless and sanctify and consecrate these Thy elect:

"We beseech Thee hear us," fervently responded the clergy within the sanctuary and the laity in the chapel, to each petition.

Then followed the silent imposition of hands by the Bishop and the priests. To Helen it seemed as if the priests, passing in silence, and placing their hands on the heads of the young men, were the spirits of God's own chosen, blessing new soldiers for the defence of the Kingdom of Christ.

The beauty and significance of the scene thrilled the young girl. "It is so beautiful, Agnes," she said, "so beautiful and holy!" And Agnes smiled assent, as if she, too, had been privileged to see.

As the candidates knelt, the priests, standing on either side of the Bishop, held up the right hand while he besought God that "heavenly gifts may be showered on these, His servants, whom He has chosen for the office of the priesthood, and that what they undertake through His favor they may carry out through His gracious assist-

ance." They then received the stole and chasuble.

The Bishop, after praying that God's blessing might descend upon the candidates, intoned the *Veni Creator Spiritus,* which the choir continued while the Bishop anointed the hands of the levites, praying God to consecrate and sanctify those hands, that whatever they should bless would be blessed, and that whatever they should consecrate would be consecrated and sanctified.

The blind girl, moved by the inspiring *Veni Creator,* was weeping,—as many weep at this part of the ordination ceremony,—when, with bound hands, the young priests knelt before the Bishop to touch the chalice and paten, and to receive the power to offer sacrifice to God and to celebrate Mass for the living and the dead. The linen bands were then taken off, to be kept as mementoes of the day, and their hands were carefully cleansed of the sacred oil. They were now ordained to the priesthood. With the Bishop they would say the remainder of the Mass, and the great act of Consecration would be theirs as well as his.

The Consecration was over, and while heads were still bowed in adoration, a trembling hand was laid on Helen's arm.

"I can see the candles faintly glimmering on the altar," whispered Agnes. "The priests seem like shadows, and, O Helen, this is the first Friday, and Harry is a priest!"

Helen, thinking her sister overwrought and fanciful, soothed her gently, bidding her listen to the priests making their profession of faith by reciting in concert the Apostles' Creed. In low tones she described the Bishop in the act of conferring the power to forgive sins, and how he unfolded the upfolded chasuble, to let it fall its full length, as he spoke the words:

"May the Lord clothe thee in the garment of innocence." And he gave to each the kiss of peace.

At the close of the Mass the Bishop blessed the newly ordained three times, with a special benediction, and then ensued a most touching scene. Mothers went up to the sanctuary to receive the blessing of the priest from hands that they had kissed and fondled in infancy; fathers trembled with emotion as they knelt for their sons' blessing, and brothers and sisters reverently kissed the anointed hands that through their lives of sweet devotion and sacrifice could now hold the Creator of the world.

With deep humility Father Brent's parents knelt for his blessing, and his brother and sisters took their places beside them. "I shall receive it last," Agnes said, and the exaltation on the sweet face told of abiding faith.

"Benedictio Dei omnipotentis, Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti, descendat super te, et maneat semper."

The words seemed to fall with healing power on the bowed head, and when Father Brent held out his anointed hands to his sister she kissed them fervently, held them a while, and then, turning her eyes upwards to his, she said in a low, clear tone, audible to all, "I can see! I can see!"

And unaided she returned to her place in the chapel, having seen, with restored sight, her brother, a priest in the palace of the King.

TO MY BROOK.*

BY JOHN J. MCDONOUGH.

Babble, babble, little brook,
Babble to the sea;
Going, going, never gone,
Like Eternity.

Velvet moss and thorny briar
By your path-side grow,
But they soothe or fret you not
As you tireless flow.

Sun or storm-cloud, moon or stars
Down on you may look,
But your changeless motto is,—
"Onward, Little Brook."

Joyous, pensive, gay or sad
Are the notes you string
As the heart attunes the ear
To the songs you sing.

Crooning lullaby or dirge
In a minor key,
Laughing, weeping, on you go
To the boundless sea.

Lowering, glowering sullenly
In the woodland shade,
Gleaming, beaming, on you purl
Through the sun-lit glade.

Drouth or flood, you worry not,
As do fretful men;—
For each drop the sun-beams sip
Heaven rains you ten.

Year by year your course you run
Green or gray the glen,
Knowing March's empty nest
June will fill again,—

Knowing that your straitened banks,
Narrowed in your strife,
Some day you will leave behind
For the larger life.

Teach us then, O little brook,
Babbling to the sea,
That Life is Time flowing on
To Eternity.

*Spring Brook on the Noquochoke, South Westport, Massachusetts.

THE DIET OF CHILDREN.

AN EXCESS OF MEAT IN SUMMER LEADS TO MANY GRAVE DISORDERS IN CHILDREN, SUCH AS CHOREA AND ANÆMIA.

While there is much diversity of opinion as to the results of a meat diet for grown people, nearly all the doctors are agreed that children need very little meat in summer, and that the less they eat in hot weather, the less liable they are to bowel and stomach disorders and to other diseases peculiar to childhood.

Dr. Joseph E. Winters, one of the best known specialists on children in New York, says in a pamphlet on the food of children, that "there is more so-called nervousness, anæmia, rheumatism, valvular diseases of the heart, and chorea at the present time in children from an excess of meat and its preparations, than from all other causes combined." He also declares in another place that blood—coloring matter—and hence rosy cheeks—come from vegetable coloring matter and not from meat.

The best food for children in summer is shredded whole wheat, because it contains all the rich, blood-making, flesh-building elements in the whole wheat, and because it gives the maximum of strength with the least tax upon the digestive organs. Ten cents' worth of shredded wheat contains two and one-half times more nutriment than ten cents' worth of sirloin steak, and is much more easily digested. Moreover, it is the cleanest, purest cereal food made in the world. Try it for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream. Any grocer can supply it. Our new cookbook is sent free. The Natural Food Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages. By the Rev. Horace K. Mann. Vol. II. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

The writings of Father Mann, of Father Grisar and of Prof. Pastor are throwing a flood of light over what were formerly extremely obscure periods of Pontifical History. And it must be said that the general results of these historical researches have been extremely gratifying, for many strange stories about the occupants of the See of St. Peter have been conclusively shown to be without foundation, while many ugly rumors have been forever dispelled. In fact, with few exceptions, the writings of these learned men have triumphantly vindicated the characters of those Popes which have been so unsparingly assailed since the Lutheran revolt.

The first series of papal biographies written by Father Mann dealt with the Pontiffs who reigned while the Lombards lorded it over Italy; the present one embraces the lives of those who ruled the Church while the Carolingians, the conquerors of the Lombards, held the reins of empire. It will be published in two volumes, the first of which is now before us, and which contains sketches of Leo III (795-816); Stephen (IV) V (816-817); Paschal I (817-824); Eugenius II (824-827); Valentine (827); Gregory IV (827-844); Sergius II (844-847); S. Leo IV (847-855); Benedict III (855-858). Father Mann makes constant use of the *Liber Pontificalis*, of the *Regesta Pontificum Romanorum*, of the *Sacrosancta Concilia* of Labbe and Cossart, of the *Monumenta Germaniae Historica*, of the *Patrologia Graeca*, of the *Patrologia Latina*, and of the *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores* by *Muratori*. The author writes in a clear, logical, and convincing style, free from all ornament and from all attempt at fine writing. The chief charm of the book consists in the author's apparent conscientious desire to be absolutely fair to all, avoiding, on the one hand, all exaggeration, and on the other, that hypercritical spirit of cynicism, which refuses to acknowledge the good that is in men. The value of the book is hence evident.

Compendium Theologiae Moralis, a Joanne Petró Gury, S. J., conscriptum et ab Antonio Ballerini, ejusdem Societatis, adnotationibus auctum, deinde vero ad breviorem formam exaratum atque ad usum Seminariorum hujus regionis accomodatum ab Aloysio Sabetti, S. J. in Collegio Woodstockiensi, Md., Theologiae Moralis Professore. . . . Editio Decima Septima recognita a Timotheo Barrett, S. J. in eodem Collegio Theologiae Moralis Professore. . . . Fr. Pustet & Co. Ratisbonae, Romae, Neo Eboraci et Cincinnati. 1906.

Many references to recent decrees enrich this new edition of Father Sabetti's excellent compendium of Gury's monumental work on Moral Theology with the erudite notes of the keen-minded Ballerini. The exquisitely written Latin preface which Father Barrett added to the previous edition is here re-printed and lends another charm to the work. As a text-book for students of Moral Theology, Fr. Sabetti's compendium is without a rival and this statement is borne out by the very many editions through which the book has passed. Father Sabetti possessed the art of condensation in a remarkable degree, and he succeeded in compressing the substance of several pages of Gury into a few pithy sentences. Hence the book is invaluable not only to theological students, but also to the vast army of busy priests who have little time for delving into lengthy dissertations or into weighty tomes and who, consequently, need a safe and brief guide-book concerning the numberless and varied problems which belong to the domain of Moral Theology. The mantle worn so long by Father Sabetti now adorns the shoulders of his worthy successor, and we note with deep pleasure the clearness of expression, the broad knowledge and the acute reasoning-powers displayed in what has been added to the original treasury. In another edition we should like to see a chapter or two on "modern business methods" and on the various frauds which afflict at present our commercial and industrial life. Is it not also possible to persuade the scholarly editor to give us a volume of *practical cases-of-conscience* as a complementary work to this book of principles?

"A Living Wage." By John A. Ryan, S. T. L., of the St. Paul Seminary. With introduction by Prof. Ely. New York. The Macmillan Co. 1906.

At the root of all the discussions between Capital and Labor is the question as to what constitutes a fair return for the human energy expended in all forms of productions. The importance of this question is not, we think, fully perceived by the friends of labor and we, therefore, urge not only all members of labor-organizations but also all true friends of the toiling masses throughout the country to study the principles so ably discussed by Father Ryan.

The fundamental mistake made by employers consists in the fact that they regard labor as mere merchandise, which may be bargained for in the same manner as ma-

terial commodities are usually purchased. As a result many bread-winners do not receive a living wage, that is, the remuneration meted out to them is not sufficient to support them in the manner befitting human beings. Father Ryan demonstrates with telling force the falsity of the principle which places labor on a par with material commodities; and he establishes beyond cavil the basic principle that the reason why a worker is entitled to a wage sufficient to enable him to live a life of reasonable comfort is because, being a complete human being, he is a person and he is consequently endowed with all the sacred rights which are thereto attached.

We know that the methods at present followed in the determination of a scale of wages is the relative economic strength of the toiler and of the employer. But even a superficial reflection will convince a fair-minded man that "as a determinant of rights, economic force has no more validity or sacredness than physical force." 'Might can never make right.' With admirable skill the author also unmasks the nature of the unjust bargains driven by those who take advantage of the bread-winner's needs on the plea that contracts "made without force or fraud are necessarily fair."

Chapters III to VII which discuss the basis and nature of the laborer's right to a living wage and the chapter on the "Obligations of the State" relative to the right of the toiler to a living wage, form excellent and stimulating reading.

The book on the whole is without doubt one of the most valuable pronouncements on the complicated subject of wages ever yet published in the English language.

The Apocalypse, the Anti-christ, and the End. By J. J. Elar. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

So many interesting problems are connected with the Apocalypse or Revelations of St. John that we take up this volume with a feeling of intense curiosity. What has the writer to say concerning the various questions concerning Anti-christ and the end of the world,—questions which have agitated the minds of thinking men, especially since the beginning of Christianity? And we must admit that although several of the views advanced strike us as strange and far-fetched, yet the author has pressed into service so much erudition and so much instruction that we hope to see his labors rewarded by a very cordial support of his book.

Mr. Elar defends at length the right of St. John the Evangelist to be considered the author of this important document. As to the date of writing, that is assigned to the time of the first persecution under Nero (64-68).

A chapter to which many will eagerly turn is that which explains the famous passage of St. John concerning the binding of Satan for a thousand years. It will be recalled that the defenders of the Millenium or of the thousand years' reign of Christ have always appealed to Chapter XX in support of their views. The author explains this prophecy as follows: "The Millenium (or the tying up of Satan for a thousand years) consisted in the peaceful development of the Catholic Church throughout the world from about the end of the fifth to about the end of the fifteenth century. The various nations were converted one after another to the faith. The Pope of Rome, as successor of the Apostles and Primate of the Church grew in moral power. . . . The whole of Europe acknowledged one faith, one altar, one Church, until about the year 1500. Then appeared Martin Luther, the author of the revolt which has since been dignified as a Reformation. The fires of persecution were rekindled, and the ashes of heresy revived. Christian martyrs died by fire and rack. Every heresy of the first five centuries was revived and applauded. The devil was unbound and stalked abroad. Bloody wars of religion followed. A relaxation of morals set in, permitting divorce laws, which have gradually loosened the ties of Christian matrimony. No one can doubt that, from the point of view of the Apocalyptic narrative, the devil was chained up, in the character of a murderer and heresiarch for 1000 years from the fall of Rome, and that he was loosed again at the beginning of the sixteenth century."

This explanation is certainly ingenious, even if it does not win the support of all theologians. The book provides material for thought and for discussion.

Great Catholic Laymen. By John J. Horgan. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

Stimulating in many respects is this interesting record of the lives and deeds of men like Andreas Hofer, Garcia Moreno, Frederic Ozanam, Montalembert, Frederick Lucas, Windthorst, Louis Pasteur and Daniel O'Connell. Every one of these heroic characters was a man of brilliant gifts, of far-reaching influence, and of world-wide fame, yet they were all deeply religious in conduct and devotedly attached to their faith. They are an abiding proof that piety ennobles the most splendid gifts of intellect and that faith is not incompatible with worldly success. How touching to read of the simple and sincere spirit which impelled the men who were wielding the destinies of nations to place a correct valuation upon the goods of time and to accept like frank,

open-hearted children the directions of their spiritual guides with regard to the affairs of eternity! We hope Mr. Horgan will give us a library of similar biographies.

The Lessons of the King. By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

This is an exquisitely-worded life of our Lord, told in that simple, straight-forward, pathetic style which appeals so strongly to the little ones. We recommend the book most earnestly to parents, guardians, and Sunday-school teachers.

Portraits. By David Bearne, S. J. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

A collection of stories for young and old from the magic pen of noble-hearted Father Bearne. Each story is full of lively incidents, each has a deep note of pathos which goes straight to the heart, each teaches an important lesson in life, and each bears the impress of a master of English.

New Orleans Water Cure. By Rev. F. Rougé. Translated by Dr. Hanna Miller. New York. Schaefer. 1906.

This explanation of the Kneipp method of curing diseases by applications of cold water should appeal to a large body of our citizens. If, instead of loading the body with every conceivable form of drug, an abundant use were made of the simple remedies within the reach of all, what broad benefits would result to the physical well-being of the race. Although the author is unduly severe on the poor "microbe;" his general suggestions are wise and practical.

"The Health-Care of the Baby:" a Handbook for Mothers and Nurses. By Louis Fischer, M.D. Funk, Wagnalls Company. New York. 75 cents, net; by mail, 82 cents.

Dr. Fischer is a specialist on children's diseases, being attending physician to the Willard Parker and Riverside Hospitals; former Instructor in Diseases of Children at the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital. He is also the author of "Infant Feeding in Health and Disease;" "A Text-Book on Diseases of Infancy and Childhood;" etc. The present work, which is a handbook for mothers and nurses, will be especially timely now that the baby's most trying period, hot weather, is at hand. The book covers the subjects of feeding in health and disease; gives directions for the management of fever, and is a guide during such diseases as measles, croup, skin diseases, etc. It gives ample advice in cases of accidents, poisoning, etc. The correction of bad habits, and the management of rashes, have received careful consideration.

Foibles of the Bench. By Henry S. Wilcox. Legal Literature Company. Chicago. 1906. $1.00.

This book is the first of a series of small volumes written by Henry S. Wilcox of the Chicago Bar. They are designed to point out in an entertaining manner the follies and frailties of judges, lawyers and juries which have come to the notice of the author during his many years of experience as a trial lawyer. The initial volume contains sketches of typical good and bad judges, points out abuses which have become prevalent in judicial proceedings, and suggests remedies. Humorous incidents illustrate the points made and interest the general reader as well as members of the legal profession.

The story of Justinian B. Fair shows how integrity and perseverance achieve success despite almost insurmountable obstacles.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. will issue this fall, a new edition of Mrs. M. E. Henry Ruffin's novel of early Norway, "The North Star." It will be a very timely book, in view of the recent coronation of a Norwegian king, for Mrs. Ruffin's hero is the first king of Norway and the romance is woven around his reign. One of the finest scenes in the book is the account of King Olaf's coronation at Trondhejm, the same ancient city in which King Haakon was recently crowned. Their Majesties of Norway have recently sent Mrs. Ruffin a letter commending "The North Star" for its valuable historical pictures of the early rulers of their land.

QUESTION BOX.

Kindly give me detailed information about the attitude of the ecclesiastical authorities towards the marriage of Napoleon with Marie Louise of Austria.

In the previous issue of this Magazine it was shown that the majority of Church writers consider the marriage of Napoleon with Josephine Beauharnais as absolutely valid, since it was celebrated by Cardinal Fesch, with plenary faculties from Pius VII. The local diocesan court, which issued a decree of nullity, had, first of all, no authority whatever to act in the matter; and, secondly, the evidence submitted was neither complete nor correct. The grounds upon which the diocesan verdict was based was that the marriage had not been celebrated in accordance with the essential requirements of that decree of the Council of Trent, which called for the presence of the parish priest and of two witnesses. To this reason another was added by the Metropolitan Council when it ratified the decision of the diocesan court; namely, that Napoleon had not given a free and unrestrained consent to the matrimonial alliance. We have already demonstrated that both reasons were absolutely false, inasmuch as the Pope had dispensed from the impediment referred to, by granting Cardinal Fesch all the necessary faculties to perform the marriage ceremony validly, while the Emperor's consent had been won by the entreaties of the hapless Josephine.

If we seek for a reason of Napoleon's action in extorting by moral violence, from the local ecclesiastical authorities, this decree of nullity, we shall find it in the demands of the House of Austria, which refused to permit the marriage between the Princess Marie Louise and the Emperor of the French, unless it could be shown that the previous union with Josephine had been null and void from the beginning. That the Austrian court was easily satisfied, is evident from the fact that no investigation was made, either into the standing of the court which pronounced the decision, or into the strength of the reasons upon which the decision rested. It is true that the difficulty of reaching the Holy Father personally was urged as reason for appealing to the local court, but it must forever remain a mystery why the Austrian Emperor contented himself with so flimsy an excuse.

Everything seemed to favor Napoleon's plans, both for an alliance with the House of Austria and for a Church ceremony, which would satisfy the scruples of Marie Louise; for the Holy Father, being a prisoner, was not in a position to interfere, the members of the local court had cravenly yielded to the known wishes of their imperial master, and there were not wanting worldly churchmen who could be counted upon to be blind to the clear demands of ecclesiastical legislation, and to grace by their presence any ceremony which the Emperor might think fit to order.

Napoleon evidently thought that no clouds would dim the brightness of his coming festal day. But, as events showed, his calculations had failed to take into account several staunch and fearless members of the Church. To understand what thereafter ensued, we must keep before our minds the fact that this would-be world monarch had in his plan to make France the centre both of the political and of the ecclesiastical world, and forced the cardinals to make their abode in Paris. Accordingly, he sent them four invitations to the various ceremonies which were to mark his marriage with Marie Louise; namely, to the presentation at St. Cloud, to the civil contract, to the religious ceremony, and to the court reception at the Tuileries.

After receiving these invitations, the cardinals were deeply embarrassed as to what course they should adopt. A meeting was, in consequence, held, and the matter was warmly debated. Of the twenty-seven cardinals present at this deliberation, thirteen declared that while attendance at the civil functions did not involve any principle, attendance at the religious functions could not be thought of, inasmuch as it would imply a tacit sanction of what was known to be an unlawful marriage. The other fourteen cardinals argued that the mere fact of being present at the religious ceremony would not necessarily involve their sanction, and that they would feel justified, under the pressing circumstances, in being present even at the religious functions.

Accordingly, when the day came for the official presentation at St. Cloud, all the cardinals in Paris were there, except a few who were detained by sickness or by official business. But on the following day, when the civil contract was signed, only twelve members of the Sacred College were present. Finally, on the day appointed for the religious function, sixteen empty seats on the right of the altar told the mighty Napoleon all too plainly that there were many churchmen whom he could neither bribe nor intimidate into a betrayal of the trust surrendered to them. Of these sixteen, the Emperor could excuse three for sickness, but no excuse could be furnished for the remaining thirteen, except that they had bravely refused to lend sanction by their

presence to the ceremony which they knew to be absolutely unlawful.

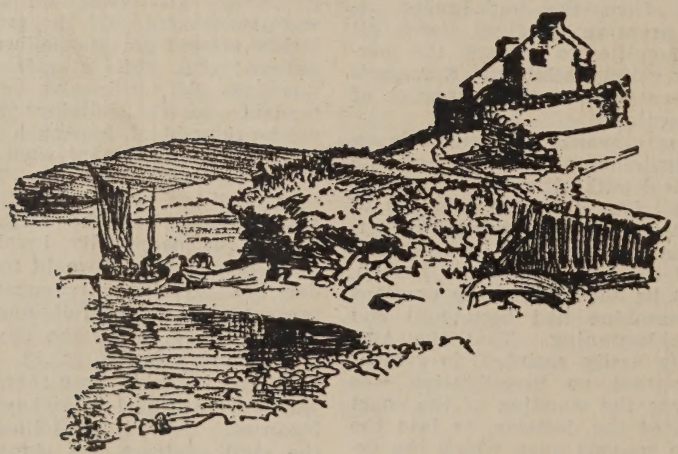
Napoleon's wrath knew no bounds, and he at first declared that he would have all the defiant cardinals shot; but as the day wore on, he seems to have decided on another method of retaliation. When these cardinals came to the court reception, they were first ordered to withdraw from the palace, then they were sent home without their carriages and servants, and on the following day an imperial mandate was published to the effect that they were no longer to be considered as cardinals, and that, consequently, they were no longer to wear the cardinal's dress. Forbidden in this manner to wear the red robes of the cardinalate, they became known as the *black cardinals*.

Two months afterwards they were banished by the Emperor's orders from Paris, and sent to various parts of France. Every species of indignity was heaped upon them, but they remained faithful to the stand they had taken in defense of the sanctity and permanency of the marriage tie, and their fearless conduct forms one of the brightest acts in the gloomy days of the Napoleonic persecution.

From all these incidents it is abundantly manifest that neither Napoleon's divorce nor his subsequent marriage ceremony with Marie Louise ever had the slightest support from the Church or from loyal ecclesiastics.

Who was the Rev. Francis A. Baker?

He was a member of that band of noble men who instituted the congregation of St. Paul. He was a man of a charming personality, of remarkable eloquence, of burning zeal, and of deep sanctity. A beautiful character-sketch of this wonderfully gifted apostle is published by the Paulist Fathers of New York City.



CAHIRCIVEN.

(See page 247.)

"The troubled tide o'er the bar is flowing
And vibrant winds are coming and going,
With the salt foam in their breath."

Donahoe's Magazine

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THE SANDSHORE IN SEPTEMBER.

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Dim dusk on the sea where a star shines over,
The night steals across the sand,
Purply-brooding the shadows hover
And by the headland a white-sail rover
Skims on to the darkening land.

Far in the west still the hue is glowing
Of a sunset's crimson death,
The troubled tide o'er the bar is flowing
And vibrant winds are coming and going
With the salt foam in their breath.

Slow from the eastward a fog is creeping,
Spectral and chill and white,
Soon it will wrap the wide sea sleeping
And the sandshore, given o'er to its keeping,
Will dream and gleam through the night.

Why need we linger when o'er the meadows
The glow of our homelight shines?
Dear, let us leave the sandshore to its shadows
And hand in hand go across the meadows
To that love-star in the pines.

GROUP OF STUDENTS, NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME. ORDAINED, 1905.

Front row (left to right): J. Kassman, Cinn.; J. F. Hartye, Brooklyn; J. F Nolan, Cleveland; Mgr Kennedy; A. A. Dore, Boston; J. Talbot, N. Y.; A. Brennan, Scranton.
Middle row: R Noll Ind; C A. McCarthy, Newark; D. J. Mulcahy Dubuque; J. A. Supple, Boston; J. English, St. Louis; J. F. Eckenrode. Baltimore; W. D. Nugent, St. Louis; J. F. Cooper. Baltimore; J. J. Devlin. Newark
Rear: J. F. Wolfe. Dubuque; J. McGinnis, New York.

COLUMN OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, PIAZZA DI SPAGNA, ROME.

THE MOST UNIVERSAL SPOT ON EARTH.

BY THE REV. J. P. CONRY.

"Well," he said coolly, as he held out his hand through the carriage window, to bid me farewell, "good-by, and God bless you! The next place in which we meet will be the Valley of Jehoshaphat." And then the train steamed off and left me gaping vacantly as it receded.

This scene occurred at a small station in the south of Ireland. Shortly before his ordination to the priesthood, Tom O'Mahoney decided his place in the divine Vineyard should be South Africa; and so strong was his resolution, that no amount of persuasion could shake his generous purpose. As I stood gazing at the departing train, and ran over rapidly in my mind the years which Father Tom O'Mahoney and myself had spent so happily within the old college,—where we were dubbed "the twins,"—I could not keep down the lump which would come up in my throat. But I went away comforted by the "God bless you," for did I not idolize Father Tom, and did not his old nurse, on getting his priestly blessing, declare solemnly: "He was a saint, that he was;" but I grieved at catching myself believing that our next place of meeting would be "the Valley of Jehoshaphat."

Of course we had vowed eternal love, and promised, like all school fellows, to write every fortnight until one should be called away; and all had gone well until that hideous parting at the station.

. . . . . .

Years passed by and our strong friendship remained. Needless to say, our fort-

CARDINAL GOTTI, PREFECT OF THE PROPAGANDA DE FIDE.

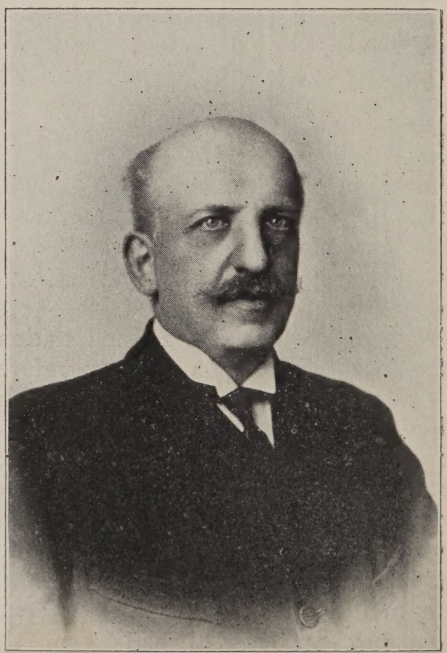
nightly letters became half-yearly ones, and seemed in a fair way to shortly develop into hardy annuals. But we were destined to meet before the day of general judgment.

Providence kept Tom in Africa among his beloved blacks and troublesome whites, until the tropical climate had well-nigh undermined his hardy Irish frame and made imperative a protracted visit to his native isle. So with a spare body and a rich, jovial mind, Father O'Mahoney started for the "Island of Saints and Scholars."

The same Providence had led myself to Rome, where labors, directly and indirectly, kept me employed in the service of the Master. And I had grown to love Rome with all the intensity of a passionate Irish soul, with the result that I had long since come to the decision to make it my abode for life.

It was on the 11th of April, 1904, just after Pope Pius X. had celebrated High Mass over the tomb of the Galilean Fisherman, in the presence of upwards of 70,000 persons of every nation, that I was destined to meet Father Tom again. The Pope had determined that the feast of St. Gregory the Great should see the reinstallment of Gregorian chant, and had commanded that a choir —to consist of twelve hundred clerical students of the various nationalities in Rome — should sing at his Mass.

The ceremony over, the mighty mass of humanity issued from St. Peter's, after seeing the lonely Prisoner of the Vatican reverently borne out, surrounded by the College of Cardinals, the various orders of knights, the Noble, Swiss, and Palatine Guards, and Pontifical Gend-



COMMENDATORE ORAZIO MARRUCHI.

FIRST STUDENTS OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE.

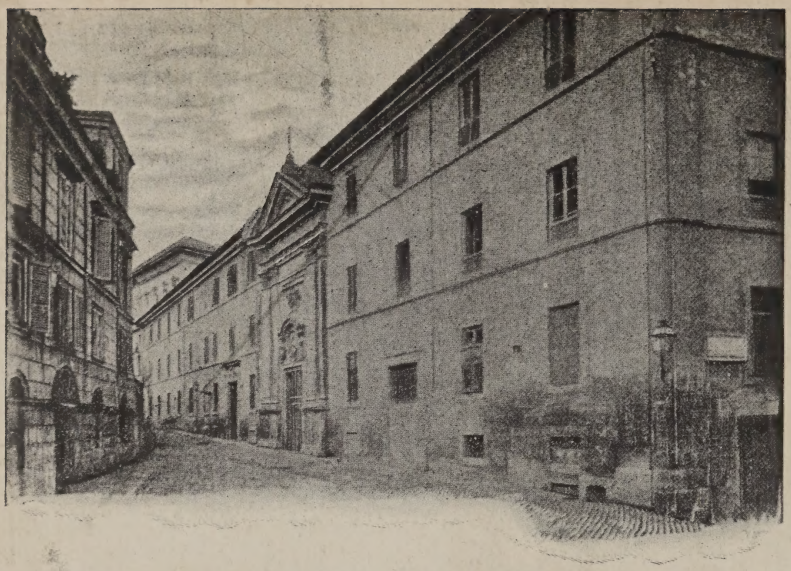
Those in the top line, beginning at the left, are: Cassidy, San Francisco, dead; Parsons, N. Y., dead; Gibney, San Francisco, dead; Corrigan, Abp., dead; Northrop, Claudian, Charleston, dead; Clifford, Chicago, dead; Poole, N. Y.; Seton, Mgr., Newark, retired to Rome.
Those in the lower line, beginning at the left, are: Zingsheim, Alton, dead; O'Neil, Albany, dead; McGlynn, N. Y., dead; Meriwether, Charleston, now S. J.; Riordan, Chicago, now Abp. of San Francisco.

armes. Calmly and majestically the Old Man of the Vatican, with the halo of twenty centuries about his head, and the burden of the Universal Church upon his shoulders, had blessed the concourse to the right and left, as the stately procession slowly moved down the great nave. And the people, half frantic * with enthusiasm, wanted to cheer; but the orders of the Holy Father had been imperative, and they had therefore to feel contented with waving handkerchiefs to demonstrate their love and joy.

While waiting for a cab, beside the Obelisk of the Vatican, I suddenly felt a friendly hand laid on my shoulder. To my great delight Father Tom O'Mahoney was standing by my side! Mutual expressions of joy, explanations as to each other's presence at the moment, took up a half hour, during which time, the two or three thousand Italian soldiers—told off by the Government to facilitate good order among the moving masses—left the great square. "And now," he said, "I propose to visit the chief sights of the Eternal City before I return to old Ireland. I'm longing to get there—for one never knows how strongly he loves his native country until he has left it for some years; but I have now a chance in a life-time, and am determined to use it." "But, surely," he went on eagerly, "you won't leave me to the mercy of those human parrots—Italian guides, who profess to speak English!"*

* It is no exaggeration to say the excitement of these vast crowds of people on first seeing the Father of Christendom is most intense. Those of our readers who have had the privilege of a papal audience will readily understand the fact stated.

* Well, indeed, might my clerical friend fear falling into such hands, for after driving one out of his wits with their very bad English, these human parrots usually show their client but half the number of interesting objects in a museum.



IRISH COLLEGE AND CHURCH OF ST. AGATHA, ROME.

"Indeed, I will not!" I quickly replied. I shall act as cicerone to you through Rome of the Cæsars, of the Martyrs, of the Popes. The only condition I make is that you leave me to my choice of places and objects, for I have been years here, and am supposed to know every stone in the city."

This condition being acceded to, we decided to study first that most cosmopolitan spot on earth—the University of the Propagation of the Faith, the glory of the Catholic Church, the pride of every Catholic layman, and joy of every priest who visits Rome. For in its halls young men of every race and color prepare themselves for the priesthood, drinking in the apostolic spirit beside the tombs of the Apostles, all yearning for the day when they may return to their own lands as priests of the Most High.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

Tullio Dandolo said that in the 14th Century

"Rome was the City of Dogma
And Florence the City of Art."

We choose, for description, this University in the "City of Dogma," not because it is the greatest in Rome; for the Gregorian University, conducted by the Jesuit Order, is equal to it in every respect, and the Collegio Apollinare has been famous as an educational institute for clerics during many generations,—but because of the interest involved in its more cosmopolitan character. The number of nations—uncivilized as well as civilized—represented there makes it a veritable Tower of Babel.

My friend and I made it a point to be in the Piazza di Spagna at eight o'clock; as we knew that punctually to the minute the students of different nations arrive there from their respective colleges every morning for lectures. In Rome the term "college" is given by courtesy to a large, not over handsome, building in which the students of a foreign country reside under a rector. It has no pretence to architectural beauty, and may be found in a by-street, or busy thoroughfare. Scarcely had we taken our stand at the foot of the Col-

umn of the Immaculate Conception* than we heard the tramp of hundreds of Levites, hurrying along in "Cameratas" of a dozen each, and all dressed in different costumes.

A word of explanation to the Prefect of Studies procured us a courteous invitation to walk through the halls; and we soon found ourselves absorbed in studying the world in a nutshell.

Before we speak of the chief attraction in the Propaganda University, let us view a few of the professors who are pacing the corridor previous to separating for their respective halls. Few institutes can show such devotion and self-abnegation in their Faculties as can the Propaganda University. One can well believe that

> "Pure intent to do the best
> Purely—and leave to God the rest"

is the ruling idea in their lives.

That quiet, pale-faced religious, in the garb of the Servants of Mary, is the famous Father ———— whose works are standard text-books in several countries. Though he is a young man yet he

O'CONNELL'S MONUMENT, ROME, IN WHICH HIS HEART REPOSES.

* This beautiful monument was erected by the saintly Pius the Ninth, in 1856, in commemoration of the promulgation of the Immaculate Conception, defined two years before. Just behind the column stands the Urban College. To the right is the Spanish Embassy to the Holy See. To the left (not visible in our illustration) are the class halls of the Propaganda University.

CARDINAL VICENZO VANUTELLI, "THE IRISH CARDINAL."

speaks every language in Europe, thinks in Hebrew, has written and edited a pile of books equal in height to his own stature, has been publicly honored and lauded by Leo XIII. and Pius IX.—and is still the same humble, hardworking Father ——— It is confidently expected in Roman circles that this learned priest will be called to wear the purple of the Sacred College of Cardinals within a few years.

That old man who has grown grey in the professorial chair is the idol of the University. His lectures, delivered in the purest Ciceronian Latin, sparkle with wit; and not even the ponderous, dignified tongue of the Roman orator can render the point of his jokes blunt. He knows that

"Good sense and learning may esteem obtain;
Humor and wit a laugh, if rightly ta'en;
Fair virtue admiration may impart;
But 'tis good-nature only wins the heart."

His students will never, on any account, miss one of his lectures; the laughs which his quaint "way of putting things" gives occasion to, "make the day so short and lively;" and the fact that "you see good humor always in his eyes" makes up for "his strictness at the exams."—especially "if you are going on for degrees!"

That layman, dressed in a grey tweed suit and felt hat, is the famous archeologist, Orazio Marruchi, whom Pope Leo XIII raised to the dignity of *Commendatore* in recognition of his services to the Church. Half his life has been passed down in the Catacombs with the bones of the primitive Christians; for his heart and soul are in his professional studies. Nearly three score works have issued from his facile pen, written in different languages. He is often called "the modern Mezzofanti," by reason of his knowledge of tongues. He speaks all the tongues of Europe and several Oriental dialects; examines each of his students in the latter's own language, at the end of the year; owns the title of Doctor of Divinity which he won a few years ago in open concursus (for he is a keen dogmatic theologian, as the enemies of the Church know to their cost); has been loaded with honors by the past and present pontiffs, and the King of Greece when, last year, he represented the Holy See, by order of Pius X, at the International Congress of Archeologists in Athens. There is another fact worth noting, for it is more valuable than all the preceding ones: he spends a full hour in a visit to the Blessed Sacrament every evening. His talents with their attendant handmaids, Fame and Fortune, have served only to increase his piety and humility. Pasteur, the

THE FIFTH "CAMERATA," URBAN COLLEGE, ROME.

There are sixteen students in this "Camerata," yet the *five* continents are represented in it. Top row (counting from left to right) we find China. Canda, Brazil (black), Arabia, Ireland, Canada, Australia. Germany, New Zealand. Bottom row, Zululand, Poland, Australia, China, Buffalo (America), South Africa (Zulu of different tribe to the other).

great Catholic scientist of France, once said, "the more I know, the more nearly does my faith approach that of the Breton peasant. Could I but know all, my faith would doubtless equal even that of the Breton peasant woman."* The same may be said of Commendatore Marruchi, Rome's foremost Christian archeologist.

The strongly-built, brisk little man—whom you must recognize at the first glance as an exponent of "the strenuous life"—was once an officer in the Italian army. He resigned his sword to Cæsar, offered his life to God, donned the cassock, and is now a recognized authority on Canon Law.

We cannot delay with professors any longer; for Father Tom O'Mahoney is at no pains to disguise his impatience to go among the students, and I gladly hasten to fulfil his desire.

* "Lives of Great Catholic Laymen," Hogan.

THE TOWER OF BABEL PERSONIFIED.

It is true that there is no similar place in the world, holding a body so universally representative as that which is found within the halls of the Propaganda University, Rome. The national colleges attending lectures there are the Urban, American (North), Irish, Canadian, Bohemian, Greek, Ruthenian, Armenian, the Maronite Seculars, the Maronite Regulars of St. Anthony, Abbot, the Missioners of S. S. Peter and Paul, the Canons Regular, the Fathers of Mercy, the Servites of B. V. Mary, the White Fathers, and the Fathers of the Bethlehem Institute.

From this list some idea of its cosmopolitan character may be formed. You discern in each of these colleges the characteristics peculiar to the nation to which it belongs. Courage—timidity, frankness—diplomacy, patriotism—submissive indifference to bondage, all are

DR KIRBY MEMORIAL HALL, IRISH COLLEGE, ROME.

written on the countenances of the young Levites and enable you who have a knowledge of history and men to tell—after a little facial study—the nationality of each.

A brief account of each of these colleges, will, therefore, be of much interest. We shall accordingly commence with the *"Urbano Collegio."*

THE URBAN COLLEGE.

This college is called after Urban VIII. its chief renovator and patron, whose idea to train young men of every race—no matter how remote or barbarous—for the priesthood has never been departed from.

No better conception can be obtained of this institution than from the words of a great missionary priest, recently a visitor in Rome. Says Canon Gildea:

"The Church of Rome is Catholic or Universal in place as well as in time, because she teaches all nations. If you should visit Rome, pay a visit to the Propaganda * College, which the great Napoleon declared to be a miniature of the Catholic Church. You will find among its students representatives of every nation under Heaven. Cardinal Mezzofanti, the world-famed linguist,—of whom Lord Byron said that he ought to have been 'interpreter-general' at the Tower of Babel,—learnt most of his languages there. You will see black men there,—men born in slavery in the wilds of Central Africa,—defending theses from the theology and philosophy of St. Thomas. These black men will go back to the barren deserts, bleached white by the torrid sun of Africa, as consecrated priests of God, to offer up the Great Sacrifice, and to die, if called upon, for the supremacy of the Holy See.

"That college, I say, is a fitting emblem of the Roman Catholic Church; for, go where you will, there you will find men of one faith, of one heart, and of one obedience to Rome." (Pamphlet on "The Catholic Church.")

The appended list of students at present living in the Urban College, and their nationality, is a confirmation of the above statement:

Irish, 20; North Americans, 11; Syrians, 8; Canadians, 7; Chinese, 6; Australians, 5; New-Foundlanders, 5;

* The Urban College is often called the "Propaganda College," as it is the head institution, to whose halls the other colleges come for lectures. To distinguish it, however, we speak of it as the "Urban College."

DELIVERY D.

Greeks, 4; New Zealanders, 2; South Americans, 3; South Africans (Zulus), 2; Japanese, 1; Armenian, 1; Swiss, 3; Scotch, 5; Roumanians, 4; English, 2; Albanians, 2; Spanish, 1; Indian, 1; Norwegian, 1.

This cosmopolitan crowd converse in Italian, which they have to learn immediately on their arrival in Rome, otherwise they should be cut off necessarily from the vast majority of their fellows. In January, every three years, an Acadamia is held by them, in which each student makes a speech in his native tongue, in the presence of cardinals, prelates, and distinguished foreigners and Romans. The public are admitted by ticket to this festive gathering. It is considered one of the sights of Rome.

The Cardinal Protector of the Propaganda College is His Eminence Cardinal J. Maria Gotti, the glory of the Carmelite Order. This Prince of the Church, in his elevated position is still the same laborious scholar and humble monk, as gentle and unassuming as the day he donned the habit of his Order.

THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE.

And now we come to the body whose residence is in the *"Via del Umilta."*

"Forth, like many a noble other,
Went he, whispering soft and low:
'Good-by—pray for me, my mother;
Sister! kiss me—farewell, brother;'
And he strove his grief to smother.
Forth, with footsteps firm and fearless,
And his parting gaze was tearless,
Though his heart was lone and cheerless,
Thus from all he loved to go."

Father Ryan.

They have come from the great Republic of the West, and will return to build up Catholic America. In the Propaganda University the American College holds second place in point of numbers, and first by reason of intellectual merit.

At the instance of Archbishop Bedini, Pius IX. opened the Pontifical American College *del Nord,* in Dec., 1859. Its nucleus consisted of a solitary dozen of young students—not a formidable number, truly, for the United States of America! But to-day the College register shows that dozen has grown to one hundred and twenty, the largest number from one country of the foreign colleges in Rome.

The first students of the American College were Reuben Parsons (afterwards the great historian), Michael Clifford, Chicago (returned to secular life and became a prominent layman); Michael Corrigan (became Archbishop of New York); W. Poole, Savannah; Wm. Merriwether, Charleston, (entered the Society of Jesus); P. Riordan, Chicago (became Archbishop of San Francisco); Northrop, Charleston; Cassidy, San Francisco; Zingsheim, a German; O'Neill of Albany; Robert Seton, New York, (a descendant of the noble house of Setons of Scotland. He is now Titular Archbishop of Heliopolis, and has retired to Rome); and T. Gibney, San Francisco. They wore the pretty costume—black cassock with blue trimmings and red girdle; and their successors of to-day have the same designs.

No college in Rome can point to a more honorable record for courage and intellect than the American. In 1870, its students begged of the Pope to allow them to arm themselves and become the defenders of his person, and were only prevented from doing so by Pius IX. himself. The grand old Pope-King told to the world, in the person of the Diplomatic Corps,* what "those fearless young Americans" had wished to do; and the fact has never been forgotten in Rome.

In the concursus with other nations

* In the speech delivered in the Throne Room on the morning Rome fell.

in the Propaganda University, the Americans have steadily climbed the ladder. The results of the last concursus showed they had come out first. This was in the summer of 1904. No concursus could be held in 1905, on account of the dreadful heat that prevailed in Rome at the time in which the concursus was to be held. The thermometer, on some days, registered 105°, 106° (F.) On the Roman Campagna people dropped like flies. Everybody that possibly could (including the thousands of clerical students) left Rome for the hills or sea,—everybody but the lonely Prisoner of the Vatican. As soon as Pius X. heard of their triumph, the entire college was sent for by special desire of His Holiness, who as a token of his joy presented the Superiors of the institute with a gold medal each, and gave silver ones to all the students.

Perhaps there is no body of young men studying in the Propaganda who betray to a more marked degree the traits of character for which Americans are so noted. Frank, manly, generous to a fault, the students of the American College make the name of their country synonomous with uprightness and nobility of character.

The spirit of labor is manifested by them in such a marked degree that in Rome, in lay as well as in ecclesiastical circles, they are conspicuous for their love of hard work—work for its own sake combined with its lofty end, above all paltry ambition. Jovial and kind with their friends, gentlemanly and courteous toward acquaintances, the American levites may well be considered "Souls which have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and of leaving it behind them when they go."

A great future is before the North American College. The number of its students is yearly increasing; the desire of the Holy See that as many American priests as possible shall be trained beside the Tomb of the Galilean Fisherman, the knowledge of men and nations, of art and tongues, to be acquired in Rome—all portend a brilliant prospect for the national college of Catholic America. That the students themselves are alive to the advantages of life and education in the Eternal City is evident, from their growing anxiety to be sent here by their bishops.

It is believed that within a few years a new college will be built here for the accommodation of Americans.

THE IRISH COLLEGE.

In another corner of the vast hall in which the students of the different nations are sitting listening to the idol of the Propaganda, lecturing in the language of the Church, are the sons of St. Patrick. Where are the Irish not to be found? is a question that has perplexed many; for, as Archbishop Ireland said, during his recent lecture in Rome on "Rome's Debt to Erin," "endowed with the spirit of poetry and travel the Irish have spread over all nations, everywhere carrying with them the Light of Faith!"

Poor Father Tom O'Mahony almost wept for joy at seeing his young countrymen in the Eternal City. They were the successors of those who in the days of Harry the Eighth, and Elizabeth, were

"Forced before then in distant climes to roam
For learning's sake, forbidden them at home,
Their faith finds welcome in those foreign lands,
And teaching as their country's Church demands." *

Yes, Rome has always been the mother of the persecuted. Spain's king, and princes of France, received the young Irish levites who stole in disguise from their native coasts in a fisherman's

* "Dean Gunn's Poems."

smack to the continent, for the sake of a clerical education, in the dark days of the Penal Laws; and having received it, they stole back, in like manner,—too often with English spies dogging their heels, thirsting for the five pounds set by the Government of England on a priest's head. But think you the "Wild Geese" of Erin ever ate the bread—though kindly and generously offered by France and Spain—with as much satisfaction as they did that placed before them by the Mother whose fight they intended to wage on the hills of Ireland? Surely, no. What they received from France and Spain was taken as charity; what Rome gave was accepted as a well earned right. Somebody sang:—

"O'er all the Orb no land's so true
As our own dear Catholic land;
Through ages of blood to the Rock she's stood;
Oh! true may she ever stand!
Oh! true may she ever stand!

And ne'er may the star St. Patrick set
In her radiant brow decay;
Then hurrah for this Grand Old Catholic Land!
For this Grand Old Land—Hurrah!"

The sentiments of the song are true to the ideal of Irishmen; for that the star set by Patrick on Erin's brow will never fade is well proved by the fact that the more prosperous and educated an Irishman becomes, in foreign countries, the greater and more profound grows his devotion to religion.

The Irish College was founded in 1626, to educate young Irishmen in order to keep the lamp of faith burning at home in the bogs and caves. For many generations its students attended lectures in the Gregorian University, until the expulsion of the Jesuits from Rome, when they were invited to the halls of the Propaganda. They were once called the "Collegium Episcoporum" "the College of Bishops," because nearly every one of them, sooner or later, was raised to the episcopal dignity. In those days they were a large body, and they remained so until the foundation of the great national college of Maynooth on the plains of the Geraldines. In this institution an average of six hundred students study and supply the needs of the Irish Church. The large superfluity scatters — like the Irish monks of old—all over the world.

Only a few Irish are left here in Rome; but even a few can well illustrate for us the characteristics of a race. Tall, blue-eyed, and fearless-looking, you will know those Gaels among a thousand. Talking with them you will find them refined and polite,—but don't run down the Old Country, or anyone of her children over the seas; don't shrug your shoulders at the idea of the Irish flag floating over College Green without the companionship of the Union Jack; don't make any flippant remarks regarding religion—for those fellows in black soutanes and loose overalls trimmed with red come of "a fighting race."

As we have mentioned their colors, we may say that upon the same red trimming hangs a tale. As the students of every nationality have distinctive costumes, so have the Irish. Whatever way it came about, the distinguishing color that fell to them was, if you please, *red.* Years passed by; but no one seemed to notice the incongruity of the combination, until a young fellow from County Cork, just from beside the Blarney Stone, the day after his arrival from Ireland asked the others the reason why they wore the color of "the Sassenach!" And then the question passed from man to man, and a meeting to deliberate what course should be taken was decided upon, with all the solemnity inseparable from the ages of seventeen to twenty-four.

Needless to say the abolition of their

present trimming, and the substitution of another *of a green color* were unanimously voted at the formal meeting; and no time was lost in laying a statement of the grievance before their own local superiors.

The latter were powerless to dissuade the young men, and accordingly referred them to the authorities of the Propaganda de Fide. Undaunted by the cold water thrown on the agitation, a deputation made its way to that august body, and after explaining the circumstances of the case, firmly demanded a change of colors.

The Propaganda was inexorable, but so were the Irishmen. "Had not red been worn by their predecessors for many years?" "Yes, of course, but then we do not mean to continue doing so." "But the Polish College has green already appropriated!" "Yes, it has, but it has not as good a right as we have to that color!"

At length a happy thought entered the wise old brain of a white-haired prelate. If it failed, the last trump was played. "Was not red the color of the martyrs?" "Yes, it was." "Has not Ireland been for centuries a martyred land?" "Yes, she has." "Is not the color of the martyrs good enough—?"

No answer was given to this, for the solemn deputation did not wait until the end of the sentence. They saw the drift of the old priest's argument and beat a hasty retreat; and ever since the Irish students in Rome wear "the color of the martyrs."

From among the relics of Ireland's heroes treasured in the Irish College, we cannot help selecting two of special interest to an Irish Catholic. One is a letter written in Latin by the hand of the Venerable Oliver Plunkett, the martyred Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland, whose case for beatification is presently before the S. Congregation of Rites. It was written immediately after the future Primate had been ordained priest. In it he explains to his Superior that his course is now finished,—he had been a student in the Irish College; but there seems little hope of being able to return to Ireland, for the country is too well watched over by English satellites by whom the Penal Laws are fully executed. It would perhaps be better, he suggests, to wait until the present stormy period grows calmer before returning to his own people.

This course of action being agreed to, Father Plunkett remained in the Eternal City,—to set out for his distracted country a few years later, to be created Archbishop of St. Patrick's See and Primate of Ireland, to live on bread and water in bogs and caves, and finally—to gain the martyr's crown on Tyburn Hill.

No account of the Irish College could be considered adequate, if mention of Ireland's protector in Rome, Cardinal Vincenzo Vanutelli, were omitted. He may be said to come of a family of cardinals. Cardinal Serafino Vanutelli is his brother, two years his senior. Cardinal Vincenzo may well be called *"Hibernior Hibernis ipsis,"* for there is no prelate in Europe, Irishmen excepted, as devoted to Irish interests. So public is this fact in Rome, that his brother-members of the Sacred College jestingly term him *"Il Cardinale Irlandese"*—"the Irish Cardinal." Of tall stature—six feet six inches in his stockings—and lithe, well-proportioned form, "the Irish Cardinal" makes a striking figure at the St. Patrick's Day banquet, held each year at the Irish College. His bunch of shamrock, worn on his purple robes, is always double the size of that carried by any other guest; and His Eminence takes a mischievous delight in telling the Hibernians he believes "he is a better Irishman than themselves!" His enthusiasm for Irish faith is unbounded.

Speaking in Italian in the name of Pius X. to an assembly of archbishops, bishops, and distinguished laymen of different nations, gathered last St. Patrick's Day at the table of the Irish College, Cardinal Vanutelli said:—

"I have been sent on various missions by the Holy See to several countries, in the Occidental, as well as in the Oriental, Church; but I have never witnessed anything to be compared with the deep love of religion and attachment to the Rock of Peter that I found in the Green Isle (l'Isola Verde)."

The other treasure preserved there is the heart of Daniel O'Connell. It is kept in a magnificent marble monument erected in the Church of S. Agatha dei Gotti* by the Liberator's friend, Charles Bianconi of Clonmel. O'Connell, in his old age, weighed down by trouble, and anxiety for Ireland, determined to journey to Rome to pay homage to the Vicar of Christ, which, however, he was destined never to do. Stricken down in Genoa by his last illness, he died bequeathing his soul to Heaven, his body to Ireland and his heart to Rome. The embalmed heart being brought to the Eternal City was placed in the hands of the Liberator's young countrymen, by order of His Holiness.

It is now a place visited by Irishmen from all over the world.†

* Gregory XVI handed over this ancient church to the Irish College for the accommodation of its students.

† Doubtless a description of the monument enclosing the Liberator's heart will be of interest to many of our readers. It is made of pure Carrara marble, exquisitely sculptured, and stands about twenty feet high. The upper part represents the Angel of Liberty, bidding Erin—who sits chained, with her Irish harp and wolf-dog, in an attitude of melancholy—to arise, for hope has come. The lower part represents O'Connell at the bar of the British House of Commons refusing to take the anti-Catholic declaration then imposed upon members of Parliament. His words, "I at once reject this declaration: part of it I believe to be untrue, and the rest of it I know to be false," are chiselled underneath.

THE GREEK COLLEGE.

Of slight, well-formed frames, light, sharp eyes, finely-cut features, the Greek students will be recognized by you at once even before you have heard the names they bear—names that you have met a thousand times in Demosthenes and Thucydides. Those of them from Greece proper are not like the Athenians who disputed with St. Paul on the Areopagus and "employed themselves in nothing else but either in telling or in hearing some new thing." For their keen refined intellects are too restless and ambitious not to enter into a strenuous contest in the little world of the Propaganda.

They have the right of marrying before taking the order of sub-deaconship; but few of them avail themselves of the permission, as their married priests have rarely much influence over their flocks.

A body of young Grecian students in their blue cassocks, red girdles, and black, flowing gowns is indeed a pretty sight in the streets of Rome.

Another body of clerics permitted to marry before ordination are the students of the Ruthenian College. Unlike the Greeks, nearly all of these enter matrimony; for, strangely enough, Ruthenian Catholics have a prejudice against those of their priests who remain unmarried.

Their language is Slavonic; their costumes are entirely of blue cloth with a yellow sash around the waist. For many years the Ruthenian Catholics suffered heavily at the hands of the Russians—their conquerors—for their devotion to the Holy See and the tenacity with which they clung to their religion and language. Now, however, thanks to their own indomitable spirit, they practice their religion unmolested, and are allowed to revive the tongue of their fathers which had all but died out under the wrath of the Russian Bear.

THE MARONITE AND ARMENIAN COLLEGES.

As space does not allow us to describe all the colleges individually, we shall confine ourselves to two interesting bodies from the East. With long black beards, pale dark faces of Oriental solemnity, black, fiery eyes, the students of the Maronite and Armenian Colleges, robed entirely in black, make strange, weird figures among their more lively neighbors. Though of very different temperaments, a close friendship and feeling of fraternity exist between the Irish, Ruthenian, Maronite and Armenian students—for all four come of races steeped in blood for the sake of the Catholic religion. The British lion and Russian bear persecuted the two former and failed in the struggle to wrench those nations from Peter's Rock; the Crescent impelled by Mahommedan ferocity and fanaticism mangled the latter.

However, this will never occur again in the case of the Maronites, since the Five Great Powers of Europe have taken the little nation under protection, and their homes on the slopes of Lebanon, within a day's journey of Jerusalem, are now the safest in the Catholic world.

These students, too, may marry before ordination; but very few do so, one of the reasons being that which deters the Greeks.

And now we leave the most universal spot on earth with its varied gathering, which in the space of a few years will be scattered over the globe, and replaced by another crowd. They will leave the City of the Martyrs with the benediction of the Vicar of Christ, to traverse the universe, to throw Peter's net in all waters, to battle for the Crucified, and, if necessary,—to shed their blood for the Faith.

But, you may ask, will they ever return to Rome, except through necessity or to pass a mere holiday? Any one of my readers who made a prolonged stay in Rome will answer the question, and Grim, the Protestant writer, will corroborate his statement. "The feeling of eternity, of imperishableness, which steals over one in Rome, must be expressed; the feeling, as if the earth was a vast empire and here its central point; love for this city above all cities. I am no Roman Catholic, and I perceive nothing in myself of romantic veneration for Pope and Church; but I cannot deny the powerful feeling of home which seizes me in Rome and the longing to return which I never lose."*

Father Tom came away with a joyful heart. "I will offer up the Holy Sacrifice for that wonderful gathering," he said, when we were out on the Piazza di Spagna, "to-morrow morning." "Then," I said, "you ought to offer it up in the Catacombs; for it is there the ashes from which they grew lie." The idea pleased him, and our next field for exploration was to be the Catacomb of St. Callixtus, out the Appian Way.

* "Life of Michael Angelo," Vol. I, page 143.

A WOMAN OF POISE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

It was the height of the racing season. All available places on the grounds were thronged with spectators. At the Club-House congregated the heavy plungers and rich owners, and between the races little groups of the wives and daughters of millionaires might be seen at the restaurant in the broad veranda, or on the lawn, making up small pools to wager on some especial horse.

In the booking-ring—the large pavilion open on all sides—the book-makers were alertly helping the public to get rid of the cash with which they were singularly eager to part. Around the most popular "books" struggled an excited crowd of men, pushing and jostling one another in a wild effort to obtain a glimpse of the slates, to have their wagers recorded, and to get out of the vortex. Runners, reporters for the press, and sharpers, swelled the mass of shouting humanity, and all seemed to have gone mad with the fever of risk and chance that was in the air.

The vantage ground for the study of other phases of character developed by the fascination of the track was, as usual, the Grand Stand. Here came the enthusiasts from the ring to watch the outcome of the race; here were other men who cared more for the sport than for the odds, but the Stand had, also, so many feminine patrons in bright raiment that, from a little distance, it looked like a garden of gay-colored flowers. Among the *habituée,* no one, perhaps, involuntarily attracted more attention than a young, fair-haired and handsome woman in a "fetching" lavender costume and picture hat, who sat in one of the front boxes.

Her only companion was a little girl of perhaps eight years of age, a fairy-like creature with bobbing flaxen curls, a white frock, and the air of a diminutive princess.

The woman watched the races keenly, sometimes following one from start to finish through her field glass, but she never for a moment lost her superb poise, which many a leader of fashion at the Club-House might have envied. The child stood upon a chair and joined in the applause when a favorite thoroughbred won, or, turning around, nodded to the mother and sisters of a popular jockey, who had waved to him as the horses went by on the way to the starting-post.

From time to time, the woman scribbled a name and number on a tiny writing pad she held, and, raising a daintily gloved hand, summoned one of the messengers that ply between the stand and the ring. Then she placed the bit of paper torn from the pad, and a bank-note of a large figure, in the clasp of the child, who slipped away through the crowd, and gave the paper and the note to the commissioner. More than once, too, when he returned and with difficulty pressed through the throng, the little girl met him and, presently, like a sprite of good fortune, made her way back, her pretty hands filled to overflowing with the mother's winnings.

At last came the event of the day, the great running race, between two famous thoroughbreds, for the championship. Thousands of dollars would change hands, whichever won, and, when the two splendid horses were brought out, a murmur, like the sound of the sea along the shore, passed over the stand, as their respective merits were pointed out and discussed by the spectators.

The signal for the start was given,

and the beautiful animals were off with the swiftness of the wind.

The silence was like the calm before a storm; all eyes were fixed on the flying thoroughbreds coming on, now neck and neck, up the home stretch.

The woman in the lavender costume leaned forward slightly. The child, unnoticed, stood, flushing and pale by turns, her bright gaze riveted upon the wonderful horses. What a delirium of suspense and feverish joy was compressed into those two minutes three and a quarter seconds! At the end of that brief space, there was a flash of bright bay color in the sunshine, and past the winning post swept Sisonby, the world's champion, the horse that had beaten all other records. The storm broke, and a tumult of cheers, with an under-current of lamentation, re-echoed through the grounds! When the excitement on the Grand Stand had subsided somewhat, a shrill childish voice rose above all others.

"Mamma, I have won a hundred! I have won a hundred for myself!"

After the race, the mother of the child had smiled and leisurely fanned herself. Now, for the first time she was startled from her self-possession.

"What do you mean, Ruth?" she asked shortly, attempting to draw the excited little one down beside her.

"I staked the gold pieces papa gave me for my birthday, and I have won. Aren't you glad?"

The mother changed color.

"Be quiet, dear, every one is looking at you," she said. And little Ruth obeyed.

But her eyes still shone, and her breath came fast, when the messenger, distributing the spoils of success, handed her a crisp hundred-dollar note, which she gave to her mother for safe-keeping.

A few minutes later, a good-looking man, apparently still under forty, who had spent most of the afternoon at the ring, appeared on the stand and made his way to the box.

"Papa, I have won a hundred," cried the child, springing up to greet him.

"The deuce, you have," he replied, laughing.

The day's sport was now over, and the rush to the cars began for those who were not so fortunate as to have waiting carriages or automobiles.

Joe Mitchell leisurely piloted his party through the crowd. On its edge he and his wife were joined by another couple, also well, though rather flashily, dressed, and gaily good-humored. The women called each other Mary and Clara, and the men Joe and Jim with easy familiarity.

On the train, however, comely Mrs. Mitchell was unusually quiet during the trip back to the city.

At home, in a showy New York apartment house, that evening, she astonished her husband by an unexpected decision.

"Joe," she exclaimed, when little Ruth was sleeping the sleep of weary childhood, "I am going to stop playing the races, and you will, too, if you know what is good for you."

He stared incredulously.

"It is not that fortune has deserted me," she hastened to add, "only, I wonder if the pace at which we are living is, after all, a winning one. To be sure, we have been honest, and have not altogether forgotten the poor. But as for our duties, well, we have sadly neglected them, and it is time to consider whether we are 'coming home in front,' as they say on the track."

With a gesture of impatience, Joe rose from the steamer chair in which he had been lounging by the open window.

"My girl, what in the world has set you moralizing?" he asked, indolently, as he lit a cigarette.

His wife was not to be diverted by this indifference.

"It was Ruth," she continued, with earnestness. "We have taken her everywhere with us rather than leave her to the care of a servant. Every one notices her, she is so pretty; and at the races, in letting her carry a message sometimes, I never thought of the effect upon her, until to-day."

"When she laid a wager for herself, and won it, too; precocious enough," he laughed. "But of course this won't do. Ruth must be left at home."

"And I shall stay at home with her," replied the young wife, firmly.

"Otherwise, she will either grow up with a love for this careless life we lead, or else she will reproach us in her thoughts because we have not set her a better example."

Joe Mitchell winced. Little Ruth was the delight of his heart, and the intimation that he was not doing all he could for her stung him to the quick.

"It is not Ruth alone, though," continued Mary, following up the point she had made, "it is yourself, too, Joe. You are so clever, I don't want you to spend the best years of your life in this way. You can make a good income from your newspaper work, and you ought to finish writing your novel."

The last was a masterly stroke. Well educated, ready with his pen, Mitchell in the beginning had frequented the track as a reporter, and because he was interested in the study of human nature it afforded, and its intense and throbbing life. The excitement, the contagion in the atmosphere, had, however, soon mastered him.

He was light-hearted, somewhat hot-tempered, sociable, and he usually relied upon his wife's judgment more than he himself realized. Accordingly, her influence now had its effect, especially as of late he had lost money on the races.

"How can I give up, when we have to pay the mortgage on the little home we have bought in the country," he argued.

"The mortgage is not due for nearly a year," she answered promptly. "Even from your earnings on the paper we ought to be able to save something, and the publishers have promised you a thousand dollars as the first payment on the novel."

Again the novel. Joe was aroused to a sense of his negligence in many respects; now, for once, ambition arrayed itself upon the side of conscience. "Mary, you are right," he said, after a pause, "we will turn over a new leaf; I will finish the manuscript, and the mortgage shall be paid."

Thus it happened that the woman and the child who had presented so charming a picture on the Grand Stand were seen there no more; that Joe Mitchell, after a few lapses from his resolution, ceased to mingle with the surging crowds at the booking ring. He no longer drank champagne at his own or another's expense; in fact, he found that to work in earnest he must keep steady.

Mary not only returned to the practice of her religious duties, but succeeded in persuading him to do likewise. Ruth was sent to a convent day-school.

The weeks passed, and soon the racing season was over.

During the winter, Joe Mitchell devoted his days to his newspaper toil, and worked at his literary hazard until far into the night. Sometimes it was *vice versa.*

Summer came again; many columns of the great metropolitan dailies were devoted to descriptions of the horses, the owners and the jockeys associated with the principal racing ventures throughout the country; Sisonby, perhaps the most-talked-of horse in the world, was the equine hero of the hour.

Sporting friends looked up Joe Mitchell; the newspaper on whose staff he was employed wished to send him again to the scene he knew so well, and he himself grew restive for the sport he loved.

But he sturdily declined to be drawn back into the maelstrom.

The novel, on which he had been engaged, was finished at last, the publishers' reader had commended it, and he received a letter from them requesting him to call at their office and sign the contract.

"I knew you could do it, Joe," cried Mary, throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him, as she wished him godspeed on his errand.

Elated as he was, it seemed to him that no taste of fame would be sweeter to him than this tribute of her faith and affection.

From her window she watched him set out. The morning was lovely; Ruth was already on the way to school.

About the middle of the forenoon the door-bell rang imperatively; a boy presently stood in the hall, stamping his feet and whistling, and the maid entered the small drawing-room, bringing a telegram.

Mrs. Mitchell took it eagerly and read the message.

"Sisonby five to one, Futurity Race; sure thing; send me a thousand.

"CLARA."

The words were like the starter's cry to the thoroughbred.

Mary's cheeks glowed. At first her heart had seemed to stop beating; now it throbbed fast as a trip hammer. The joy of life thrilled through her veins; she felt as if she had suddenly awakened from a peaceful repose to the exhilaration of action.

"Five to one," she repeated, as she stood studying the sentence. "A sure thing! Clara knows; she wants to wager a thousand for me. Sisonby will win, and if I send the money, for my one thousand I shall have five. Yet, no; I must not think of it."

She crumpled the telegram in her hand and called to the boy that he need not wait. But the message could not be so easily set aside.

"Joe and I promised each other that we would give up playing the races for good and all. It is a great chance, though," she continued, dallying with the temptation. "Five thousand for one thousand. And the mortgage on the little home in the country is due. If, as Joe feared, there should be any haggling with his publishers about the dramatic rights of the book, and a consequent delay in the payment of the money, we may lose the property, since its market value has depreciated, and, on short notice, we could find no one to take up the debt. Five thousand for one thousand. If Joe should come home disappointed to-night, how splendid to be able to say to him: 'Never mind, my dear boy, your book is sure to succeed, and here are five thousand dollars. Go pay off the mortgage to-morrow.'"

Had the Mitchells been prudent people, of course their savings would have been deposited in a bank and drawing interest. But, with the careless and prodigal habit of the old days, they were wont to keep their funds nearby, in reckless defiance of burglars and sneak thieves. Mary knew, therefore, only too well that she had the money at hand. It belonged to her as much as to Joe, for they had saved it together. The old fever was upon her, the gambler's desire to acquire sudden wealth, the passion for gold, the insane willingness to risk all for the chance of gaining more.

"I *will* do it," she exclaimed.

Unlocking a secret drawer of her writing desk, she took out a roll of bills and counted them. There was a small surplus over the amount she required.

This she put back; then thrusting the thousand dollars into her handbag, she put on her hat and went out to the telegraph office on the street corner.

When the money was actually sent, Mary Mitchell began to realize what she had done.

"How weak I was to so easily forget my earnest determination, my pledge to Joe," she reflected, as she sat alone at home again. "He will forgive me, though, if I win. If? Why, I *must* win, Clara says so. To lose, that is too terrible to think of. It would mean not only the loss of the money but of Joe's love and trust. Oh, I must win, I must win."

Thus, conscience and a fear of the possible consequences of her rash act tortured her during all of the afternoon. The courage under similar circumstances, which her friends had been wont to praise, now completely deserted her, and by the time her husband came home she had worried herself into a headache that left her little power to think at all. Success was depicted upon his smiling face, and he was in high spirits.

"It is all right, Mary," he cried jubilantly. "The contract is signed; the publishers gave me the check and, like a boy, I went right off and got the money so that you might see in cash the first fruit of my literary efforts. Tomorrow morning I'll go and pay off the mortgage. Here, put this with the rest. Did you ever see a thousand dollar bill before?"

He tossed the bank-note into her lap; but she sprang up and put it into his hand again, crying—"Do not trust it to me, Joe. The rest is gone, the thousand dollars that we saved toward paying the mortgage. I sent it to Clara to lay a wager for me on Sisonby. You surely remember that this is the day of the great race?"

Thereupon, bursting into tears she told him of the telegram, and how, yielding to the temptation, she had been drawn again into the shimmering tide of the life they had sought to shun.

Had Joe Mitchell been a man of cooler temperament or made of finer clay, seeing her remorse he would, perhaps, have foreborne to reproach her. But the revulsion of feeling from a sense of security to a state of surprise and supense was too abrupt, and he broke out in a passion of bitter words which cut her proud spirit like a lash.

The wife who had led him upward, whose uncompromising perseverance had held him in check, had failed miserably, while he had been true to his word. He had kept the new leaf of his career fair to see, and it was written over with patient endeavor. She had turned back to the old page in spite of her preaching.

And the thousand dollars! How could he make up for the loss of it? Yet, after all, it might not be lost. Sisonby was sure to win. It was a foregone conclusion. He had heard men laying wagers on the odds in the elevated train on the way up town. Mary had been weak, but had she been unwise in a sporting sense?

As Joe paced the floor he saw in imagination the once familiar scene, the green lawns of the Park, the gay throngs at the Club and the Grand Stand, the pushing, jostling crowds in the booking ring, and the sensitive, eager horses, almost human in intelligence and fleet as the breeze.

When, after a few minutes, Mary ceased weeping, from utter exhaustion, and stole a glance at her husband, she was more terrified than she had been by his anger.

For, from his absent look, and the light in his eyes, she knew that the spell was now upon him also, knew that, were there yet time, he would stake even

the price of his manuscript on the result of the race.

Truly, turn whichever way she would, trouble now confronted her. If she lost the wager the hope of the little home in the country would fade like a dream, Joe would never forgive her, and her influence with him would be gone. If she won, with the five thousand dollars in his possession, he would be almost certain to return to the old pleasant, careless life. In either case it seemed to her that her happiness was destroyed. "Lighter misunderstandings between married folk have often led to a separation," she reflected, anxiously. "Divorce, no, thank Heaven, we do not believe in that,—But oh, how much more besides money is always at stake in the great race of the hour."

"My God save me from the consequences of my folly," she prayed silently, as, outwardly apathetic now, as if she could endure no more, she crossed the room and looked out of a window.

In the street a newsboy was calling the headlines of his papers. He came nearer,—she caught the meaning of what he said.

"All about the great horse-race. Sisonby lost to Artful."

The cry repeated in the gamin's strident treble brought Joe Mitchell to his feet, with an oath.

The next moment, however, his wife's cry of utter misery as she buried her face among the pillows of the divan, smote him to the heart. His anger against her died out as his own great error confronted him. After all, was it not he who had first taken her to the races—who had taught her the little she really knew of the science of the track? And if he had been at home when the telegram came, would he have withstood the temptation? He was not so sure of himself now.

"Never mind, Mary, my girl," he said hoarsely, stroking her soft hair,—"I did not mean half what I said; try to forget it, dear. Together we will turn over another new leaf."

At this moment of reconciliation, Ruth, gaily unconscious of all but her own happiness, burst into the room,—"Here is a telegram for you, mother," she said, and danced out again.

Mrs. Mitchell tore open the envelope and read the message aloud.

"Your thousand came too late. I return by District Messenger boy.

"CLARA."

LO! THE POOR INDIAN!

BY SMITH D. FRY.

Like muffled drums, three hundred years have beaten their own funeral marches into the tomb of eternity. During those centuries the wilderness of North America has been wrested from darkness and illumined with the electric lights of intelligent progress.

The white men have blazed their pathways across the prairies, over the mountains, and along the rivers, with the streaming blood of the brave but helpless aborigines. Proud, haughty, brave chieftains, smarting under repeated injustices, having "within their hearts, hot cells shut up bitter, burning wrongs," have fought and bled in vain to stem the tide of free-booting aggressors.

And now we have a Commissioner of Indian Affairs who is gentle, kind and philosophical. He is endeavoring to develop the character of the American Indian in various ways. But, after all, he may be wasting his energies.

As a matter of fact, all there is left for the white man to do for the declining days of the enfeebled and miscegnated race, is to grant ease and freedom from persecution, from rank robbery. It is too late to develop the chacter of the Indians. Moreover, the time will never come when the Indian will take kindly to the work of the white man in his behalf.

General Miles offered all sorts of terms to Chief Joseph, assuring him of forbearance and brotherly care. Chief Joseph sent back word that "a wolf once offered to act as guardian to a lamb. The foolish lamb accepted the guardianship and was devoured."

This is the story of Es-kim-in-zin, the Apache chief who suffered unmerited imprisonment and died in confinement.

It is a pathetic story of wrongs never righted. The whole world sympathized with Captain Dreyfus, but he lived to be restored to his family and friends. Poor old Es-kim-in-zin never received justice, and was returned to his home and family, only in a dying condition, within a month of his decease.

One of the stanch friends of Es-kim-in-zin was John P. Clum, post-office inspector. Formerly Mr. Clum was Indian agent at the San Carlos agency in Arizona. His record there was superb, and he was regarded as the best Indian agent in the service. His word alone ought to have been sufficient to have secured the release of the persecuted Apache, but it was not. Gen. O. O. Howard was also one of the firm friends of Es-kim-in-zin, but even his efforts to secure his release were unavailing.

In the War Department the statement of Es-kim-in-zin is on file, under the date of March, 1892. He says:

"Seventeen years ago I took up a ranch on the San Pedro, cleared the bush, and took out water in a ditch which I made. I plowed the land and made a fence around it like the Mexicans. When I started I had three horses and 25 head of cattle. I was on the San Pedro ten years. Then I had 17 horses and 38 head of cattle, a large yellow wagon, for which I paid $40, and another wagon, which cost me $90, but which I had given to some relatives. I also had many tools. For about three years I drew rations from the agent. After that I did not draw any more until I was sent to the agency by Lieut. Watson. I bought all my family clothing and supplies with the money I made. In 1888 Lieut. Watson came to my ranch and gave me a paper from Capt. Pearce, the agent, and told me I had better go to the San Carlos reservation, as the citizens would kill me if I did not; that there were about 150 citizens coming with pistols.

"They came the next day after I left my ranch, and they shot at my women, putting bullets through their skirts, and drove them off. They took 515 sacks of corn, wheat and barley, destroyed 523 pumpkins and took away 32 head of cattle. After that I went to Washington, and when I returned they asked me if I did not want to go back to my ranch on the San Pedro. I said no, I would not be safe there, and would feel like a man sitting on a chair with some one scratching the sand out from under the legs. Then Capt. Pearce said I could select a farm on the reservation, so I went with Lieut. Watson and selected a piece of land on the Gila just above the sub-agency; Lieut. Watson surveying it for me. I made a ditch for irrigating, and had water flowing in it, and had almost finished fencing the farm when I was arrested. Since then I have been away, and my wife and some of my children have looked after the farm for me."

Es-kim-in-zin, in concluding his final plea, says:

"Since I put down a stone with General Howard many years ago, and promised that I would never do anything wrong, I have not broken my promise. I ask to be sent back to my family at San Carlos and given the land surveyed by Lieut. Watson; that it be given me forever, and I will never ask for rations or anything else for myself or my family, from the government. I want to work like a white man and support my family. I can do it and I will always be a good man."

It was claimed by those who interested themselves in Es-kim-in-zin that the order expelling him from Arizona was, at best, a military precaution, and certainly could never have been regarded as a military necessity. Captain Witherspoon, commandant at Mt. Vernon barracks, was also a sympathizer of the imprisoned chief. Vincent Colyer stated to the authorities that Es-kim-in-zin was the first Indian chief that came into the military post at old Camp Grant, Arizona, in the spring of 1871, and asked to be allowed to live in peace. It is asserted that while there, and under the protection of the American flag, and assured by the army officers that he and his people could sleep in their camp in as perfect security as the soldiers could in theirs, they were, in the early dawn, set upon by a band of assassins, under the leadership of Americans, and 128 of his tribe, his family, relatives and friends, old men, women and children, were brutally murdered and their bodies mutilated.

Es-kim-in-zin saved only one member of his family from the slaughter, and this was a little girl, two and a half years old, whom he caught in his arms as he fled. Es-kim-in-zin, the next day after the massacre, returned to Camp Grant, where the commanding officer assured him that no soldier had any part in or sympathy with this brutal butchery. With this assurance, he returned with the survivors of his band, and once more placed himself under the protection of the troops. Within six weeks his camp was charged by a troop of white soldiers, his people assaulted and driven into the mountains. It was stated in extenuation by the authorities that "this was a very unfortunate blunder." It appeared to Es-kim-in-zin like trickery, and he became enraged. He was stirred to revenge, and later, either he, or one of his friends, killed a white man.

His friends maintain that it was wonderful that he stopped at the death of only one of a race with which he had formerly maintained relations of perpetual war, and who, since a truce was declared, had exercised, as he believed, and had reason to believe, so much treachery and cruelty toward him and his people.

The enemies of Es-kim-in-zin emphasized his alleged crime by saying that the man that was killed had befriended him. His friends said that these people lost sight of the fact that all this treachery, cruelty and murder toward the Apaches was enacted after the most solemn assurances of friendship and protection had been made to the Indians by the commissioned officers of the American government.

One of the papers filed in behalf of Es-kim-in-zin contains the following paragraph: "Is it not strange that we can pass lightly over 128 treacherous and cowardly murders instigated by white men, while we carefully treasure the memory of a single killing by an Indian, and after the lapse of twenty-three years point to him and say: 'This man murdered his friend,' without even giving him the benefit of the circumstances which instigated the crime."

Within the two years which followed the massacre at old Camp Grant, Special Commissioner Colyer and Gen. O. O. Howard visited Arizona. Post-office Inspector Clum says these officers did not find Es-kim-in-zin "treacherous, cruel and bad," but that, on the contrary, they had great confidence in him, and that General Howard believed in the old chief. Mr. Clum states that when he went to Arizona in 1874 as the Indian agent at San Carlos he found Es-kim-in-zin a prisoner-of-war at new Camp Grant in irons, engaged in making adobes for the soldiers, and that then, as now, there were no specific charges against him. Mr. Clum said that the officers at the post told him the Indian was confined because "a certain major of the United States Army did not like him," and regarded him as a bad Indian.

Think of that! A human being being confined in irons, like a convict, and compelled to make adobes for officers who held him in durance, because, forsooth, one white man wearing shoulder straps so autocratically ordered, simply because he suspected the old chief of being a bad man. The officer who committed that outrage was not in danger of being "suspected" of being a bad man; for he was a bad man, and a disgrace to the uniform which he wore. He was as infamous as those villains who not only suspected, but by perjured testimony convicted, Captain Dreyfus and condemned him to living death in torture and torment.

In 1874, in compliance with an official request from Indian Agent Clum, Es-kim-in-zin was released, and up to the time of the departure of Agent Clum from the agency the old Indian was faithful, and never wanting in action or advice. When the agent's life was sometimes in danger, he relied upon Es-kim-in-zin, and the old chief always did his duty well. It was in 1877, after Agent Clum went elsewhere, that the undeserved outrages were heaped upon the old Indian, who had done nothing wrong, but had done everything to deserve a better fate.

Es-kim-in-zin was confined for many years at Mt. Vernon barracks in Alabama, and ultimately was sent to Fort Sill in Oklahoma, where he remained almost twenty years, without seeing even a glimpse of justice to cheer his pathway to the happy hunting grounds.

The American Indians at Carlisle or other schools know the story of Es-kim-in-zin and the stories of numerous others of their race who have suffered from the ruthless rapacity of the white men; and they all smile at the serious efforts of officials "to develop the character of the American Indian."

Old Red Cloud, the some time famous and brave war chief, once said to the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs: "My children shall not go to school. Presence of white man bad enough. My children must not learn to be bad like white man."

In other words, if the leading intelligences of the aboriginal race could have their way, they would like to devise some scheme, "To develop the character of the American Pale Faces."

THE GRANDEUR OF THE CHURCH.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

Have you walked forth alone, and e'er beheld
The awful dome of midnight crowned with stars,
Or thunder-swept with tempests? Have you heard
The deep reverberations of the sea,
Like organ peals resounding far and near,
For ever and for ever? Have you seen
Huge, massive mountains shouldering the clouds,
That bear their weight upon them? Have you heard
Tumultuous torrents shouting wild and hoarse,
Ere plunging headlong from impending cliffs
To chasms of deep horror? Have you heard
Great earthquakes shuddering through the land at night,
With groans of ruin appalling? Have you seen
Pale coursers flying from the east and west,
To central heaven, flaming far with lights,
That fill the north with splendor, and with signs,
And wonders most portentous, or anon,
With armies faintly visible, engaged
In conflict in the skies? Have you beheld
The powers of the elements thus moved
To strange colossal action? If so, withal,
Their might and majesty are nought compared
To the supreme magnificence and strength
Of the great Church of Rome. There, well entrenched,
By fixed decree, and ordinance of heaven,
She sits enthroned upon her seven hills,
More powerful, more glorious, and secure,
Than all the kings and princes of the earth,
Though throned in gorgeous and most royal state,
Above the proudest empires of the world.

Like some vast mountain towering to the skies,
Above the mists of time, she has withstood
The thunderbolts of ages, and the shafts
Of flaming squadrons trooping fresh from hell,
Infuriate with rage. She has withstood
The shock and stress of earthquake, flood and fire,
Of hurricane and cloud, and all the plots,
Intrigues and machinations wrought in hell,
To compass her destruction, and defeat
Her holy and beneficent designs
For man's immortal destiny, beyond
The gateways of the grave.
She still survives,
And shall survive, triumphant and sublime,
Throughout all ages, till an angel bright,
Descending radiant from the setting sun,
Shall stand resplendent on the land and sea,
And thence declare that time shall be no more.

LAKES OF KILLARNEY, FROM KENMARE ROAD.

A DAY BY THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

BY HELEN HUGHES.

It was a merry party that sat in the parlor of the modest, but comfortable, hotel in Killarney, and planned the trip for the following day. From early morning I had watched these unique vehicles, the Irish jaunting cars, passing in streams, loaded to the fullest extent with happy boys and girls, all bound for a Gaelic picnic, held some few miles from the little town. I wanted to go,—that could be seen at a glance,—but alas! none of my party could be enthused to the pitch of accompanying me. I went to the door, and went to the window, and looked longingly after the high two-wheeled rigs that carried comfortably as many as six people. At last I settled down to make the best of what I found to hand. There was a St. Mary's Church up the street to the right, but it was Episcopal, built on the site of old Catholic St. Mary's. There was a Methodist meeting-room down in the middle of the town where eight or ten collected occasionally for services. The Franciscans have a fine monastery and church, and out a little way, in a grassy park, is the beautiful new cathedral whose memorial windows have many a pathetic legend,—sometimes a thanksgiving for grace received, or a humble petition for a favor. But this fine Sunday I wanted to be with people, and was not at all in a contemplative mood. My heart was with the picnickers, who were away off in some lovely spot, talking Gaelic and drinking in the sunshine and the joy of human society. Perhaps I was vexed

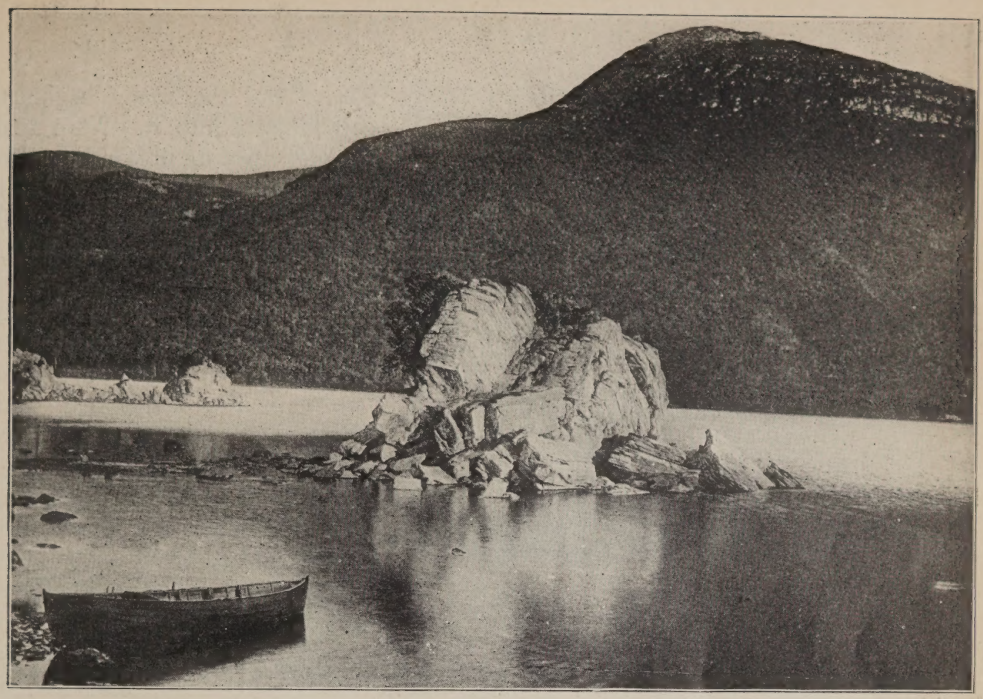
UPPER LAKE, KILLARNEY.

and disappointed to find myself a lonely alien in Ireland, whose heroes were my heroes and whose God was my God.

I wandered down one of the lanes where the little children clustered as thick as geranium blossoms in a farmer's window. An old lady, clean and respectable in a stiff white cap, sat within one of the cottages. I went in, and told her it was my second day in Ireland, that I felt lonely, that I had never seen a turf fire, and that I didn't know any Irish. She listened with sympathy, and, seizing on my only tangible complaint, offered to show me what a turf fire looked like. In a few minutes there was a beautiful yellow fire blazing on the well-swept hearth, and in its genial warmth our acquaintance ripened to the point of my hostess relating some of the legends of the place. She also showed me the books from which her son studied Irish. They were arranged in 1st, 2nd, etc., and I had made some progress in the alphabet before I returned to my room. That night, with the landlord's aid, we planned our trip for the following day. The trip embraced a variety of methods of locomotion,—car, foot, horseback and boat—over the Kerry hills to the Gap of Dunloe, down the rough bridlepaths of the Black River valley, boats at the head of the lake and home from Ross Castle by car.

Long after I returned, the weird, wonderful legend of the O'Donoghue riding over the lake on his white charger and rousing his clansmen to battle kept whirring through my brain, until, at last, to lay the ghost I rose and put the story in rhyme. The respectable old lady in the stiff cap is more to blame for it than I.

Oh, rise! for the red to the eastward
Betokens the coming day,
And this is the mystic morning,
The first of the month of May.



COLLEEN BAWN ROCK, KILLARNEY.

Every seven years our chieftain
Comes back to claim his own,
Now list to the beat of his charger's feet
As he rides o'er the lake alone.

Back to his people tried and true
Comes their chief, The O'Donoghue.
In armor gleaming he rides with speed
Over the waves, on his milk-white steed,
And far o'er the echoing lake is borne
The martial sound of his hunting horn.
Up from the quiet graveyard round
The dead start quick at that magic sound,
From Castle Ross the flag is flung,
In Muckross Abbey the bells are rung,
The monks, in long procession, pass
To choir, to sing the daily Mass.
His eager clansmen sword in hand
Await their well-loved chief's command.
And in the front as in days of yore
Is O'Sullivan bold and McCarthy mor.
But as the sunlight gilds the peaks
Of McGillicuddy's barren reeks
The wonderful pageant fades from view
And back to his grave goes The O'Donoghue.

When the sun and I saw each other the next morning he was just peeping over the woods that crown the lakes, and I was peeping under my window curtain, waiting for his appearance as an excuse for rousing the rest of the company. And I am very sure it was due to my energy and perseverance that we started not only that day, but a little before ten o'clock, although cars, luncheon, boatmen and guide had all been ordered the previous evening.

Over a rough, hilly road we journeyed to the famous Kate Kearney cottage. Kate has long since put off her earthly raiment, but a great-great grand-daughter still dispenses hospitality, in the way of milk and butter-milk. I took a glass of milk, more from sentiment than necessity, but sorely rued this exhibition of my feelings when I learned it was the home manufacture of the Kerry goat, an animal with which I had no previous acquaintance. They are beautiful little creatures, as I was obliged to admit afterwards, when I saw them nibbling among the rocks, their hairy coats washed snow white by the frequent rains, and their feet and noses as black as ink. On leaving the cottage we were met by a crowd of men and boys, all eager and

HIGHEST PART OF THE GAP.

persuasively eloquent as to the merits of their ponies, the use of which, over the hills, we could have for a few shillings.

Our way now lay through a wild, mountain gorge. The shrubbery began to disappear, the rocks stretched black and naked on either side, while the water oozed and trickled from crack and cranny, not a spear of grass as far as the eye could see, and the sky like a great bell-glass turned over all. It looked as if Nature had tried some experiment here long ago, and, failing, had left the ruins of things as they stood.

A treacherous little pond lay near the pathway. "That," said the man who was enjoying the sinecure of leading my pony, "is the lake where St. Patrick dhrounded the last snake in Ireland." It seems this was a large and reactionary snake that absolutely refused to "move on," but Patrick, who was something of a diplomat, took a box and dared his snakeship to get into it. "I can," says the snake. "Ye can't," says the saint. "I can," "Ye can't," and there it went until the snake says, "Let me try." "Well, try," says St. Patrick, laying down the box. And the snake began to coil himself into it. "Am I all in yet?" says he presently. "Not yet," was the answer, and he took another reef in himself. "Am I all in now?" "Ye are," says the saint, "only a little bit of the tail," says he, and reaching over as if to help him he shut the lid down hard and fast. "Ye're in now," says he. "But when will ye let me out?" called the poor snake. "To-morrow," says St. Patrick, and he flung box and all into that lake. For he knew that to-morrow would never come, because when it's to-morrow of course it's to-day. But every spring, when the first primroses come, if you stand by that little lake at the right time in the morning, and the right place, you can hear that poor omadahaun of a snake asking: "Is it to-morrow yet?" as plain as I'm speaking to you."

The man had hardly finished his story, when a thin streak of blue smoke appeared, rising from a rock, and in a moment a terrific detonation shook the hills around and echoed and re-echoed from the smooth surface of the little lake to the rocky walls on either side as if some mighty enchanter played hand ball with sound. "It's the echo, Miss," said my guide, reassuringly. Now, I had often heard that

> At the Gap of Dunloe
> There's an echo or so

and some of these echoes are very surprising, but the amount of surprise was away beyond my imagining.

A little further on we saw the origin of the echo, an old cannon that had been drawn up for the benefit of tourists who prefer this terrific crash and rebound to the more refined excitement of listening

for Paddy Blake's "Very well, thank you," woven from the whispering of the wind as it sighs through the Gap.

The echo was still vibrating among the hills, when a sweet, wild strain of music reached our ears, resolving itself, as we advanced, into the well known song "Killarney." The singer accompanied himself on the violin, and sang with an abandon, and passionate heart cry, as if he keened the requiem of that enchanted place. The Black River valley was before us, and the desolate hills behind, and away beyond the deep greenness of the arbutus was the silver shimmer of the distant lakes. McGillicuddy's Reeks lifted themselves, black and barren, to the skies, and beautiful Torc, the mountain of the wild boar, round and tree-clad to the summit, wore a veil of blue mist in the hazy distance—and, over all, the floods of golden sunshine and the soft dappled sky with its floating islands of fleecy gray. The unseen singer's voice grew more full and plaintive as we approached, and I thought of the poor passionate nightingale who sings sweetest with her breast against a thorn.

A quick turn in the road brought us in full view of our unknown entertainer, a pale, delicate-faced man, with long shaggy black hair, his clothing the insignia of poverty. He sat in a shallow cave, hollowed from the gray rocks around, and at the entry stood a patient little brown donkey, a straw halter on its head. Our singer had probably ridden far across the hills in the early morning to earn the few pennies that

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL, KILLARNEY.

chance might bring him. Our poor Philomel did sing with his breast against a thorn, the thorn of poverty. But was it not his countryman, "the dove of the cloister," who sang, "Better death in faultless Erin than life without end in Albion."

From this point the scene, though barren and desolate enough, began to show signs of cultivation. As we descended the valley, a roofless cottage stood here and there, and the sun might shine and the rain might beat on the cold hearth where once burned the sacred fire of home. The words of that tender old song, "Norah of Cahirciveen," came fresh and new into my mind, though I had not heard them for many a year.

"Let me fold thee once more to my poor heart that's broken;
God guard thee, remember the days that have been,
From that far distant land send a sign or a token
That you'll never forget us in Cahirciveen."

And poor Norah toiled in a foreign land till God in pity called her home, and the mother was left desolate as Rachel of old on the hills of Judea.

"On the wild hills of Kerry a mother is weeping,
While the lads and the lasses still dance on the green;
On a wild western prairie poor Norah is sleeping
Far, far from the village of Cahirciveen."

It seemed a pathetic song long ago, but now, within twenty miles of Cahirciveen, it became a bit of actual history to me. God heal the broken hearts of the poor mothers whose daughters are sleeping like Norah, or, harder still, toiling for strangers, far from their hearth fires and the sound of their chapel bell!

The sky that looked so smiling a few minutes ago, now clouded over, grey wracks of mist trailed down the mountain sides, and the rain that washes the little Kerry goats so white began to de-

A BIT OF THE GAP OF DUNLOE

scend in torrents. We took shelter in a nearby cottage, where we were made welcome by a pleasant-faced, middle-aged woman. She lived here alone with her brother. Neither had ever married, and thereby hangs a tale, a pretty romance learned by chance and respected as a confidence, but which showed that the twin blossoms of love and self-sacrifice can bloom as luxuriantly in the poorest cabin as in the palaces of kings. The little cottage was clean, but oh, so poor and bare! An old-fashioned churn with a dasher stood in the corner—evidence that the art of butter-making was not unknown—a spinning wheel and bundles of knitted socks spoke of thrift and industry. A dresser held some shining pieces of that blue delft whereon is recorded the wonderful Chinese love story. There is hardly a village, even in the remotest part of Europe, where you cannot find some pieces of this blue delft stored away. And here amid the Kerry hills were the familiar figures of the three stiff little Chinese generals on the bridge, the trees with the impossible fruit and foliage, the heathen-looking castle where the beautiful princess was confined, and the two blue swallows on a white ground that brought the message to the prince. I am a little bit inclined to grow enthusiastic over delft, but our hostess listened with not only good nature but a polite interest, and merely remarked that I "seemed to be able to get more than porridge off that plate." "Do you speak Irish?" I asked, for I had observed that her English was very good. "Oh, yes," she replied, "we always speak Irish except to strangers." So I was a stranger in the land of my fathers, though, not far away, ten generations of my people sleep together in an Irish graveyard! Presently the rain was over and the sun was shining as if the whole thing had been a huge joke. We led our dripping ponies round, but before

mounting ran around the house to see a little spotted red and white calf sleeping cozily in the straw.

A short time now brought us to the border of a stately wood. Beyond lay the far-famed lakes. Each lake presents a separate and distinct style of beauty. The first desolate grandeur, the second a mystic beauty that reminds the traveler of the Tyrol, and the third a pleasant friendliness that is unique and belongs only to Ireland. It is here that Muckross Abbey—the "Irelough" or "house by the lake" of the ancients—lifts its battered walls, and Ross Castle, gloomy and silent, waits the coming of its lord.

The Upper opens into the Middle lake by a rather wide passage, but between the Middle and Lower lake the deep cold waters rush with great force and much swirling through a rocky channel over which is thrown a bridge of great antiquity. Its architecture suggests Danish origin, but the people call it Cromwell's bridge, and tell how Cromwell passing there one day, with much difficulty to horse and man, left word that a bridge be built on his return or he would hang every one of them. The enduring workmanship and massive masonry is very much against this story. If true, it is to be regretted that he did not pass more fords during his visit.

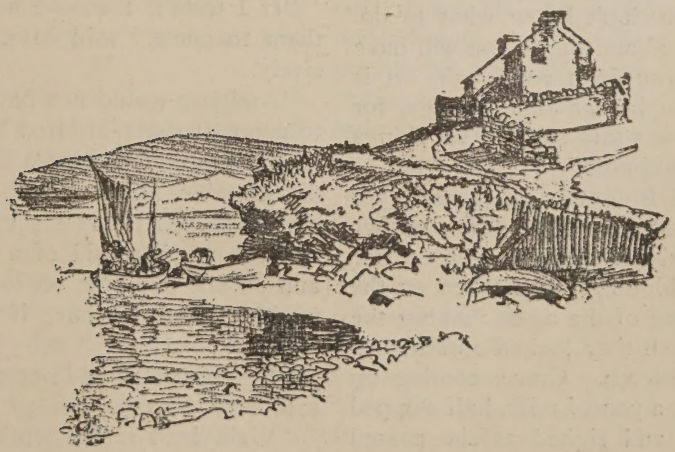
Every islet, rock, or inlet has a name, and here again the old chiefs live. The islands of O'Donoghue, O'Sullivan, and McCarthy mor, are pointed out, and the story of their origin told with pride by the sturdy rowers, as we pass down the lake. The three chiefs were exercising themselves one day, when the notion seized them to try which could throw rocks the furthest into the lake. The strong McCarthy seized a huge boulder and hurled it far out over the blue tide.

ROSS CASTLE.

It sank with a great splash, but so immense was the stone that it stood high out of the water. At that O'Sullivan flung himself upon a mass of rock greater still. It whizzed through the air, and sank just a little beyond that flung by McCarthy, but the great O'Donoghue, rising, tore the whole side out of Castle Rock and flung it far beyond the others, and these rocks, clothed with verdure, are still to be seen, silent witnesses to the prowess of these great men of old.

A fantastic rock in the eyes of the peasantry is the old chief's white horse, and where the shale is piled to look like books is his library, turned to stone. Down the quiet lake we drifted as the red sun was turning the windows of the distant houses to flaming gold, past the beautiful home of James O'Connell, past sloping meadows and graceful groves, until at last we reached the spot that song and story has made familiar to every descendant of the Irish race—the Island of Inisfallen; its monastery and school, beaten flat to the ground save where, here and there, a mass of masonry had withstood the enemies' fury and the rush of the centuries. Softly draped in the eternal ivy lonely Inisfallen stands in the deep waters, while the waves murmur a melancholy song that preserves yet in its soft cadence the hymn of praise and the voices of the sages who once prayed and taught in its famous schools.

The sun was setting as we turned our backs on the dear old shrine. The breeze was coming up fresh, and the boatmen were talking together in the full rich language of their forefathers, which can now be heard over the length and breadth of the land, like the rustling of the winds in the early morning when they herald the sunrise. May this be a good omen, the herald of freedom for the Isle of Destiny.



THE DESERT AND THE SOWN.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER V.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

After breakfast the clouds began to lift, and a semblance of joy took possession of the household. Sarah would not permit herself to wander far away lest in her absence the company might arrive. When the ordeal of having to meet Alice at the table was over, and she found herself back on the porch with the loyal Rover, quiet happiness returned to the child's heart.

"It is a bad habit, Rover, to let things bother you," she confided to the dog, and he blinked his eyes wisely in reply. "My father used to say that over and over again to my Aunt Dilly, and I reckon he knew what he was talking about; although Aunt Dilly would grumble and sigh and say if my father had bothered more about things, we should not be so poor. We were poor, and there is no use of talking! We did not have as many nice things as my auntie has, and I know my auntie bothers about them. So Rover, you don't know what to do. If you bother about things you will have them, and if you don't you won't. It is a bad habit to bother about things, for my father always said so; and yet things are nice—sometimes."

She turned from the intelligent eyes of the dog and leaning her elbows on her knees propped her dimpled chin on her hands. Her blue eyes had taken on the sad questioning of the ages, making the face from which they looked appear preternaturally solemn. Grace, coming up the steps with a pan of milk, half stopped to regard it, and sighed as she passed on.

"It comes so soon to some," she thought, with a little shiver. "And poor little Sarah! who here will understand?"

The kitchen, into which she now entered with weariness in steps so young, presented its accustomed scene of hurried work, the patient mother struggling to get it under headway before the arrival of the guests, and Nettie grumbling as she slammed the breakfast dishes into the pan. For a moment Grace compressed her lips and her delicate face seemed to grow rigid. Then she sent the smile into it, and her voice rang out in its gayest tones, as she made a bantering remark to her young sister. Instantly the depressed atmosphere began to clear. The nervous tension left the countenance of the mother, and the scowl disappeared from the brow of Nettie.

"I fear Nettie does not feel very hospitably disposed toward our expected guests," said Mrs. Kenny, a smile creeping around the corners of her mouth.

"Who could?" demanded the child. "You don't yourself—now do you, mother?"

"If I didn't, I should not have asked them to come," said Mrs. Kenny, evasively.

"And you would not have asked them to come, if sister Mildred had not hinted that you ought to give a dinner for that disagreeable Miss Dane. She wouldn't give it herself because she is too stingy, and too much afraid of a little trouble; and so she passes it on to us. I'd hate to be bossed by her, if I were you, mother!"

"Nettie, you should not talk that way," said Mrs. Kenny.

"Well, isn't it the truth?" demanded Nettie, turning her brilliant face upon her mother and sister. Something in their eyes silenced her for a moment, while a nameless fear seized her young

soul; for she could not comprehend the meaning of the expression which made their two faces strikingly alike. Instinctively she drew closer to the table, clutching nervously at the edge of the dish-pan. But presently her natural temerity sprang again into her heart. "The way you all give in to her makes me tired," she concluded, as she turned to her neglected work with vigor.

"There is one good thing about Alice," observed the girl as she placed the plates upon the draining-pan. "She isn't running after Mildred. She just goes on as if Mildred didn't exist, and Mildred thinks ever so much more of Alice then she does of the rest of us. She is always trying to say and do something to please Alice—but she is only one who tries to do it! Oh! I tell you, father settled her this morning," she cried, and then gave a spirited account of the scene in the bedroom.

"That is why the child is so subdued this morning," said Mrs. Kenny. "I thought, perhaps, she was getting homesick."

"I'd like to know what she had to feel homesick for!" exclaimed Nettie. "Her old Aunt Dilly was as cross as two sticks."

"But sister, when we love people we don't think they are cross," observed Grace, her voice sounding like a golden bell over the ringing sound made by a fork against the plate, as she whipped the white of an egg to a stiff froth. At the words a silence came over Nettie, whose mind flew back to the interesting novel hidden in the hay-loft. What a terrible thing was this love, of which Grace spoke so lightly, when handled by the novelist! It was powerful enough to turn aside many lives from their ordinary course, and what pain and misery followed it! Yet it was the only thing worth while in the world. The sorely tried heroine and the dangerous hero admitted that—But what good did it do to read about those things, which ordinary people, such as they were, never knew? Only rich people, and rich English people at that, ever had an opportunity to fall madly, desperately in love, and have romances in their lives. For the rest of the world—they just met some man and married him, and that was all there was for them of life and love: and all people did not even get married!

"Were you ever in love, Grace?" she demanded, turning suddenly upon her sister. The warm color dyed the delicate face and round, slender throat of Grace, and only by a supreme effort she kept the plate from falling to the floor.

"A dozen times!" she cried, instantly, while her laugh filled the kitchen with its music. "I began my mad course at the tender age of seven years, by falling in love with a peddler—Mr. Coyne. Do you remember him, mother? He mispronounced the word 'just.' He would call it 'jest,' and when I would hear mother's young women visitors making fun of him among themselves, I used to feel exceedingly wroth. After he passed out of my life—he married somewhere down South, we heard afterwards, abandoning his nomadic career for the more stationary one of a toll-gate keeper,—after he passed out of my life, my young affections were not again troubled until I started to school. Then, I became deeply enamored of the best-looking and oldest boy in the school. This was kept up, with more or less regularity, during my school days. Sometimes when there were two boys answering the same description, my heart was in a sadly divided state. Yes, Nettie, I have been in love often. I am an authority on the subject," she finished, and again she laughed.

"Oh, bother! you know well enough what I mean! Have you ever been really in love?" asked she.

"Do you doubt the reality of my love

affairs?" cried Grace. "You wouldn't, if you had suffered their pangs. I could give a novelist points on that all important department of his work."

The final remark caused Nettie to turn silently to her dishes, for she reflected that her mother was also a listener to the conversation, and she might make inquiries concerning Nettie's apparent familiarity with a subject about which she was supposed to know nothing.

"Aren't you through with the dishes yet, Nettie?" exclaimed Alice. "And I want to get the table set and the dining-room fixed up before the company comes. It seems to me that at a time like this, you might at least try to help me. Mother, as soon as you get the potatoes peeled, you ought to go and dress. It would be terrible if they were to come and nobody ready to receive them."

"I do not think they will arrive this early," observed Mrs. Kenny. Scarcely were the words spoken, when Sarah came bounding into the kitchen, crying,

"Here comes a woman! Is she the company?"

"My gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Kenney, dropping her work and hurrying from the room.

"If it is old Mrs. Halley, we will be the talk of the country!" cried Alice, rushing to and fro in her excitement, while Nettie flung aside her towel and ran to the door. Grace quietly continued her work of frosting a pie.

"It isn't any one we are expecting," announced Nettie, casting a withering glance on Sarah, who stood crestfallen by the table. "I reckon she is peddling something, for she has a black bag on her arm."

"And very likely she will want something to eat, as it is early," added Alice. "Now we are too busy to be bothered with her to-day."

"Alice!"

Sarah started, for never had she heard her cousin Grace's musical voice sound so stern and hard.

"Oh, well! Do it yourself! I shan't be troubled with her," declared Alice, her brow clouding. She had arranged the entire routine of the day so accurately that, allowing for Nettie's dilatoriness, everything would still be in readiness when the guests arrived. It was a carefully laid plan, which would enable them to spend almost the entire morning with their company, leaving the parlor a short time before the customary dinner hour. This line of proceeding on such occasions was a novel one in the community, and many wondered how Mrs. Kenny, even with the assistance of her daughters, could prepare a meal in so short a time. But that poor woman could have told them that, under the generalship of the strenuous Alice, work on the dinner had been in progress for several days, making what was to them a happening, to her an event. On the morning of the day itself, every minute counted, and therefore was Alice inhospitably inclined toward the approaching stranger.

Unaware of the fact, the woman drew near. She came to the rear of the house, and crossing the porch, stood before the young people assembled in the kitchen. Alice threw her a brief look and briefer greeting, and going to Nettie's neglected work began to wipe the dishes.

"Come in!" said Grace, drawing out a chair for the stranger. The woman was tall and spare, and dark, luminous eyes looked out from a face gypsylike in its brownness. Nettie, after one glance at her, slipped to where Sarah was standing, her back against the wall.

"She looks like Hester!" whispered Nettie to her cousin in an awe-filled voice, making the sensitive nerves of her hearer quiver. Suppose it were Hester's ghost who had come to accuse them of reading the tragic story, in which she

played her part? If she were to hold up her slate—

Then a strange, a marvelous thing happened. The woman lifted her right hand, and laid its gloved fore-finger on her lips, while she shook her head slowly and solemnly. Nettie gave a start, and over the tense silence of the room broke Sarah's irrepressible cry,

"O Lord!"

The suddenness and nature of the exclamation, with the all-pervading sense of the happening of the unusual, caused Alice to pause in her work. After bestowing a reproachful look on her conscious and profane young cousin, she turned to the visitor. The face was almost entirely hidden from her by the big sunbonnet, which the stranger wore, but there was that about the figure which struck the shrewd girl as incongruous. When she glanced toward her sister, she saw that Grace's face was pale as death, while her eyes were dilated in horror or fear. The sense of protection sent the fearless Alice to her sister's side.

"What do you want?" she demanded of the woman, peering into her brown face. Again the gloved hand was raised and the finger laid on the speechless lips, while Sarah clasped her little hands on her wildly beating heart, and would have shrieked aloud in her fear, if Nettie, recovering her senses, had not whispered in her ear:

"She can't hurt us, baby!'

Alice drew back, the flush mounting to her cheeks, for there was something in the bold, bright eyes which seemed to mock her solicitude and defy her interference. She walked slowly back to the table, and the children beheld the object of their intense alarm, draw forth a little slate, and, with an attached pencil, scribble on it a few words. She held out the slate to Grace. For an almost imperceptible moment, the girl refused to take it; then, she quickly raised her hand, and, it appeared to the young watchers, snatched the slate from the hand of the other. Her eyes ran swiftly, eagerly over the words, before she erased them. As she looked up, they saw that the soft color had returned to her face, and they experienced a sensation of relief. Alice, whose curiosity was roused in spite of herself, stood so that she could observe the pantomime enacted between her sister and the afflicted creature who had so unexpectedly come among them. She saw Grace shake her head, whereat the gloved hand was again stretched forth for the slate. Again Grace seemed to hesitate before returning it. In the silence they heard the scribbling sound made by the pencil, as more words were written.

An expression resembling alarm now began to show on the delicate face of Grace, and when again the slate was reached toward her, she took it hastily, and, after reading the second message, wrote quickly beneath it a reply. As she returned it, her blue eyes were lifted appealingly to the menacing figure. The woman slowly read the words and bowed her head in acquiescence. But as she was on the point of departing, she suddenly turned her face and again fixed Alice with that inexplicable glance. For the first time, the sharp eyes caught sight of the children, drawn up, half in fear, wholly in wonder, against the wall. An expression that they were too young to define, but which neither found agreeable, came into the dark face. She raised her arm, and pointed her gloved finger toward Sarah. A shiver ran over the child, and she felt herself grow cold to the marrow of her bones, while the hot color mounted into Nettie's face. Without further sign or delay, the woman walked across the floor, down the steps and into the yard, Grace watching her with strained eyes. When she was drawn from her observation by the suppressed emotions

of the others, she drew herself up with a start.

"She said she was a fortune-teller," remarked Grace, her gaze passing uneasily from Alice to the children, "and wanted to tell our fortunes."

A sensation of relief was experienced by two, at least, of her hearers. The ready mind of Nettie was quick to assert itself. What an opportunity they had missed of learning something of the mysterious future!

"O Grace!" she exclaimed. "Why didn't you let her? She might have told us something that would come true."

"Nettie Kenny!" cried Alice, in righteous astonishment. "What do you mean by such talk! Don't you know what the catechism says about fortune-telling and suchlike forbidden practices?"

"Yes, indeed I do!" retorted Nettie, with emphasis. "But all the same, I'd like to have my fortune told. Do you think she was a sure-enough fortune-teller, Grace, or only a make-believe?"

"Aren't they all make-believes, little sister," said Grace, and Nettie wondered why her eyes should sparkle so strangely and why her scarlet lips should quiver with suppressed laughter.

"But maybe she might have told us something," complained Nettie.

"I have no doubt she could!" said Grace, breaking into a laugh. "Go back to your work, Nettie darling! You will know the future soon enough."

Sarah was still standing with her little hands clasped against her breast, the horror large in her violet eyes. The picture she made, pressed against the kitchen wall, caused Grace to give her a second glance.

"What is the matter, Sarah?" she demanded, an inflection in her voice that sounded new and strange to her sisters.

"She pointed her finger at me!"

The words came slowly, painfully, from the red lips, in a voice so dry and toneless that they could scarcely believe it was a child who spoke.

"She meant nothing by it," Grace hastened to say, while a vague wonder came into her mind. "And she pointed at Nettie as well as you."

"No, she didn't!" contradicted Nettie. "She pointed only at Sarah. I saw it with my own eyes, and I think she must be a very wicked person to try to scare a baby that way!"

Grace made a quick movement, as if she would fling off a disagreeable fancy, and as she bent over her cooking, the joy again kindled its soft light in her eyes and sent the smile around her mouth. Sarah crept from her place, which was too close to the stove to be comfortable, to the door. Reaching it, she dropped to its step, for her little feet had grown strangely tired. She would rather have gone out to the yard where Rover lay, but she was afraid. That awful woman might be hidden behind one of the trees, waiting for her. Suppose she were and would point that long finger at her again? Once more the chill penetrated the child's flesh, stopping the swift current of her blood, sending a deathlike rigidity into her frame. Or, worse still! suppose she were to beckon that long finger at her moving slowly down the walk as she had moved across the kitchen floor? Sarah knew that she would have to obey. It was not in her nature to resist that sinister summons. She would follow the woman across the lawn, out of the gate, over the road to the hollow where the tall locust trees grew; and then—

The future torture which her abnormal imagination was about to bestow on her, and which she would feel as intensely as others would feel external suffering, was prevented by the entrance, from the dining-room, of Mrs. Kenny, whose general appearance told of the hasty toilet she had made.

"Who was that woman and what did she want?" she inquired.

No one answered immediately, and then Nettie gave the desired information.

"A fortune-teller!" ejaculated Mrs. Kenny, hastening to the window which gave her a view of the walk. "Well, I do declare! I have been living here for more than thirty years and this is the first time we ever had such a caller. Poor misguided creature! Can she find nothing better to do than that!"

There was no reply to the remarks, for even Nettie felt impressed, not so much by the presence of the woman, as the fact of her coming. There was something so unusual, nay, mysterious in the visit, that it verged on the romantic. Perhaps their lives would not be so commonplace after all, and the appearance of the strange woman was the herald of the tragedy that was to ensue. What would be its nature and whom would it affect? Not her, of course! She was not old enough for inevitable destiny! It was Grace, perhaps, who got everything, because she was the oldest. Why could not she have been the first-born of the sisters?

"Children, I don't believe that is a woman. The walk is a man's!"

Mrs. Kenny's voice fell over the silence. The result was instantaneous. With a bound, Nettie sprang to the door. Even the diligent Alice hastened to the window, although she continued to wipe the plate she had taken up. Grace lifted her small head, the traitorous white showing on her delicate face; but she did not move from her position.

"A woman does not stride along like that," confided Mrs. Kenny, in a low voice to Alice. "And there is something about the way she wears her clothes that is not right."

"I had the same feeling when she came in," observed Alice, "although I could not tell what was the matter with her. If it is a man, what do you think he means, going around dressed like that?"

"Goodness only knows!" rejoined Mrs. Kenny. "I hope he doesn't intend to do us any harm."

"Do you know it is after nine o'clock, Alice? The company will be here within an hour, and we are not half through." Grace's voice was low but steady. The words recalled Alice from her momentary forgetfulness. The occurrence might be the most unusual that had fallen into their lives, but it sank into insignificance in the mind of the girl before the possible failure of her plan for the forthcoming dinner.

"O dear me! I wonder what sent that strange person to this house to-day to delay the work!" she complained, speeding back to her dishes. "Nettie, come here and help me!" she commanded, while Mrs. Kenny pinned up her skirt and put on her apron.

Presently Sarah, her attention drawn to the fact of the intense stillness of the kitchen, turned from her steady contemplation of the outside world into which the strange woman, who was not a woman after all, had disappeared, and began to regard her relatives, as they worked on the great dinner. There was an expression of abstraction on the countenance of Mrs. Kenny and Alice, which held her, because it was so unfamiliar, and made the resemblance between the mother and daughter so pronounced, that she wondered if they might not be halves of one person. If that were so, if one half were her auntie and one half her cousin Alice, who would the whole be? Suppose everybody were the half of some other body? Who was the other half of Nettie? She gave her thoughts to her erratic playmate. Nettie's work had now reached the skillet division, but instead of being done in the hasty way which was wont to bring tears of vexation to the eyes of Alice, she was

washing them slowly and carefully, although a close observer would have perceived that the action was mechanical, and the mind was in a world other than the objective. The face of the child looked old, and its gravity increased. Sarah glanced toward Grace, and the longer her young eyes rested on the girl the greater grew the marvel. She had never seen anything in the world half so beautiful as the flowerlike face of her cousin in that moment. On cheeks and brow lay a rosy light that made Sarah recall the loveliness of the sky as it showed of an evening when the first peach-trees were budding in the orchard, and the bleat of the baby lambs came plaintively from the darkling fields. Around the soft lips played a smile, and as she watched it, Sarah waited for it to ripple over the beautiful countenance in a fuller expression of the subtly hidden joy. She could catch but a glimpse of the blue eyes under the half-drooped white lids, but that glimpse reminded the little gazer of the light of the great star that throbbed on the brow of those remembered April evenings. If she would only lift those lids and let her see the tender eyes, Sarah felt that the wonder of the beauty of Grace's face and the mystery of the silence and the changed appearances of the others would be fully explained.

So the minutes ran away. Presently Grace lifted her head, and becoming aware of the vibrating silence of the apartment, hastened to break it by a light remark to her mother. It was answered in like manner. When Nettie's robust tones were lifted in complaint, the silence that might have told all had there been present one wise enough to interpret it, was put wholly to flight.

When all was in readiness in the kitchen, the girls hastened upstairs to make their simple toilets. This done they took up their places in the parlor to wait for the arrival of the guests. Nettie and Sarah, whose "dressing-up" consisted in the putting on of clean aprons, went out to the portico, and sitting there the older child expressed herself freely upon the occurrence which had taken such a hold upon Sarah's mind that the wonderful company was partially forgotten.

"It may be as mother says. Perhaps it wasn't a woman after all."

"Then what makes him wear dresses?" asked Sarah.

"That's where the plot comes in, don't you see?" said Nettie. "Maybe he intends to burn down our house, and wanted to see where the stove is, so he could start the fire in that corner, and then people would think it was carelessness on our part. Or maybe he is a detective and— Here's Sister Mildred and Miss Dane. Hateful things! But don't you say anything to them! we've got to be nice, especially to Miss Dane."

They slipped into the house to apprise their elders of the advance guard of the party. Little Sarah's heart was beating tumultuously. The company was coming after all! There would be the big dinner, and after that the quilts! If the thought of the late horrid visitor intruded, she would fling it from her.

The candid chronicler of this family's history must admit that Nettie's dislike of her sister-in-law had ample cause for being. Scarcely had she seated herself, than she began to discuss her manifold ills.

"I have a splitting headache!" she bemoaned. "I didn't want to come at all, but she insisted on it."

"I told her that she would feel better to go out than to stay at home all day by herself," said Miss Dane, soothingly, looking, with a sweet smile, at Mildred.

"I should not have minded staying at home in the least, but I did not want

to disappoint mother and the girls, after all the trouble they went to for us," said Mildred, dragging her tones along in a wearing fashion. "I shouldn't like to be treated that way myself."

"I don't think there is anything meaner than the way some people do in this matter. They will accept invitations and then break them, without the slightest cause. I used to have a friend who would do that. In the end people got so they wouldn't ask her to go anywhere, and she began to see her mistake when it was too late."

(To be continued.)

THE TURPENTINE TRUST.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

Arkwright, of the Turpentine Trust, swung his chair round impatiently.

"Offer him ten thousand," he snapped, "or twenty if necessary. It is more than we ever paid anyone, but Stuart we must have."

Collins shook his head, deprecatingly.

"No use," he objected, "two, ten or twenty, it would be all the same. You'd lose him, sure. That wasn't what I meant by a different bribe. Stuart isn't like the others."

"No?" sarcastically. "Suppose you tell me what you did mean, then."

"Why—er—couldn't you ask him to your house some evening, in a social way?"

Arkwright stared, then swung back to his desk.

"Don't indulge in facetiousness, Collins," he advised. "There is too much of importance on hand just now. Get Stuart without fail, either through promise of political support or money, or both. Don't haggle about the price, for we need him badly."

"Yes, I know we do," more bluntly. "That's why I am advising an invitation to your house. I believe you can win him without expending a cent or even hinting at what you want, while all the resources of the Turpentine Trust wouldn't enable me to advance an inch. Stuart ain't no fool, and he's been in Washington two months. I'm just a man about town, while you and your family are society leaders."

"Stuart doesn't care for society."

"So the papers say, I believe, and I reckon they're about right. But you remember I once spoke of being raised in the same backwoods county and going to the same school. That got me to knowing him pretty well, and from what I hear he's about the same now as then, only bigger."

"In various ways," dryly. "Yes, I understand. You were not very good friends, I believe."

"Not the best," with a grimace. "I started into politics, and he didn't; but somehow they insisted on putting him into the very office I was after, and dropping me. From that place Stuart went to others, and at the last election the people sent him to Congress. Now, after ten years we're both in the same city again."

"Not exactly in the same line, though."

Collins turned sharply, his face growing dark.

"Suppose you stop that sort of talk,

Mr. Arkwright," he warned. "You and I are in the same line at any rate, if it is your money I'm handling. I've bought the rest of the crowd for you; but Stuart isn't in the market, that way. I know. This ought to be a pure business deal, without innuendoes or dislike mixing in —at least for the present. Yesterday I saw one of the other fellows talking with him, and from the way Stuart's eyes flashed I believe a bribe was offered. That turned him toward us. Now if we offer a bribe, especially a larger one, it will swing him away; and Stuart is just the sort of man to stop and dig through the whole matter, to the very bottom. That wouldn't do at all for us, you know. Legislators can't stop to examine everything they vote on, and our cue is to make Stuart have perfect confidence in the surface of the Turpentine Trust."

"Yes, of course; but how? I don't see where a social invitation comes in with a man who don't care for society."

"Oh, it's just to give him confidence. If you can get him into your house in a friendly way, without a hint of an axe to grind, you win his vote. Even an allusion to a bribe is a red flag in Stuart's face, and the other people have been kind enough to shake theirs to our advantage. Your play now is to be a square, open-hearted business man who doesn't know anything about inside politics. I'll manage to have him learn, quite accidentally, that the Trust is a pet hobby of yours. Then your daughter—"

Arkwright swung quickly.

"Never mind my daughter," he said. "I do not allow her and my business to encroach upon each other, and I doubt if she even knows of your existence. This Stuart is an uncouth, unsophisticated countryman, with neither inclination nor qualification for society. If he had, I should not even consider your proposition. As it is, he may afford amusement for Marian, and perhaps there is something in what you say about a counter-movement. I will make an exception of my rule in this one case, and ask him to the house; but only, as you suggest, because there will be no hint of business, or what you call inside politics, in the conversation. I have kept Marian from contact with such things. Now you had better give your attention to that new committee on timber preservation. You say you have them fixed all right, but I noticed yesterday that some of the other fellows were hovering pretty close. Slip an extra reminder into the hand of the chairman, and whisper something about additional influence. If this matter comes out right I will arrange for that appointment you spoke of. And, oh, yes, place this roll in your pocket, convenient for adroit distribution in emergency cases. We have only a few weeks left now."

Marian Arkwright was a year from Vassar and already a favorite in Washington society. She was pretty, graceful, thoughtful of the pleasure of others, and with the happy faculty of entertaining half a dozen guests at a time without making the least interesting of them feel that he was *de trop*. She had a younger brother at West Point, but no mother. Thus she was the head of her father's large Washington establishment, with the arranging for the most part of both furnishings and guests. When Goodloe Stuart was ushered in one evening, tall, ungainly, with his clothes apparently just as he had worn them in his day's work and upon the street, and with Pennsylvania Avenue mud still clinging to his shoes, she did not hesitate, and stare questioningly at him, as another hostess might have done, but greeted him at once cordially, and perhaps even a trifle more warmly than the others, on account of that very uncouthness. There were a number of young men in the room, in immaculate dress suits, and a

momentary look of amusement flickered across their faces as the visitor approached. Then something in Marian Arkwright's manner caused the amusement to disappear as quickly as it had come, and they, too, bowed politely and listened courteously when Stuart was presented to them in turn.

Soon, however, this courtesy became real, and with it grew an interest that caused them to listen when the tall young Southerner with square chin, and serious, flashing eyes talked. Plainly he was not a society man, and was absolutely ignorant of fashionable or any form of meaningless talk, and just as plainly he was unconscious that his clothing was not entirely in keeping with the surroundings. That the other men wore dress suits, or that his clothing was soiled, did not occur to him. Such matters were trivial when there were live issues of the day and books to talk about. And the other guests, as the evening wore on, seemed to forget such matters also. Instead of the frayed string knotted loosely over the collar, they saw the square chin above, and the cuffs which were over-ready for a laundry were lost sight of in the gesture of the strong brown hands which they could not disgrace.

It was not one of the customary quiet evenings at the Arkwright mansion; but when the deep-voiced, quick-speaking young legislator excused himself well on toward its end, Marian Arkwright accompanied him nearly to the door to exchange a few last comments on the subject they had been discussing, and the gaze of the other guests followed him with new and speculative interest.

Stuart had met few educated women in his mountain home, and none like Marian Arkwright. He had accepted the invitation reluctantly and with the intention of making his stay as short as possible; but he remained two hours, and when he finally left there was a puzzled elation in his eyes which he could not have explained.

Arkwright himself had not appeared until just before Stuart's departure, when he entered hurriedly with a vague explanation of pressing business. His guest must regard the visit as purely social, without any ulterior motive, so he followed his excuses with another invitation, genially worded, and the two men parted at the door, each with puzzled elation in his eyes. Stuart felt that he had passed a remarkable evening, but could not understand why; Arkwright believed from the expression on his guest's face that he had won an important vote, but he could not understand how. Both found out on the very evening preceding the appearance of the Turpentine Trust bill before the House.

But many of the intervening evenings and not a few of the afternoons found Stuart at the Arkwright mansion, often to his own surprise. Marian Arkwright could follow his train of thoughts as no other person ever had, and not infrequently her quick mind flashed ahead and anticipated ideas that were scarcely formulated in his own. His position in a city of complex politics and social life like Washington was a difficult one, and this girl seemed to know everything of which he was ignorant. The very openness of his nature made him quick to seek the sympathetic understanding in hers, and almost from the first evening he got in the habit of taking his social perplexities and some of his others to her for disentanglement. Arkwright was busy with his own anxieties these days, and was usually at his office or in conference with some of his workers.

One evening—for the first time in his life perhaps—Stuart stopped in front of the glass in his room and surveyed himself critically. What he saw there caused him to spend another twenty minutes

at his toilet. Then he hurried away toward the Arkwright mansion. Even then he was an hour earlier than the social code sanctioned, and was obliged to wait in the drawing room nearly half that length of time before Marian came to him. If she felt any surprise at the improvement in his appearance it did not show, but what she saw in his eyes brought a sudden shyness to her own.

"I am afraid my eagerness has led me to anticipate the usual hour," he began; "but to-morrow a complicated trust bill comes up, and this evening I have asked a conference with several distinguished men who are familiar with the matter. I never give a vote to anything I am not sure of, and though I feel confident as to which is the right side of this, I have been too busy to give it the personal investigation it demands." He looked at his watch. "I meet the men at eight, Miss Arkwright—Marian," he said, a slight tremulousness coming into his voice, "so have only a half hour to be with you. This afternoon it came over me suddenly, a full comprehension of—of—about us, I mean, and I could not give my mind clearly to anything else until I saw you and—"

"Is it father's Turpentine Trust?" she interrupted quickly, as though to gain time. "I was out calling this afternoon, and several spoke to me about it. They said it would come before the House very soon now, and congratulated me on father's having—"

She paused abruptly, her face coloring and her eyes flashing at some remembrance.

"Bought my vote?" he finished quietly. "I have understood to-day that it might be the final one which would carry the matter one way or the other."

Marian shot a quick glance at him. Stuart's face had grown white, and his eyes studied hers relentlessly.

"Yes," she answered, just as quietly, "bought your vote. That was what they said, and it made me very angry—more angry than I ever was in my life before. I told them my father did not buy votes, and that from what I had seen of you I did not believe the whole city of Washington would be enough to buy yours."

Stuart's face softened.

"Marian," he said, taking one of her unresisting hands and holding it in his strong grasp, "I want you to tell me all you know about this Turpentine Trust, if you will. Is your father deeply involved in it, so much so as to feel it necessary to control votes? I was under the impression—was told, in fact—that while it was a pet hobby of his, he was not seriously concerned in its welfare. Is this true?"

"I do not know, excepting what I heard this afternoon. Father has never talked about such matters to me. I did not even know there was a Turpentine Trust until they told me, and added that father himself was really the whole of it, and that this bill would mean millions of dollars to him. It was malicious gossip, and I would not have listened only that they brought in father's name and yours, and I was so angry that I wanted to hear the whole story in order to prove its falsity."

"Yes, it was malicious gossip in being told to you," said Stuart, gravely. "As to the rest, I am not yet sure. There are millions of dollars involved, as they said, which belong to the people. One party has already approached me with a—bribe," his face flushing, "and from a few cursory inquiries regarding it I am convinced that their bill is framed for a gigantic steal. The Turpentine Trust I have felt was altogether different, that there were benefits to the public which would compensate for all their bill involved. But I must investigate the matter thoroughly."

"You do not believe my father would

seek to obtain any concession through—through bribery?" a startled look in her eyes.

"This is not a question of belief, but of duty," he replied. "Your father has been very nice to me, and I think he is perfectly honest, and the Turpentine Trust above reproach. And yet I must investigate it as thoroughly as though I thought it fraudulent. My vote must be given on what I know, not what I think."

"Of course," in a relieved voice, "father and I both would have you do that. He—"

There was a slight sound and both turned. Arkwright was standing in the doorway, regarding them attentively.

"I beg your pardon for my apparent eavesdropping," he said ironically, as he came forward; "but I overheard something about the Turpentine Trust. You are suspicious of it, I believe," to Stuart.

"No, merely ignorant," Stuart answered calmly.

"And you intend to acquaint yourself."

"Assuredly—though I think it will be a mere matter of form. But first there is something of more importance that I wish to speak about, and under the circumstances I am glad that I can do it in your presence. I came here this evening to ask your daughter to be my wife, for I have found that her companionship means more to me than all else in the world."

Arkwright had been advancing into the room smilingly, but at this he recoiled, as from a blow, his face growing dark.

"You—you—" he began incoherently. But Marian stepped forward suddenly, placing her hand impulsively on Stuart's arm. At first she, too, had recoiled a little at the abruptness, the almost matter-of-fact, business-like, manner of the declaration, but only for a moment. Then the strong upright figure, immovable in the duty that might bar out the greatest of all things from its life, drew her gaze irresistibly, and she saw in the eyes bent toward her all that she had missed in the voice and manner, and she responded instantly, without fear or hesitation.

"I am pleased to answer Mr. Stuart in your presence also, father," she said, trying to steady the voice that would tremble a little. "This is the first time Mr. Stuart has ever spoken of love to me, and with your approval I gladly promise to be his wife."

"Why, Marian, he is—is just a countryman," exclaimed Arkwright, aghast.

"And a nobleman," softly.

Stuart bowed, his face kindling.

"Thank you, Marian," he said under his breath. Then turning, "I have an appointment at eight with some gentlemen who are familiar with the Turpentine Trust, Mr. Arkwright. We will be very glad to have you join us. Your presence will facilitate the inquiry."

Arkwright looked at him steadily for a moment, but there was nothing but kindliness in the young Southerner's face. Then his gaze went across to Marian, who was watching him confidently. The man of affairs would have liked nothing better than to cross astuteness with the exasperating legislator, but such a course would necessitate the revealing of many things he did not care to have Marian learn. She was ignorant of inside politics, and must remain so. He bowed courteously.

"Thank you, Mr. Stuart," he said, "but you will have no occasion to go yourself, I think. There are a few flaws in the bill which I wish to eliminate, so it will not come before the House to-morrow. I will instruct the Congressman who has it in charge to have the measure shelved for the present. Indeed, it may prove advisable to frame a new bill entirely, in which case I may avail myself of your advice concerning it. In the meantime you would better telephone to the men you expected to meet, and then spend the evening with us."

DRAMATIC STARS OF TO-MORROW.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

Elisabeth Marbury is not a star at all in the proper sense of the word; her success has been won and firmly established, and she does not give a snap of her fingers whether the world knows that she spends her summers in a villa at Versailles, and her winters in New York. The daily journals announce regularly her departure for France and her return to the metropolis. Perhaps one in ten thousand outside the dramatic profession pays any attention to the announcement, or understands it. Within the household the incident is considered very proper and fit, because Elisabeth Marbury is one of the stars of the dramatic firmament. She can do as she likes, and she is doing it with vim, which seems to be her characteristic. Picture to yourself a stout, handsome woman of forty, with commanding air and vivacious expression, decisive manner, dressed perfectly and even picturesquely, and evidently ready for business all the time: that's the lady. She has a history which illustrates some conditions in American society. Her mother being a Quaker and her father a Presbyterian, she was brought up in the fashion peculiar to New York in earlier times. She went to the Madison Square Presbyterian Church under old Dr. Adams.

Is there anything in heredity? Not much, one is inclined to think, despite the innumerable examples of the scientist. Her paternal grandmother became a Catholic down in Virginia and spent a quarter of a century praying for the faith for her son and his family; dying, she bequeathed to him and his, her Catholic trinkets, and her prayer-book fell into the possession of Elisabeth. Dr. Adams persuaded the young girl to become a professed member of his church, which she did out of complaisance, but never got any contentment thereby. In fact she drifted like the millions around her into that fatal indifference which opens the door to agnosticism. In time her business took her frequently to Europe, where she visited the famous churches more for the sake of the music than from love of picturesque religion. The sermons at the Madeleine irritated her, because they so squarely attacked her prejudices, her antiquated opinions about Catholic belief and practice. In a general way she became friendly to Catholics, because of the injustice her former prejudices had done them. Someone urged her to study the Catholic question and she made the acquaintance of such books as *Catholic Belief* and the *Faith of Our Fathers;* arriving at the conclusion, finally, that the Catholic faith fully represented the truth in religion, and that she must accept and follow it.

Father Gavan in London and Father Van Renssalear in New York strengthened her convictions. Still the critical

moment seemed delayed from month to month until Dr. Francis Wall, of Holy Rosary Church in New York, called on her for permission to use a play over which she had proprietary rights. His dramatic society wanted it for their next public appearance. He put an end to hesitation and delay,—she was baptized and confirmed in his church, and since that time has gone peacefully on her way with the old prayer-book of her prayerful grandmother in her possession. This simple story gets its emphasis from the contrast with her character. Miss Marbury is a shrewd business woman, with little or no bias in any matter. Only the deepest conviction could move her one way or the other, and there seems to be little sentiment in her temperament. She began her life as a writer for the press. Among her acquaintances was Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the author of many popular and profitable stories, best known perhaps by the charming creation of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. There was considerable difficulty in getting that rich argosy afloat, and afterwards still greater difficulty in keeping off the pirates. The novelist charged the journalist with the office of guarding her interests, and thus Elisabeth Marbury became acquainted with the business in which she is now a star par excellence. For three years she followed the course of the Fauntleroy play, kept watch on the bookings, the royalties, the agents, the pirates; brought suit, or threatened, or did whatever was necessary to protect its fortunes.

An examination of the conditions showed that numerous authors all over the world were being robbed of comfortable fortunes by their slipshod methods of doing business. She put herself in communication with them, described their methods, compared them with hers, showed their losses and her gains, and finally won their patronage. They made her their business agent for America, empowered her to collect their royalties, to defend their interests, and to punish their invaders. When the business grew to such proportions that playwrights of the caliber of Haddon Chambers and Sydney Grundy committed to her their plays, she sought another territory. In France the dramatists regarded America as a barbarous and unprofitable field for their wares. If an American manager was eager to buy their productions, they sold to him outright for a song. Praise and blame and profit from the barbarous nation were all one to them. Miss Marbury almost shocked them by a picture of their losses through their own barbarous methods of business. They threw themselves into her arms, and she became the agent of the society of dramatic authors. The French government rewarded her twice for her services to the French drama by decorating her with *Les Palmes Academiques* and making her an *Officier de l'Instruction Publique*. Her own people having no decorations to give her have just let her alone, which after all is a great deal to one who has acquired eminence.

The scenes of her life now consist of two: a winter in New York and a summer in Versailles. Here she lives in a delightful old-fashioned house on Gramercy Park, surrounded by a charming circle of eminent friends; there she lives in a house built in 1788 for the little farm once managed by the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. It stands at present in the center of a few acres close to the Trianon. Every day Miss Marbury runs up to her Paris office and supervises the work of her clerks and agents. Occasionally she goes to Berlin to examine into the conditions of her office there. She has the entree into the most distinguished literary circles, and her friends

are the great writers and personages of contemporary France. She enjoys life. Her faith is simple and fervent. She seems to lack imagination, and has not yet learned to use to advantage her great influence in the literary and dramatic world. Perhaps that quality will come to her in time, if she takes pains to place her talents more directly at the service of her brethren. Her pleasant and practical character has not changed with the intoxication of great success. If she is bound somewhat by routine her excuse is that none could be more enjoyable, even if it could be more useful. The next step in her progress will probably be significant.

One can see from the portraits of Miss Adelaide Keim that in addition to knowing how to dress well, and to pose better, she has the qualities of intelligence and sweetness in her make-up. In fact it is difficult to understand why a woman of this temperament, ability, and fine personal appearance, has not long ago achieved the distinction of a Broadway debut. She has played everything from *Under the Gaslight* to *Hamlet,* in the stock companies and on the road, for salary and for nothing. Not a doubt but that the managers are endowed with considerable stupidity and sensitiveness, yet they are not always to blame in cases of this kind. The ambition and the temperament of an actor are often his own hindrances to prosperity, because the road to wealth is not always the same as the road to fame. The point is that Adelaide Keim has not arrived in the metropolis, although she can play Hamlet very well, and many an actress, who in the part of Hamlet would look like a female undertaker *en fête,* has a respectable place on the greatest dramatic street in the world. This spectacle is as common in other departments. The capable walk while the incapable ride, and genius seems to need this hard environment in order to prove its diamond quality.

The capacity of any woman to play Hamlet is a question. Charlotte Cushman had the robust physique that made her male impersonations look like the real thing, but at the best it was only an imitation. The imperishable feminine can hardly be overcome by the best imitation. Yet stage traditions tell us there was one woman who could play parts so far apart as *Othello* and *Hamlet,* and as varied as *Richard III* and *Cardinal Wolsey.* Her name was Charlotte Crampton, she traveled with Barney McAuley, and some great actor said of her that "had she been four inches taller she would have been the greatest Richard III the world has so far seen." Anna Dickinson played *Hamlet* and *Claude Melnotte* with success, but could never create any illusion as to the character. Miss Keim plays the part then to let the public see what she is able to do. It displays her as a remarkable actress, deficient only in that point where most modern actors are deficient, the ability to deliver the blank verse with brilliant effect. Richard Mansfield has never been able to achieve this distinction. When he played *Brutus* to the *Cassius* of Haworth and the *Antony* of Arthur Forrest he did not shine in the presence of these actors, who had been trained in the old Shakesperean school.

Yet it is a great deal to have creditably attempted Hamlet while yet in the twenties, at the close of a long period of hard study and harder practice in the dramatic art. Miss Keim has played such parts as Mrs. Dane in the play entitled *Mrs. Dane's Defence,* and played them quite as well as Margaret Anglin. She is a handsomer woman than Margaret. Why then should she be still struggling for a great place in the world? Simply because her opportunity

has not come. It is waiting for her somewhere, and she has only to be true to her standards, well supplied with common sense, free from over-conceit, to recognize it when it comes. She is a member of the household of the faith. Her career has been pursued with an intensity of purpose that would surprise the most devoted of religious, and with that love which is the sign of the true artist. It is easy to prophesy that she will one day present *Hamlet* and *Rosalind* to the rather shallow crowd which fills the theatres of Broadway. The critics there are shrewd enough, however, and they have the making or marring of fortunes.

Perhaps they made the fortune of Arnold Daly. At least they helped him to fame. He is an example of opportunity. Like many a boy of his type he hung around the theatres until he owned the acquaintance of the big managers. The stage has a great fascination for boys of Irish blood, and when they fail to become actors they are found in other positions connected with the stage. Daly became call-boy at the old Lyceum under Daniel Frohman, where Williams was stage-director, his son Fritz the comedian, and several other Catholics held notable positions. He went the round of the modern plays, which give very little opportunity to a student-actor; but whatever the play the public heard in some fashion that Arnold Daly had a part in it. No one knew Richard Mansfield until he made a great success in what was not a really prominent part, the Baron de Chevrial. He shot into public view like a rocket, but the stick went back without him. I heard of Arnold Daly in such trifles as *Barbara Frietchie* and *Cynthia*, and always alluded to as

ELIZABETH MARBURY.

if you had known him forty years. Phrases like this always accompanied mention of him: "Mr. Daly played with his accustomed assurance;" or, "Mr. Daly looked as chipper as at any time in his versatile career." One felt ashamed to admit his ignorance of Mr. Daly, and secretly inquired into his antecedents.

However, he had to make his own opportunity, and for this he should receive due credit. George Bernard Shaw had been doing stunts in London for some years without any effect; such as playing the blatant atheist and the intellectual socialist and the innovator, without owning a scintilla of respect for any of these characters. He had explained Ibsen in flat blasphemy, attacked the critics, denounced Shakespeare, and made himself more or less a nuisance, but to no purpose as far as income and fame were concerned. His plays were failures, chiefly because no one understood their drift, although most readers understood the author's lack of sincerity and feeling. Somewhere at this point Arnold Daly gave Shaw's *Candida* at a matinée in the December of 1903, with a fine cast and careful preparation. Its success was so great that he undertook its production on a larger scale. The regular managers would not touch it, because they never touch what they do not understand. Daly engaged the little Berkeley Lyceum theatre and gave *Candida* to select audiences. He varied the entertainment with *The Man of Destiny* and *How He Lied To Her Husband.* The public became interested in Shaw and his plays, and the most insincere and reckless writer of his time has now become the vogue in England and America.

It is no credit to Arnold Daly that he lifted Shaw into recognition in this country, but he may claim praise for his attempt at doing the impossible. The next season at the Garrick Theatre he played *You Never Can Tell* with success, and left the impression that the Shaw plays were really written for himself, so neatly did his personality fit into the parts which he chose for himself. What that personality is has not so far been made clear to me. Assurance is written all over the stage character of Arnold Daly. He effaces himself apparently and yet nothing seems to be quite right without him. Even with clever women like Dorothy Donnelly and Chrystal Herne beside him, it seemed to be Arnold Daly alone. His pronunciation of English made one think of Dublin and London combined, the inflection so differed from the accent. I could not decide if it was affected at the time. It gave the audience the impression of an English actor playing in an American company, rather pleasant on the whole, but lacking in sincerity. As Arnold Daly was born in Brooklyn thirty years ago, spending only a few months of his life abroad, his intonation turned out to be only imitation. It will never sit well in his mouth. Affectation in anything is so dangerous to the artist, as it may spread to his ideals and taint them, that he should drop his imitation English.

Yet it suits the Shaw play perfectly. This author is surely a product of his time. He knows nothing, but talks with that calm assurance which is affected only by the pedagogue living his life among children. His cleverness consists in presenting the obvious upside down so that one has to laugh in spite of himself. He is not clever enough to know how little he knows, and consequently his assertions on grave points of law and fact would be the laughter of the learned, if the learned ever heard them. He is particularly vicious towards religion, and towards the Catholic faith. His volume on Ibsen is one of the funniest things ever written, because its display of criti-

cism is based on a tremendous lack of knowledge. Shaw may be put down as a cynic, shrewd enough to utter a biting remark on a transient topic, but unable to understand life or man or knowledge. The plays which Daly has brought to the notice of the public are interesting, humorous, insincere. When Shaw's hour strikes, his return to obscurity will be made without the usual obsequies. He will not be worth the trouble of burying.

Arnold Daly is going to play him again next year, and to help the cause along has gone to visit him in England during the vacation. It seems their parents were neighbors years ago in Ireland. Undoubtedly the actor will make another attempt at *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* if he can get enough Yale and Harvard professors to stand sponsor for the odorous thing. He will get them. He could also get a few ministers of the Savage stripe. He will make a second mistake, even greater than the first, even great enough to hurl him to the foot of the ladder again. Art must not be made the footstool of vice, even by accident;

ARNOLD DALY AS NAPOLEON IN "THE MAN OF DESTINY."

ARNOLD DALY AND DRINA DE WOLFE IN 2ND ACT OF "YOU NEVER CAN TELL."

for then vice becomes doubly dangerous and art may perish with it. There can be degeneracy in all things. Personally Arnold Daly is a charming young man, a good husband and father, polite and sensible, except in his affectation of an English accent. His success is one to be proud of and it does not seem to have affected his head unduly. He respects his religion, and has the ambition of rising to a point of influence in his profession, where he may become useful to the theatre as well as profitable to the box-office. He will never be a great actor, because he lacks too many things that belong to the great. He will be influential, original, daring, and may accomplish brilliant things.

These three accomplished people, Elisabeth Marbury, Adelaide Keim and Arnold Daly, point the way to the future, and forecast its form. Here are three firm Catholics, a play-agent, an original and forceful actress, a shrewd, determined actor-manager: the three elements that shape the destiny of the stage, at all times: and their ambition is directed towards the same goal. Multiply them by one hundred, add the standard of excellence which the faith breeds in earnest souls, and then calculate on the great religious drama of the future, which will teach as the painters and sculptors of the past taught, more directly, too, with the living voice, so powerful for good. At present this great force serves only the thing called pleasure, and lays its profits on the altars of mammon.

RT REV. JAMES A. McFAUL, D D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The fifth annual convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, at Buffalo, afforded a convincing proof of Catholic activity. The convention opened on Sunday, July 29, with Solemn Pontifical High Mass at St. Joseph's Church, His Grace, Archbishop Messmer, being the celebrant. The Rt. Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, D.D., of Pittsburg, preached the sermon, dwelling on the purposes of the Federation, and the relations of the Church to state, family and school. The influence of individual example on the life of a community was emphasized, and religious education, Catholic faith, and Catholic morality were shown to be the living forces to save the family, to protect the poor and

weak, and to save the state itself from the perils of materialism, secularism, and the sensuality of paganism. On Sunday afternoon, addresses were delivered at the mass meeting, by Archbishop Messmer, Bishop Colton, Mayor Adam, Bishop McFaul, President Smith of the Erie County Federation, and others.

The Bishop of Trenton has been a strong advocate of Federation from the beginning of the movement, and in his address he demonstrated his belief in the beneficent mission of such organization.

The Buffalo *Union and Times* thus refers to the Bishop's witty introduction, and his reminiscences of college days:

Rt. Rev. James A. McFaul, D.D., Bishop of Trenton, N. J., is a prime favorite wherever he speaks, and Buffalonians are among his most ardent audiences. The Bishop was suffering from a cold Sunday afternoon, contracted, as he explained, on a recent trip down the "lordly Hudson." He was able, however, to make himself heard by every one in the great hall. He referred to the time when he and Bishop Colton were students together in St. Francis Xavier's school. They were then known, he said, as "Charlie" and "Jim." There was also another "Charlie," but they used to call him Charles Edward, so as not to get them mixed. The latter is now Bishop of Brooklyn, which proves that the old school has a "corner" on the bishop business.

His Lordship then spoke of the Federation. "This Federation," he said, "aims to conserve the best interests of our people as Catholics and citizens. But we do not wish to antagonize. We are charitable enough to extend the hand of fellowship to others who are working for the good of mankind, and I say to you that if Catholics and Protestants should unite to do something, there is no great wrong in this country that we cannot right. The stability of this nation rests upon the American home. That wife, who has in holy wedlock plighted her troth to the man she loves—no power on earth should drag her down. 'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.'

"And Socialism would stretch out her foul hands upon the property of our people. Look at Maxim Gorky, the Russian socialist, coming to America to ask us to turn upon Russia. Russia may be a despot, but look at this fellow who comes to preach her freedom. That villain and scoundrel and polluter of womanhood—he would preach the gospel of human liberty!"

Bishop McFaul explained the Catholic Federation's stand on the question of religious education. He was not here to attack the public schools. He said they were all right as far as they went, but that they did not go far enough. "Religious and secular education should go hand in hand," declared the speaker. He said that he thought that the least the state could do and the broad-minded American people would do when they had become thoroughly informed on the subject would be to say, "Here are your taxes, your system is right."

Referring to politics, Bishop McFaul said that though he was a democrat of democrats, he admired President Roosevelt as much as he admired any man, and all we ask is what he demands, "a square deal."

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Browne was born in Charleville, Cork, Ireland, about the middle of the nineteenth century. His father died when still young, and thus the future bishop owed his education and training to his mother, who sent him to Fermoy, the diocesan seminary. Here he developed a vocation for the priesthood, and after a brilliant classical course at Fermoy, his spiritual directors placed him at Maynooth, the national ecclesiastical college of Ireland. He won distinction in his course of philosophy and theology, and was ordained for his native diocese of Cloyne. The young priest's first appointment was to a professorship in St. Colman's College, but, before long he was called to Maynooth, being made Dean and later President of that seat of learning.

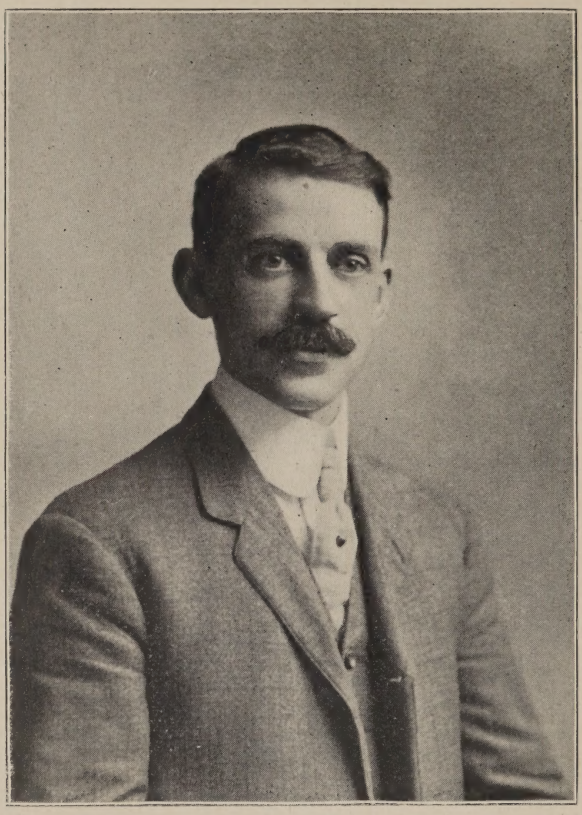
When the See of Cloyne became vacant the Holy Father, Leo XIII., appointed the President of Maynooth to the bishopric, and the zeal that characterized his conduct of the college marked his administration of the affairs of this important diocese. In bringing to completion the magnificent cathedral at Queenstown, Dr. Browne has shown in marked manner his ability and perseverance. His predecessors had begun and carried on the work, but it fell to the present incumbent's lot to complete and decorate the interior. Thousands of

RT. REV. DR BROWNE, BISHOP OF CLOYNE

pounds have been spent, and more than once America has contributed handsomely. The erection of the tower and spire will complete the structure, begun fifty years ago.

The cathedral will be an inspiring sight to the traveler as he enters Queenstown Harbor, as well as the last object on which the eyes of the emigrant rest as he leaves his native land.

The *Catholic Standard and Times* of Philadelphia has many a claim on the gratitude of the public for the large amount of clever, varied, and always interesting reading it furnishes from week to week. The editor-in-chief, Mr. John J. O'Shea, has produced some notable work in history, biography and fiction, and his editorial page may always be relied upon for correctness of view and sane judgment of current issues. Mrs. Honor Walsh, who conducts the "Busybody Corner" made a signal success with her recent book; and now Mr. T. A. Daly, originator of the "Jests and Jin-



T. A DALY, PRESIDENT AMERICAN PRESS HUMORISTS.

gles" column, is about to give permanent form to the poems he contributed weekly to this department. Mr. Daly has the happy faculty of getting much enjoyment out of the simple, commonplace things, and his delicate humor is at its best in dealing with foibles of character or national traits. "The Old Parishioner" is a type that will be readily recognized:

The graybeard glories in the past,
And prates of "good old days."
These times are out of joint, he growls,
And sneers at modern ways.
He shakes his head at every move
That's up-to-date and new,
And everything you do is just
The thing you shouldn't do.

It's "Mercy save us! Look at that.
We're slidin' back, I fear.
The parish isn't what it was
Whin Father Mack was here."

"The weddin's now are not as fine
As weddin's used to be.
An' faith, they're not so numerous
At all, at all," says he.
"Then, christ'nin's, too, were plentiful,
An' carried out wid style;
'Twould warm your heart to see them there
A-crowdin' up the aisle.

An' sermons! How the crowd would come
To listen! Dear, O dear!
The parish isn't what it was
Whin Father Mack was here."

Yet from a study of the rolls
And records, 'twould appear,
The parish claimed but fifty souls
When Father Mack was here.

"The Dago man" is a favorite study of this poet, and, deservedly, his Italian dialect verse has won wide popularity. A very clever, though gently cynical, analysis of American character as understood by the Italian is given in the following:

A NEW PATRIOT.

Ess no so hard for Dago man
To be a gooda 'Merican,
Too bumb, too slow, you theenka me,
But I am sharpa 'nough for see
Da firsta theeng dat you mus' know
Eees how to speak da Inglaise so
Dat you can wave your hat an' say:
"Da redda, whita, blue! Hooray!"

Eef you are smarta 'Merican
You try for skeen som' udder man.
Baycause you know dat he weell do
Da sama kinda treek weeth you.
But you are good as heem an' he
Ees just as good as you an' me,
So long we all stan' up an' say:
"Da redda, whita, blue! Hooray!"

For land dat I was leevin' een
Da flag ees redda, whita, green,
So alla, w'at I gatta do
Ees jus' forgat da green for blue.
I skeen you eef I gatta chance,
But dat ees mak' no deeference.
I gooda 'Merican, an' say:
"Da redda, whita, blue! Hooray!"

The folly of Guiseppe in making choice of "da swell 'Merican" as a partner for life is thus exploited:

DA STYLEESHA WIFE.

Giuseppe da barber ees catcha da wife!
O! my, you weell laugh w'en you see w'at he gat.
She gatta da face ees so sharp like da knife—
He say "ees no styleesh for face to be fat."
Her fingers so skeenny, ees notheeng but bone;
You 'fraid dey weel bust w'en you go for shak' han'.
He say: "Dat'sa sign she ees vera high-tone',
She no gatta han's like two bonch da banan'."
Ha! w'at you theenk dat
For talk een hees hat?
W'at good eesa wife eef she don'ta be fat?

Giuseppe he tal me I no ondrastan'
Da 'Merican lady so gooda like heem;
He tal me hees wife ees da "swell 'Merican"
An' looka so styleesh baycause she ees "sleem."
I tal heem da "styleeshness" notta so good
For keepa da house an' for helpin' her mooch
To nursa da baby an' carry da wood.
He say: "I no care eef she nevva do sooch."
Ha! w'at you theenk dat
For talk een hees hat?
W'at good eesa wife eef she don'ta be fat?

As might be expected of a poet with a Celtic name, a sad note is occasionally struck even when joy and laughter and songs of birds form the theme. Thus "The Song of the Thrush" tells of depths beyond the ken of the "Dago man."

THE SONG OF THE THRUSH.

Ah! the May was grand this mornin'.
Shure, how could I feel forlorn in
Such a land, when tree and flower tossed their kisses to the breeze?
Could an Irish heart be quiet
While the spring was running riot
An' the birds of free America were singing in the trees?
In the songs that they were singing
No familiar note was ringing,
But I strove to imitate them an' I whistled like a lad.
O! my heart was warm to love them
For the very newness of them—
For the ould songs that they helped me to forget—an' I was glad.

So I mocked the feathered choir
To my hungry heart's desire,
An' I gloried in the comradeship that made their joy my own,
Till a new note sounded, stilling
All the rest. A thrush was trilling!
Ah! the thrush I left behind me in the fields about Athlone!
Where, upon the white thorn swaying,
He was minstrel of the Maying
In my days of love and laughter that the years have laid at rest;
Here again his notes were ringing!
But I'd lost the heart for singing—
Ah! the song I could not answer was the one I loved the best.

The gift of "Cornaylius Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan" affords at least one instance of happy results from the habit of stammering, and also illustrates another phase of Irish character:

'Twas the godfather stuttered, or mayhap the priest;
But, be that as it may, it is certain, at least,
That the wan or the other was surely to blame
Fur presintin' the lad the quare twisht to his name.
For there at the christ'nin',
Wid iv'ry wan list'nin,
Now didn't his Riverence, Father O'Flannigan,
Wid nervousness stam'rin',
Bechune the child's clam'rin',
Baptize it "Cornaylius Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan!"

Wid these words from the priest, shure, the cute little rogue
Up and stopped his own mouth wid his chubby kithogue,
An' the dimples broke out an' prosaded to chase
All the tears an' the frowns from his innocent face,
For, faix, he was afther
Absorbin' the laughter
Stuck into his name by good Father O'Flannigan!
Now that's the thruth in it,
An' so from that minute
Shure, iv'ry wan called the lad "Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan."

Now, the "ha-ha-ha!" stuck to him close as his name,
For the sorra a tear could be drownin' the same,
Not a care iver touched him from that blissid day
But the gift o' the laughther would drive it away.
Wid jokin' an' chaffin'
He niver stopped laughin',
Or if he did stop he immajiate began agin;
An' iv'ry wan hearin'
His laughther so cheerin'
Jist jined in the mirth o' young "Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan."

Shure, the throubles o' life were so palthry an' small
'Tis a pity we let thim disthurb us at all.
There is niver a care but would l'ave us in p'ace
If we'd only stand up an' jist laugh in its face.
Faix, life were a pleasure
If all had the treasure
Conferred so unthinkin' by Father O'Flannigan;
If all could but borrow
That cure-all for sorrow
Possissed by "Cornaylius Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan!"

The bashful lover comes in for his share of attention in "Almost." The pastoral scene that forms the setting might well have encouraged the timid swain, but then the humorist would have missed his chance:

ALMOST.

"There stands the parson's house," he said.
The maiden hung her modest head,
Lest he who thus was moved to speak
Should note the blush that dyed her cheek.
The moonlit fields, the sky above,
Were mutely eloquent of love;
And love surcharged the ambient air
Breathed in by this young rustic pair.
With beating hearts, across the road
They saw the minister's abode.
The study lamp a welcome gleamed,
And, through the summer twilight, seemed
Inviting them to near the door.
"There stands the parson's house!" Once more
His fervid thoughts broke forth in speech.
Then silence, thrilling each to each,
Surrounded them and held them mute.
Far-off they heard an owlet hoot
"To whit! to woo!" The maiden's heart
Was warm for him, but hers the part
To modestly await the word
That she in fancy oft had heard,
And which instinctively she knew,
Was trembling on his tongue. He, too,
Was conscious of his own love's strength,
And meant to speak. He said, at length:
"There stands the parson's house, and there—"
His hand a-tremble cleft the air—
"Is where it used to stand!" And then
He led her down the road again.

These selections will serve to indicate the charm and versatility of Mr. Daly's pen, and no doubt the coming volume will contain many a bit of wise philosophy and wholesome fun woven into verse. We predict for it general appreciation and a smiling welcome.

A few facts about the author will anticipate the enquiries of readers who are not personally acquainted with him. Thomas Augustine Daly was born in Philadelphia, May 28th, 1871, and was educated in Villanova, and Fordham, receiving the degree of A.M. from the latter college, in 1901. Though bearing off no college prizes, Mr. Daly made an excellent record in fielding and batting, and is quietly proud of his averages.

On leaving college he entered the business department of the *Philadelphia Record,* and after two years' service became a member of the editorial staff, remaining in this position for seven years. In 1898 he was appointed General Manager of *The Catholic Standard and Times,* and still holds this responsible office.

He began the humorous department, "Jest and Jingles," in December, 1898,

and contributed to it so generously that he now has material for the volume of verse which will appear in September.

Mr. Daly made his first appearance as a humorous lecturer in 1905, and in the following year was made President of the American Press Humorists. His lectures at the Summer School were a very enjoyable feature of the program.

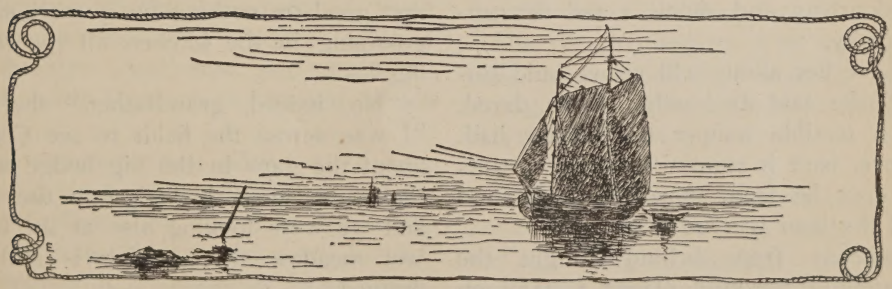
He was married in 1896, and has five lovely children, whose presence—or absence—probably inspired his latest poem, "Night in Bachelor's Hall."

This idyll of vacation days struck such a responsive chord in editorial breasts that it appeared in nearly every daily and weekly throughout the country, and was read not only by lovers of poetry but by lovers of home, familiar with the conditions so tenderly described:

NIGHT IN BACHELOR'S HALL.

They've gone away! It seems a year,
Ay! weeks of years, since they were here;
And yet it was but yesterday
I kissed them when they went away,
Away from all the scorching heat
That grips this brick-walled city street.
And it was I who bade them go,
Though she, dear heart, protested so,
And vowed I'd find no joy at all
Nor any peace, in Bachelor's Hall.
I laughed at that, but she was right,
I never knew a sadder night
Than this, while thus I tread alone,
These silent halls I call my own.
I never thought this place could change
So utterly and seem so strange.
The night is hot, and yet a chill
Pervades the house; it is so still.
I miss the living atmosphere
That comforts me when they are here;
I miss the sigh, long-drawn and deep,
The music of refreshing sleep,
That undulates the gentle breast
Of weary motherhood at rest.
And in the unaccustomed gloom
That shrouds the small adjoining room
I miss the moans, the muffled screams,
Of childhood troubled in its dreams,
And is this all? Nay! more I miss
The strong, heart-thrilling joy, the bliss
Of warding, with protecting arm,
Between these precious hearts and harm.

O! sing your song, all ye who roam,
Your wistful song of "Home, Sweet Home,"
But, though unhappy is your lot,
You will not find a sadder spot
In all the world than Home, when they
Who make it Home have gone away.



A PRINCESS OF CARNADUNE.

BY FLORENCE M. WILSON.

Gilvarey was very old. He sat in his chair on the terrace, beside the sundial, and felt no heat, though the day was golden and blue in the heart of June. Behind him the grey granite house faced the noon silently. For centuries had it stood staring with its many windows at the eternal fretting of the Atlantic. For how many centuries no one but Gilvarey himself could say it had perched on the crown of the cliff like a brooding sea-bird.

The great hound, Bran, lay at his feet, and the roses trailed in fragrant tangles over the mossy walks. The old man shivered, and, as was his wont, muttered to himself at whiles, and his mutterings had always one burden, "Why was she born a girl? A boy could have kept up the old name and the old place—but a girl!" He nodded savagely to himself, and raising his quavering voice, called, "Brunhilde! Brunhilde! Where are you? Isn't it my hour for soup? Here I am set out like a forgotten thing whilst you go gadding in idleness."

Mollie, the maid, looked at him from the doorway and shook a red fist emphatically.

"Lave her alone, will ye, ye ould sinner," she said as loudly as she dared, for a terrible temper the master had. "Shure, isn't it runnin' on your arrants she does be from morn till night and divil the wan wurrud o' thanks."

Someone from behind caught the threatening fist, and placed a hand on Mollie's mouth. A girl stood there smiling gravely. "Now let me be," said Molly, "it's only steam I'm lettin' off at him, Miss Bruna."

Brunhilde laughed softly.

"I often wish, Mollie, I could do the same, but if grandfather heard my honest opinion of him once—well, Carnadune wouldn't be my home for a minute longer."

"Faith, no! Miss Bruna, the old master knows who looks after him best, an' he well knows whin you go, I go! So niver fear. Besides, he must have some feelin' for his own flesh an' blood somewhere consaled in him, though I must say he's terr'ble good at the consalin'. Ye can tell him that the chicken for his soup is scrawking in the yard yet, an' it's time he tuk his slape."

The harsh old voice broke in again from the terrace, with a few indirect compliments to his grand-daughter thrown in.

"Coming! grandfather," answered the girl, as she ran lightly across the daisied sward to his chair.

The hound rose slowly and thrust a cool nose into her hand. This was the one person for him in all the world, and his eyes said so plainly. Gilvarey moved irritably.

"What kept you? I suppose you and that good-for-nothing hussy were sitting gossiping in the kitchen all the morning."

"No, indeed, grandfather," she said, "I was across the fields to see Cormac about the gaps in the big hedge where the cows stray through into the corn, and we were looking also at the bit of wet meadow there which is still undrained."

"Cows! drains! and farm boys! Tis a lady-like way of spending your time! That must be your mother's tastes breaking out; your father was different, thank God!"

Her eyes flashed, and the hand that

carressed the dog trembled, yet she answered quietly: "Someone must do a little overlooking or things would be worse than they are, and I like outside work."

Gilvarey dug his stick into a mossy crevice and rambled on unheedingly: "I never really agreed to that last trip your father took in his boat. But he had the iron will of his race and this place was dull and lonely to a lad of spirit. How was I to know that bad weather would make him put into a miserable fishing-village in Norway? It was there he met your mother, girl, waiting among her relations with her fish-basket, doubtless. He said 'No!' and talked of her descent from kings—kings! It was *he* who could claim royalty; but home he brought her as his wife, a three weeks' bride and a beggar! Here for a year or so she lived, coming ever between my son and me with her foreign ways; and here you saw light first. When she died your father forsook his home and me. You never counted. He has lain for years in a fever-stricken grave in Africa."

There was silence for a time in the garden, save for the insistence of the sea. She had heard it all so often—yet the pathos of the love-story of these vanished parents of hers always touched her keenly. And how she pitied the proud heart beside her—the last of his race!

He turned to her suddenly—"I hear these ignorant pople call you 'The Princess.' Is that true? The Princess! Well, well, to think of it! it makes me laugh." The humor of it tickled his jaded fancy, and he gurgled and shook with merriment.

But if he failed to see the fitness of the title with which a loving peasantry had crowned her, he was an exception. A princess she was in the truest sense of the word, from the wealth of her wonderful red-gold hair to the small feet that peeped from her blue homespun gown. Her dark grey eyes, which in some moods deepened to purple, gazed steadily on life, under her low white brow. She was no fish-wife's daughter, as the pride of her tall figure testified, but could claim kinship with Thorold the Strong, who slew himself on his own lost battlefield, ages ago in the land she would never see. For Mollie, loyal to the dead, as to the living, did not let the birth-tale be forgotten for want of repeating.

Below, into the sapphire circle of the bay, cut the white sails of a yacht. The girl rose from the grass to watch it, for it was a rare occurrence on that dangerous coast. Every sea-going thing had her sympathy. The boat poised like a great white gull, tacking and beating up to a sure anchorage. Gilvarey saw it and swore at it. He, enfeebled and poor, hated to see such trappings of freedom and wealth.

"Take me inside, Brunhilde. If a storm came—a nice, sudden, blinding squall, that pretty toy would last exactly ten minutes, for there are bad holdings here, and its owner would be food for the crabs. Indoors, I say!"

She stooped, and, as if he had been a child, she carried him tenderly in her strong, young arms, and the hound paced slowly beside her.

. . . . . .

When the blue day was rounding into grey, with the hint of a tender moonrise lightening its shadows, she left the house and passed through the dreaming garden to the hazel-wood. There a gate gave access to a winding path that led to the shingly beach under the cliffs. The yacht was still dipping and dancing in the misty swirl of the incoming tide. She leaned her arms on the gate, and the

long, long thoughts of youth fluttered round her like white butterflies. Through the vague desires of unwaked womanhood, woven like a golden thread, ran the dearest wish of all—to see Norway! to speak with her unknown kinsfolk! to hold hands that had held her mother's hands! above all, to wander slowly through the rooms of the deserted castle at the top of the lonely fjord where her dead father had found his life's love. Ah! would it ever come true? or was it only like the tales the people told her here of fairy gold? Would nothing or no one rescue her from the prison-house of the present?

As in answer to the unspoken cry, a man came slowly along the path up from the shore. He was close beside her before he saw the silent figure. He flung away his cigar, with a muttered excuse, and raised his yachting cap.

"I did not expect to meet—" he began. If he had finished his speech he would have said, "a princess." The uncommon beauty of her face, and perhaps, better still, the beauty of the soul that gazed out of her earnest eyes, made him, the travelled man of the world, as awkward as a schoolboy. But to Brunhilde he was an event—a courier from wonderland! She spoke as courtesy prompted her, with the gracious manner of her Irish birth revealing itself in her soft speech and quaint idioms. The moon rose and wrapped her in its nun-like glory. Time was not for them; it became a mere flash in the fire of love. For the man parleyed none with fate. He bowed his head meekly and said to his own heart: "If I had known her for thousands of years I could not love her with a deeper love than I do now. Be she poor or rich, peasant or princess, she is the one woman on the broad earth for me."

And she? She knew, as she moved home through the tremulous moonshine, that Angus had loosened over her his White Birds of Promise. They flew before her, creatures made of dew and silver feathers. The fairy gold had been found.

For a week of blue days and moony nights the yacht rode the long swell of the Atlantic. For a week Gilvarey cursed it high up and low down for daring to anchor under his very chair. For a week Mollie noted, with sighs and headshakes, that her young mistress had gained a rose-flush on her cheeks, winsome and radiant; and was "goin' about in a daft way not takin' on to anything." Yet she never thought of following Brunhilde, of intruding on the meetings that took place at the cliff-gate those evenings when the old master slept. She clattered and clashed her pots and pans in her deserted kitchen, comforting herself with the news she heard in the village, where everyone had the good wish for the stranger-man, and where everyone knew.

"Shure, it wasn't a sacret that he was entirely bent on takin' Miss Bruna home to Englan' wid him, an' nothin' else wud do him." But Brunhilde herself avoided Mollie. How could she talk to the faithful, loyal woman without letting his name slip out? Ah, well! Mollie would live with them and be dressed in silk every day, and have maids under her to drive and worry about. For it had come to this—she had promised to marry him, this stranger Saxon from over the sea, with the blue eyes and the fair curly hair of his people. Her feet seemed never to feel the earth. She was like the princess who slept until the kiss of the prince awakened her. She dwelt apart, for he loved her! her! in spite of the worn homespun gowns and the red-gold crown of hair that grandfather hated. She was out one evening on the bog road with

Bran, coming back from seeing Connal Meagher's mother who had an "aguey cowld," when she saw him striding along to meet her. As he fell into step beside her, she glanced shyly at him.

"You'll be getting to know and love this road when you live here. A week or even a month only gives one a weeny taste of the bog and the grand hills yonder. I have seen it out of my window for nineteen long years, and every time it grows more like the face of a friend who is getting dearer and dearer."

"Like mine, Princess?" he said softly.

"Yes, like yours," she answered, and her proud head drooped.

"But, dear," he said, clasping her hand, "we aren't really going to live here, you know. Once we are married I want to show my wife the world, and, what's more, I want the world to see my wife. Your grandfather is such an old wretch. Well, forgive me. You know he leads you an awful dance; you needn't deny it, Princess, for Johnnie Burns, my sailor-man, keeps his ears open in the village. No, I don't think I could stand the 'owld master' for more than a week in the year. Mollie can feed him, and take him walks, and all that. Besides, Ireland, even with you in it, is not home to an Englishman."

He turned to her with a smile, but there was no answering love-gleam on her white face and in her clouded eyes.

"Why, dear, what is it?"

She stopped and faced him, laying one cold hand in his strong brown fingers.

"Then you wish me to go away with you without telling anyone—is that it? To leave Caradune and Mollie, all the people I ever knew, and who loved me from babyhood? Just go away without one word of good-by? Is this what you want me to do?"

"My dear," said he, gravely, "I want to marry you where and when you like. On this spot! at this minute! if it could be managed. I want nothing underhand. I don't forbid you, Heaven knows, to say good-by. I know these simple folk love you. How could they miss? It is just your father's love-story over again. Your mother married him and left her home to live with him. So, when all the tears are shed, I want you to sail with me to my home and my land."

He held out his arms to her, for there was no one to criticize but Bran, but she waved him aside.

"No, no, I couldn't leave grandfather. He is so old and so hard to manage—and I am the only one of his name now. I must stay here—I've always felt that it is a promise I have made to the dead to watch over him."

He was not disheartened.

"Look, dear child; yesterday I drove over the hills to the little church on the shore of the lough and arranged matters with the curate there. In a few days, if your Royal Highness wishes, we'll drive there with Mollie and Johnnie as our witnesses. You see the grandfather is completely out of it. He will live for years yet, and I am only human—I want you now."

Her face showed no weakening. At the gate they paused.

"Dear," he said, "think it over. This is Monday; let us, on Thursday, take our drive over the hills. Good night, beloved."

. . . . . .

For the three intervening days she kept away from the cliff-gate and tried to solve the problem. Love beckoned her down rose-crowned valleys, but Duty, with a steadfast face, pointed to the heights. All day long the inward strife raged, and night brought no truce. At one time it seemed an easy thing to entrust her grandfather to Mollie and sail away with the man she loved. Then

suddenly she would recoil in horror at her hard-heartedness, and imagine the old bowed figure, huddled in its chair in the lonely rooms, calling for her vainly.

On that third evening she felt the house would stifle her, and throwing her red cloak round her she moved half unconsciously to the trysting place.

"I thought you were gone for ever, child," he said, taking her in his arms. "Don't stay so long away again, Bruna."

She smiled sadly. "I can come to no decision," she said, "and to-morrow will be Thursday."

Looking into her face he saw how weary and over-strained she was, and he refrained from entreaty or argument.

"I cannot stay; grandfather is strangely restless to-night and may miss me."

"Dear," he said, tenderly, "think it over again for the last time. I will be down on the Long Strand to-morrow at high tide and I want you to come to me there. I think, somehow, your answer will please me. I have been written for from home, and my people want to see you."

She let him go without speaking and then called him back.

"You must not stay on your boat to-night, asthore, for yonder creeps the wet mist over the sea, and the waves are talking of a storm."

He laughed and took her face in his hands.

"I've weathered worse storms than by the shores of *your* island, my Princess. Besides, there's a storm in my heart to-night that will not let me rest until you calm it. What matters any outside trouble? Let the winds blow on. Good-night again."

But some power in the moaning wind sent her flying after him with outstretched arms.

"For my sake sleep on shore. I know the signs of storm here. Hark, the way the gulls scream!"

He stooped and kissed her. "Little one, I am a queer fellow. When anything bothers me, the sea—the open sea—and the rougher the better,—is my only solace. When you say 'Yes' you will be my consolation; until then I must keep to the old ways. Now the wind is cold. Let me draw the hood closer. So!"

That night she prayed in her room, whilst outside the gathering storm tossed the trees and roared over the wide chimneys. And her prayer was that of a little child:

"O Father of sunshine and of storms, if indeed I may follow the sweet path of love, give me a sign—one little sign, out of Thy wisdom, so I may give the man I love—ah! how I love him—the true answer."

She fell asleep—the dreamless sleep of one relieved of a great burden. Towards dawn she awakened. Had someone called her? Outside the fury of wind and rain was terrible. She lay and listened for a while, still wrapped in a strange content. There came a sudden lull in the wind and a wailing silence fell for a minute on the sea and land. Then, near—outside her window it seemed!—she heard her name called "Brunhilde! Brunhilde!"

She waited.

"If it comes again it is His sign to me." And again it came, very faintly, far away, "Brunhilde!"

"It was my love's voice," she said, and, as the storm broke in redoubled strength, she fell asleep with a smile on her face.

It was broad day, nearly noon, when Mollie, standing beside her bed, tried to summon up courage to waken her. A watery sun, escaping from the scud of flying clouds, sent a beam down across the closed eyes. Brunhilde stirred. "Wake up, alannah, it's nearly time for your lunch, for sure."

"Why, Mollie, you shouldn't have let me lie so long. What will grandfather say? I don't remember sleeping so soundly for years."

Something in Mollie's manner and appearance struck the girl. She looked out of the window and saw the ruin that the night had wrought in her beloved garden.

"It must have blown a whole gale, Moll. Did grandfather hear it? It always upset him. I heard little of it. I had such pleasant dreams." She kept her face turned away whilst she talked and dressed. Mollie had sharp eyes; she might read the message in hers. For was this not her wedding day? Two hours later and it would be high tide, then she would give him his answer, and it would be the one he wished for. It was her secret yet. After lunch she would tell Mollie.

"Indade, thin, Miss Bruna, the master wanted me to riz ye at a wee bit before day-light, but sure! I'm glad I didn't; ye're awake time enough."

Brunhilde laughed.

"I never lay so long before, unless I was ill, Mollie."

"They do be sayin' that it blew for an hour stron'er than the biggest storrum ever known, an' they do be sayin' that—" Here Mollie stopped abruptly.

"The owld master gave me a taste of swearin' for lettin' you slape on, but little that annoys me, share o' the world. I knew you'd be hearin' *it* time enough."

Brunhilde went up to her.

"Mollie, you never could hide anything from me for ten minutes. What is it they do be saying?"

And Mollie, staring down at the faded carpet, whispered hoarsely: "They do be sayin'; maybe it's only talk, that a boat went under last night in the cruel heart o' the wind, for they've found—"

"What?" The word came from pallid lips.

"Nothin' much, dearie, only bits of white wood. Sure! *he* must have gone into the big bay, three miles up, and be safe an' snug at this minnit, waitin' for ye. Sure! I know it all, Miss Bruna, dear."

The girl pushed away the toil-worn hands.

"Mollie, you know, and they know, there is no white boat but his for miles and miles round. Where did that wood come from?"

Mollie could not face the agony of the grey eyes.

"Ah! you fear it—you know he—is—" The voice ceased, and a merciful unconsciousness lessened the ache of the broken heart. Mollie laid her gently on the bed and her tears dripped unrestrainedly on the frozen face.

" 'Tis the cowld faint she's in, an' better that. There's no thought or heartbreak in that. Och! ochone! ochone! Sure, didn't Mollie know what was goin' on all along, an' didn't she favor him, too. Ah! for the poor way o' managin' things here on airth, that these two should go so deep into black sorra! An' it's me that thinks that he has got the best part o' it, afther all, though he lies drownded in a cruel stranger say, and niver a Christian prayer said over the curly head o' him."

. . . . . .

When the winds had calmed somewhat, the princess put on the hood and cloak that he loved, and with Bran beside her, went to keep her tryst.

At high tide on the Long Strand she found him—*waiting*, and wiping, tenderly, the clinging weeds off his sea-changed face, she whispered her answer to him, sealing it with a kiss.

That he heard her, and understood—and was glad—she had no doubt.

THE APOSTLE SPOONS.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

"Well, Miss Kitty, maybe you do know your own business best," Nancy Darragh said, in tones that spoke of entire disbelief in her own admission. "Maybe you do. I'm not saying anything to the contrary; but you must mind how I warned you against the widow lady and her two children. After living on you for two full months the widow bolted and left the children on your hands. And a nice job you had getting rid of them."

"That is quite true, Nancy," Nancy's mistress replied in a conciliatory manner, "but Miss Hunt isn't a widow—"

"She has a squint in her eye," Nancy interrupted. "My mother—Heaven rest her!—would never trust a woman with a squint. It ill becomes me to say an ill word of my own people; but my mother's cousin, Judy Dolan—"

Miss Fitzgerald had listened dozens of times to the story of Judy Dolan's delinquencies. She stopped Nancy with an apology.

"I remember you told me of Judy, Nancy. Miss Hunt seems a nice, well-mannered lady, and she offered three pounds a week for the parlor and bed room. That is a generous offer, you must admit."

Nancy was not inclined to do anything of the sort.

"What references did she give you?" she inquired.

"References! None."

Nancy sniffed.

"But she insisted on handing me ten sovereigns." Miss Fitzgerald held out the coins triumphantly.

Nancy tested one of the coins by biting it with her strong white teeth, and ringing it on the hearth-stone of her kitchen.

"It seems right enough," she admitted grudgingly.

"And we need the money badly," Miss Fitzgerald went on. "The half-year's rent is overdue. I had a reminder from the landlord yesterday only."

"The old heathen!" Nancy said, indignantly. "Sure, everyone knows how he got his money. It is low days when Davy Gilligan craves the daughter of Brian Fitzgerald of Aghaloo for rent. Low days entirely."

"He is entitled to his rent, of course," Miss Fitzgerald said. "Miss Hunt comes next Tuesday."

"I can't get over my dislike of the woman," Nancy observed. "She has motives for coming here."

"I don't see what they could be," Miss Fitzgerald laughed rather dolefully. "We haven't anything worth stealing."

"Except the apostle spoons," Nancy corrected her mistress. "And that's another thing. I'm told they would fetch a big price—enough to keep you from letting rooms to every impudent stranger, Miss Kitty. I saw that some such old spoons were sold in London for thousands."

"They aren't mine really, Nancy. They belonged to my father's first wife."

"Don't I know that." Nancy was scornful. "But they are yours now—the only thing except your clothes that you took from Aghaloo."

"There was nothing to take. The creditors were barely satisfied."

"More shame for them!" Nancy sighed.

The Fitzgeralds of Aghaloo had never

been an economic race; and Kitty Fitzgerald's father had certainly done nothing to improve his position. A defaulting land agent had completed the ruin begun two or three generations back. Mr. Fitzgerald had been twice married. First to the daughter of an English baronet as impoverished almost as he himself was, and secondly to the poor and pretty daughter of an Irish doctor. He had quarrelled with his son, the only child of his English wife, because Gervase Fitzgerald had new and strange notions about earning his bread; and the quarrel reached a culminating point when Gervase obstinately refused to stand as a Parliamentary candidate for a division of the county.

"I am not in a position to contest the seat, and I should hate the life even if I won. No, sir, I won't. I'd rather earn my bread as a lumberman," Gervase had said, with the result that he was ordered to leave Aghaloo at once, and never again show his face inside his father's door.

The young man went to Canada, and, after making one or two futile efforts, to open a correspondence with his own people, letters ceased to come from the exile. His step-mother and his half-sister would willingly have written to him but Brian Fitzgerald was a tyrant in a small way. The letter bag was opened always by himself, and the one or two letters Gervase wrote journeyed back to him across the ocean. Then came the episode of the defaulting agent. His disappearance was followed by the death of Mr. Fitzgerald and his wife in quick succession; and Kitty Fitzgerald, at twenty-five, found herself penniless almost, and alone in the world.

With unexpected firmness she refused to accept a home among her old neighbors. She was neither very clever nor well educated, and she decided on taking a small house in a northern watering place, eking out her narrow income of twenty pounds, derived from her mother, by letting lodgings. That this venture was not a failure was due in great part to Nancy Darragh, who insisted on sharing the fortunes of "Miss Kitty," and whose cleverness as a cook and general housekeeper left the mistress free to devote herself to the entertainment of such guests as came to the cottage.

Miss Hunt arrived on Tuesday. She was a tall, fair-haired young woman, whose costumes gave evidence of wealth, if not of good taste. She quite won Miss Fitzgerald's heart by her cordial approval of Rathmore, the cottage, and Nancy's cooking. Her squint and the fact that she came to Rathmore at a season when it was always deserted, kept alive Nancy's dislike. However, as time wore on, she was forced to admit that the boarder gave little trouble in the house; and perhaps Nancy was as much grieved as her mistress when a telegram summoned Miss Hunt to the deathbed of a cousin in England. She departed with many promises of a speedy return, and it was almost a week later when Miss Fitzgerald discovered that the set of apostle spoons was missing. Miss Fitzgerald was inconsolable, and Nancy was in a state of mingled rage and grief. Her only relief was that she was in a position to pose as a true prophetess. That this gave equal relief to Miss Fitzgerald is to be doubted.

When Miss Hunt quitted Rathmore she very speedily dried the tears she had been shedding over her sister's illness, and when she reached London she was in a very jubilant frame of mind indeed.

"Are Mr. and Mrs. Norman at the Hotel Cecil still?" she asked the man who met her at Euston Station.

He nodded curtly, and asked:—

"Was it a wild goose chase?"

"No, indeed, Billy. You are loath to acknowledge that you have a clever wife. When I chanced to hear that Mrs. Norman was anxious for a set of apostle spoons I recollected hearing that Miss Fitzgerald of Rathmore had a set—a full set. Any luck in other quarters?"

Billy shook his head. He was a man of few words, and was known among the particular set of thieves of which he was one as "William the Silent."

"I shall call on Mrs. Norman this evening," his wife said. "Miss Fitzgerald isn't likely to miss the spoons at once, still it is as well to get rid of them. I shall go as Miss Fitzgerald, with a harrowing tale of family misfortunes."

The lady was just narrating part of the Fitzgerald family history to pretty Mrs. Norman when the husband of the latter entered the room.

"Oh, Gervase, look at Miss Fitzgerald's spoons! Aren't they lovely?"

The tall, middle-aged gentleman stared first at the stranger, and then longer at the spoons. When his close inspection of the latter ended he turned to the lady.

"You are Miss Fitzgerald?"

"Yes." The caller had a talent for mimicry, and she adopted Miss Fitzgerald's tone and manner. "I am Katherine Fitzgerald."

"Oh! One of the spoons is injured?" the gentleman remarked.

"Only a little, Gervase," Mrs. Norman said, hastily.

Miss Hunt gave a circumstantial account of the manner in which the blemish was made.

"That's rather strange," Mr. Norman remarked. "I believe I hammered this particular spoon with a hatchet a very great many years ago."

The visitor sprang to her feet.

"No, no, sit down. If you are Katherine Fitzgerald, you are my half-sister. I am Gervase Fitzgerald; but by the will of my wife's father I took his name and fortune. No, don't move, please. I recognized the spoons at once."

"But she—she isn't your half-sister, Gervase?" Mrs. Norman exclaimed.

"Not unless Kitty has altered out of all knowledge. Now, madam," to the visitor, "am I to send for the police? If you can inform me where my sister is—I have been seeking for her for months—perhaps I shall not be too hard on you. Take your time for consideration."

The wife of William the Silent decided quickly.

"You won't make a case out of it?" she asked.

"I am not the person to promise anything. I shall, of course, hand over the spoons to the police, but you shall be free to depart, and I shall endeavor to forget your appearance," Gervase said.

"Very well," William's wife replied. "You will find Miss Fitzgerald at Rathmore, near Derry."

Miss Fitzgerald's grief was at its height when Mr. and Mrs. Norman arrived at the little Irish watering-place. They were anxious that she and Nancy should cross the Atlantic with them; but to this neither Nancy nor her mistress would agree. The apostle spoons became Mrs. Norman's, and Gervase settled an annuity on his sister that rendered her quite independent. Aghaloo is said to be for sale, and as Mrs. Norman took a fancy for the place it is not unlikely that Miss Fitzgerald and Nancy may again be domiciled beneath its roof.

A BROKEN BRAMBLE.

BY SEUMAS O'KELLY.

Even the blackbird that perched on a swaying bramble looked with round eyes on her without the thought of fear. And seeing that none else was near he shook out his wings, wiped his yellow beak smartly on the bramble, now on one side and then on the other, stood as straight as a soldier at attention, filled out his throat, much as a piper might fill his bag, and poured out an evening melody. It fell and rose with the breeze and the swaying bramble and throbbed its echoes away over the purple hill lightly tipped with the first crimson glow of the sun going down in the west.

She looked up and smiled. That melody had come in on the peace of the evening without breaking it. It was an accompaniment to the glory of the close of the day and to her thoughts. So she dropped the stocking she was knitting in her lap, for a minute, looked over to the hedge, and smiled at the black-coated, red-beaked songster, swaying on the bramble. Yes, it was a very peaceful day and a very, very, beautiful evening.

The song stopped suddenly, and the blackbird, with a cry of fright, flew away over the hill clothed in the crimsoning veil of the evening light. A footstep was breaking the silence in the field the other side of the hedge. The breeze brought over the hedge to her ears a deep, heavy sigh—the longing of some weary heart. And her own bosom heaved in response a deep sigh—the longing of a weary heart wakened from the drowse of a great peace.

Then a man came out the gap in the hedge and broke the bramble on which the blackbird had swayed and sung.

He was a very tall young man, with a rugged face, red hair, and great broad shoulders and chest. His eyes were large and fearless, and ever a puzzle. One never knew whether they were a dark blue or a deep grey; and they were ever reflecting the thoughts of a busy mind. He stood still and took in that scene—the thatched house with the wealth of rose leaves and roses trailing over the white of the walls, the big stone seat near the door, and the woman with the round sweet face, the auburn hair, and the sensitive lips, knitting a stocking. She looked up, saw the man, and with a start rose from her seat.

"God bless the work, Honor," he said, walking over and taking her hand in a grip like a vise.

"The same to you," she said, smiling a bright smile of welcome. She was conscious of a strained, unusual manner about Con McDermot. "Were you at the fair?" she asked.

"I was," he said. "'Twas a good fair, and we sold early. So did your father—I was speaking to him, and your mother told me she left you at home to mind the house."

"She did; 'twas easy to mind it, and I have everything ready for them when they come home. I know it's tired they'll be after the hardships of the day and night. Did they sell?"

"They did. He got thirty-five shillings for the hoggets and thirteen pounds for the milcher."

"Thank God! It was as much as he was saying he'd get. What's delaying them?"

"I don't know. I was about the first home."

"Won't you come in," said Honor, brightly, "and have a cup of tea? The kettle is singing this quarter of an hour

on the fire, and I have a cake the height of your knee in the oven. You must be hungry."

"I'm not then. I couldn't eat a bit if you were to pay me."

"Oh, nonsense! You must be starved. And besides I want to hear all the news. Sure you must be full of it after the day. The whole country-side is talking of marriages."

A cloud passed over Con McDermot's face, leaving a drawn line on his lips, and his eyes glowed like coals in the dark.

"I heard no news," Con said rather shortly. "And what's more, I don't believe in match-making at all."

Just the very thing she had been thinking that very evening! But she was not going to give her thoughts away, and especially to Con McDermot.

"Well, and don't you? That's queer. Sure it's not going to be an old bachelor you are, Con?" she asked archly, putting her beautiful head a little to one side.

"I don't know," he said gloomily. As he spoke the light in his eyes went deep and dark and a cloud seemed to settle on his brow.

If Honor could only know the news that had driven him home from the fair like a bird fleeing before a hawk!

"Tess McFadden was telling me she expected a great match of it; some man near Athenry with a new two-story slate house and up to forty acres stocked with the best."

"Yes, but I heard 'tis broken," he said.

"There! I knew you had news. But that's the way with the men—they never tell a body anything."

"I had forgotten it. I was thinking of something else."

"I knew that, too. It's easy for a body to see you are troubled. What's on your mind, Con?" She asked the question with a softening voice, a tender appeal in the clear eyes, and a delicate color mounting the sweet round face that made hope beat in Con McDermot's breast like a bird whose wings had been tied in a cage and suddenly loosened.

"Will I tell you, Honor, what's troubling me?" he asked, and the pathos in his voice told Honor of the love he was longing to speak of.

"If you like. If it's nothing private."

Poor Con! Honor knew the secret of his heart as well as if it had been written across his forehead.

"It must be some trouble," Honor suggested, but her eyes sank beneath the burning flame that suddenly leapt into the eyes of Con McDermot.

"It's a sore trouble, sure enough, Honor. It's a trouble that came on me like a clap of thunder this very day. Did you ever see the dark, forbidding-looking hill that frowns down on Killmeen? Well, I felt just as that hill looks on the world, when it came upon me. I thought the clouds should be thick and black on Slieve Dubh, but there was the sky as clear as the water above on Loughbellshragh!"

"The Lord be praised! but what happened you?" Honor ejaculated.

Con McDermot took one of her hands in his, and his hand was as hot as fire.

The blackbird had come back again to the hedge. He had found another swaying bramble to sing on—but, oh! where's the heart to sing to when it is broken? Where is the music of a shattered lute or the swelling chords of a harp with its strings torn asunder?

The hill above was now entirely clothed in a great spreading cloak of crimson and the sky behind it one broad wealth of shining gold. The blackbird poured out a melody from his flexible throat and a whispering breeze that went by had in

it the delicate perfume of blossoms newly-opened to the soft dew.

"Honor," said Con, and that one softly spoken word—that ejaculation with the suppressed emotion—that name enshrined in a human heart as a sacred treasure, coming from the warm lips of a generous, over-mastering love—that whispered exclamation that blended with the deep melody of the liquid song of the blackbird and floated out on the perfumed breeze that played around freshly-opened blossoms—how much did it say! Con was conscious that his love, his heart, his joy, the one great secret of his life, had gone out in the word. Honor knew it. It went straight to her heart, wakening up a thousand answering emotions, the blood suffused her face and set the sensitive lips twitching in tender sympathy. Two lives that had gone on beckoning to each other invisibly—two loves instinctively drawn together, two longings gushing to meet and mingle and become dissolved in each other had reached the threshold of bliss and unity.

Then?

The blackbird ceased his song, gave a cry of fright and fluttered away from the swaying bramble, over the hill; the light that glorified the heaven and the earth paled and grew grey; the breeze sharpened and lost the delicate perfume of the freshly-opened blossoms; the silence was broken. A car came rumbling up the road with grinding wheels, and a man's strong, rough, jerky, half-drunken voice was roaring—

"So fill up my cup and fill up my can,
There are good things in store, I'm a fortunate man,
For Gladstone is back, and I still am M.P.,
By the laws of the land, for the town of Tralee."

Con let Honor's trembling hand go quickly, and without a word he was striding over the hill which the sun had left desolate. The car turned in at the gate and Honor's father jumped off.

"A cuirle," he said, "are you tired waitin'? But don't be uneasy. We brought something home that'll make you the proudest girl in the parish—aye or in the county if it went to that."

"Father," said Honor, reproachfully, "I asked you not to take drink and you broke your promise."

"Musha, what did I take? A thimbleful! Maybe it's to insult the man that bought the hoggets I'd do."

Honor's mother came over and kissed the girl on the now pale cheeks. "Oh, it's the news we have this day!" she said. "We made the best match of the year for you. Mr. Tom Moloney, no less. He broke with Tess McFadden and we have all settled for you."

"Mother!"

A big, sturdy man, with a very black whisker, who had also got off the car, came over.

"Is this Honor?" he asked.

"'Tis, in troth. A better girl does not stand in the country. This is to be your husband—Mr. Moloney—Honor."

Honor shook hands mechanically with the stranger.

"Come on in," said her mother, "until we see what she has for us; we are all starved."

Honor wakened up and led the way in, and gave a supper to the hungry people that pleased them beyond measure.

"Indeed, I see I made no mistake," said Tom Moloney, looking proudly at Honor.

"Too good she's for you," said her father, roughly.

"Now, father!" said Honor, severely.

"Oh! You needn't be afraid I'll frighten him; the bargain is made and he must stick to it!"

Tom Moloney laughed the words over as a joke, and they all drew down to the big, roaring fire on the hearth, the

men smoking. And Honor went about the house, tidying up after the meal, silent as the grave.

"My husband; my husband; my match made; Con gone over the hill with the truth unspoken!" These words danced before her eyes and throbbed through her brain. She stole quietly into her little bedroom, knelt down, and thought it all out. And while she knelt there her heart was silently broken. The bramble on the hedge on which the blackbird had swayed and sung snapped and cracked when it broke, but no sound came from Honor when the love in her heart was crushed and broken while it was yet opening up in beauty, sweetness, and tenderness to the soft love-dew falling from heaven like the blossoms that filled the whispering breeze with delicate perfume.

"Honor — Honor — Where are you, Honor?" her mother's voice called out with a ring of pride and contentment in it.

Honor dried the burning tears that welled into her eyes and looked up at a picture of the Saviour that hung on the wall.

"Thy will be done, O Lord!" she prayed.

Then she rose and joined the group, boisterously joking around the roaring fire on the open hearth.

THE LAMENT OF AUTUMN.

BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

I am lonely, O so lonely!
Give me peace! O give me only
One bright flower-smile to cheer me!
A lone widow, I am calling,
Calling for the dreamy faces
In these old, familiar places —
In the twilight — calling — calling
While the dry dead leaves are falling.
White-haired mem'ry pray, stand near me,
All my loves are gone! O cheer me,
Heaven knows the tears I give thee!
I am lonely, O so lonely!

THE OLD PARISH CHURCH, BALLYVOURNEY.

THE LEGEND OF BALLYVOURNEY.

BY B. M.

Many years ago a chubby, blue-eyed boy knelt on the flagged floor of the parish church of Ballyvourney, and Heaven alone knows what things he asked for in his prayers. But surely he asked for the grace of God and His blessing on an honest ambition. The day came when the way to fortune opened before him, and, following it, he travelled far from the Irish village hidden among the gorse-grown hills. But he never forgot the old times, or the church where he had prayed and planned for a wonderful future. I wonder if God doesn't love these youthful distractions of which we have all been guilty—He allows so many of them to take tangible form in the after years. And what better place could we choose for shaping our lives than in His Presence with every longing of our innocent hearts laid bare to the Father's eye? Certainly the Irish boy was none the worse for having mixed a little of earth in his invocations of Heaven, and if all his dreams did not come true he at least got a generous share of the good gifts of life. And better still, through all the strife and endeavor he held fast to the assets of character that he took with him on the journey. He has still steadfast purpose, a cheery spirit, faith in God, and a grateful heart that cannot forget the home and friends in Ballyvourney.

And this is how the writer came to know about the village church, renovat-

ed into modern style, and adorned and beautified by the offerings of Ballyvournites at home and across the sea. No tourist can afford to pass by this church and village, without knowing more of their history.

In the sacristy of the parish church is a statue, carved in oak,—some time in the sixth century,—a statue of St. Gobnait who still has part in the life of the people, though 1,400 years ago her hallowed body was laid to rest in the graveyard on the hillside. I wish you could hear my friend tell the story, or that I could tell it half as well, but as neither is possible I shall take it bodily from *St. Anthony's Annals* (May, 1905), in which M. M. Bowler, M.A., gives such a satisfactory account that never an admirer of St. Gobnait has challenged it.

"Innumerable are the legends current among the people concerning the birthplace, family history, and early life of Gobnait. Some—a very few—maintain that she was of the sept McCarthy, but historians, and especially Ballyvourney historians, indignantly reject this theory, and assert that she was a daughter of King Connor. This in itself is vague and unsatisfactory, and becomes still more so when conflicting opinions are put forward in favor of a King of Leinster, a King of Sligo, and a King of Munster. The people of Ballyvourney are strongly inclined towards the last theory; they would naturally like to locate the birthplace of the saint as near to their native hills as possible—and yet they have a beautiful legend current among them, according to which Gobnait, while still a princess at her father's court in *Leinster,* had a vision. An angel appeared to her and directed her to go and found a monastery. On the saint's asking where, the angel bade her set forth on her travels, and on the spot where she would meet eight deer together, there she was to found the monastery. Gobnait obeyed; on her journey from Leinster she met, not far from Ballyvourney, first three deer, then five. At each place she halted, but only for a time; continuing her path, she came to the hill on which the present ruin stands, and there she saw the eight deer together, as she had been warned in the vision. There, accordingly, she proceeded to build the monastery. The story of the vision is probably purely legendary, and is not found in any of the 'Acta Hiberniæ Sanctorum,' nor indeed in any other chronicle, so far as I have heard. But whether St. Gobnait came from distant Leinster, or whether, as we read elsewhere, St. Abban journeyed through the South, founded a nunnery at Ballyvourney, over which he placed St. Gobnait as Abbess, certain it is that there she lived the greater part of her life, with a pretty large community of nuns. There is no record of the manner in which they employed their time. Whether they led a wholly contemplative life, or whether they taught and ministered to the sick and poor, nobody knows. But that the saint remained constantly alive to the interest of her people—hers by birth or by adoption—is fully testified by the numerous legends still current among them. On one occasion a chief from some outlying district came with a band of raiders to harass the country and carry off cattle and whatever else he could lay hands on. He had well timed the hour for his 'cheaght' (cattle spoil), for the people were all at dinner, unaware of the danger which threatened them. But Gobnait, the valiant, their friend and guardian, was on the watch. Taking in her hands a 'beachaire' (box for holding bees), fitted with holes through which the bees could fly in and out, she prayed fervently for a few moments. Then the bees flew out, and set-

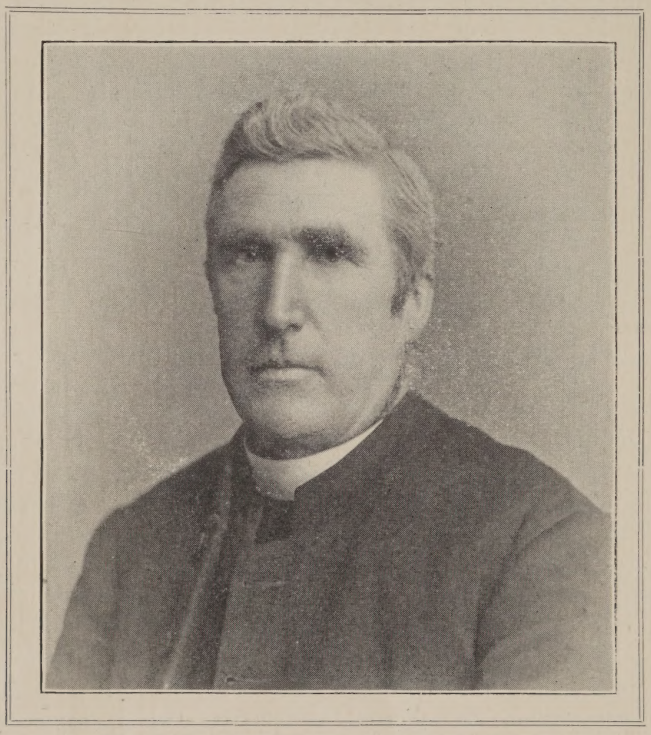
THE OLD CHURCH RENOVATED AND RE-MODELLED.

tling on the band, so persecuted them that they were forced to abandon their spoils and fly in haste, pursued by Gobnait's avenging swarms.

No vestige of the monastery now remains, only on a green hillside, to the south-west of the village of Ballyvourney, stands the roofless walls of what was once St. Gobnait's Church. The place is now a burial-ground, and over it reigns the solemn hush, the eternal peace, which seems to be the distinguishing quality of our quiet country graveyards. The silence is broken only by the murmur of a brook that flows past the boundary wall of the church on the south, by the rustle of the ivy that hangs in thick clusters from both gables of the old ruin, or by the quiet prayers of persons making their 'rounds' in the spots hollowed by the feet of the dead saint and her sisters. Better far that it should be so than that the church where St. Gobnait so often knelt and saw the Holy Sacrifice offered should be made the temple for worshippers who would style her an idolatress. A Protestant church rears its walls within the hallowed precincts, to the north of the old ruin—the ruin itself, thank God, they have left as it was. As it stands, it consists of a choir and nave, and to the east of the main building what must have been a sacristy. The windows are small and narrow; over one of them is a figure of the saint with her arms crossed in an attitude of prayer. The interior is strewn with graves, in fact, the burial-place is overcrowded, and I heard that there was recently a question of closing the ground for a time, but the proposal raised such a storm of protest from the people that the project was dropped.

"In the western gable end of the old church there is a small square hole, high up in the wall, so high that you must

stand on a stone in order to reach it. In this hole is a round ball of large size, round and smooth as marble from constant friction. A legend attaches to this also. It is said that a Pagan chief was building a stronghold on a neighboring height, but St. Gobnait, by a stroke from the ball, destroyed at night what the masons had accomplished during the day with such effect that the chief was forced to discontinue the building. This ball was afterwards used for the cure of diseases, but there was a tradition that it should never be removed from the church. One old woman, however, bidding defiance to the popular belief, took the ball to her home, but on awakening next morning she could find the ball nowhere. Journeying to the old ruin, she found it stuck fast in the hole, from which, since then, no power of man has been able to remove it. This story is, again, legendary, but it is certain that, at one time, not later than thirty years ago, the ball could be taken up in the hand. Several persons told me they often held it in their hands. Now the ball is fast in the niche, and yet there is no sign of a falling in of the wall, nor has any explanation for the occurrence ever been offered.



THE REV. MICHAEL WALSH, P.P., BALLYVOURNEY.

"There is scarcely a single day in the year on which visitors to Ballyvourney will not find devout pilgrims to the shrine of St. Gobnait. The devotion of the people round about is extraordinary. Scarcely a man or woman but performs several 'rounds' every year, even now they have to travel many a weary mile to do so. Particularly touching is it to see boys and girls invoking the guidance and protection of the saint on the eve of

departure for America and other distant countries; old and young, big and little, faithfully perform the long 'rounds,' strong in the hope that their dear saint will be with them always in joy and sorrow, in health and in pain.

"The traditional rounds consist in several *Paters* and *Aves,* said a certain number of times at a mound on the opposite side of the road leading to the church. On this mound once stood, according to tradition, a small round tower, and here, too, according to popular belief, some of St. Gobnait's community lie buried. From this mound the pilgrim, crossing the road, enters the graveyard, and prays again at another mound, supposed to be the grave of St. Gobnait. A huge flat stone marks the spot, but tradition as to the actual burial place of the saint is very obscure. From the grave the pilgrim proceeds to the exterior of the church, and, after the recital of the Rosary, to the interior. Here the round terminates. But at a little distance from the graveyard is a well called 'St. Gobnait's Well,' which is almost always visited by pilgrims at the end of the round. They say some *Paters* and *Aves* here also, and then drink the water, which is soft, pure and light.

"My readers may be surprised to hear that an Indulgence was granted no later than 1601 to all persons who, after having confessed and communicated, should visit the church of St. Gobnait on the feast of the saint, 11th February. This Indulgence was granted by Pope Clement VIII., and shows the great repute in which the saint was held in those days. During Whitsuntide, too, the people throng from all parts of the country to visit the shrine, and the hill leading up to the old church is lined on either side with tents which the people have brought with them, and in which they sleep. Some of them, indeed, spend the night in the graveyard and round the ruins of the old church. What the origin of the pilgrimage in Whitsuntide may be I have not been able to find out. I only know that it has been the custom from time immemorial, and that Ballyvourney, especially in the vicinity of the old church, presents almost as animated a spectacle in Whitsuntide as Lourdes or any other of the famous shrines of the Continent.

"In the sacristy of the parish church at Ballyvourney there is kept at the present day an old oak statue of St. Gobnait, dating from the 6th century. The statue was, and always has been, held in great veneration, and the people of the district attribute miraculous power to it. In former times it used to be kept in St. Gobnait's, but as long as I can remember it has been in the sacristy in the little village, and the parish clerk's wife has permission to show it to all visitors. The face of the image is now quite worn away, scarcely any trace of features being distinguishable. This is doubtless the effect of constant rubbing, pilgrims at the shrine being accustomed to rub clothes of various kinds to the face, which clothes were then possessed of certain healing powers.

"But I have given no description of the country itself in which St. Gobnait lived, and indeed still lives in the hearts of the people. As I mentioned before, the old ruin stands to the south-west of the village of Ballyvourney (which some of my readers may not know, means 'the city of the beloved'), and is approached from the main road by a narrow road across the River Sullane. This road becomes gradually narrower and steeper, and turning west, becomes a veritable ascent which it is almost impossible for a horse and car to scale. Arrived at the top, and standing on the brow of the hill, on the side of which the church was built, the visitor gets a good view of the surrounding country.

"Away to the north and south stretches

the immense range of mountains which divides Cork and Kerry—beautiful with a terrible rugged beauty when the mountain torrents lash and tear and furrow their bare, rocky sides in winter, or when the summer sun beats fiercely on their seamed and jagged fronts, destitute of almost any trace of verdure. The level plain immediately under the eye of the observer is not attractive—bare fields of an uncertain brownish-green color, save when the sun, like a good fairy, turns isolated patches of bare brownness to a rich gold. Here and there a few farmhouses, not nestling cosily among trees, but standing bleak and uninviting, exposed to winds from all quarters. The little hillside itself, under the shadow of the distant mountains, is almost the only green spot around; and there is a beauty of pathos, as well as the beauty of holiness and peace, hallowing the ivy-covered walls and the grass-grown graves of the old churchyard—a beauty enhanced tenfold when the old ruins echo to the gentle steps and the quiet, prayerful voices of St. Gobnait's own faithful and simple people.

"And so I shall leave Ballyvourney, hoping that I have not wearied my readers too much, and that I have been some little help in bringing nearer to them one at least of the many saints in which our Island was so rich in the days of old."

MAURICE, JR.

BY MARY WEST.

(Concluded.)

"Again, possibly you have noticed the wooer who talks with his eyes. A pretty campaign truly, but not expert testimony. Who could ever feel sure of such a man? Let him learn why God gave him a tongue. It is a fearful thing to have a dumb devil."

"One meets with, too, the wooer who talks not at all—ah, no, he lets other people do the talking—and from that source you learn how easily he could have won you had he wished. But somehow, he never gets you—nor you him—thank Heaven!"

Maurice, Jr., drew a long breath and resumed her sewing.

A moment later she turned her glance on the snapping logs.

"Mad little set of wooers!" she cried, apostrophizing the escaping sparks, still wildly fleeing upwards, "why could you not rest quietly in the bosom of that comfortable log that gave you birth—yet how like life!—a hurrying away from the arms that hold us, in quest of the unknown, a little flame as we pass, to woo only darkness and extinction."

Her father now broke in, gazing at her perplexedly.

"God bless my soul, Maurice, Jr., you are a constant surprise to me. What's all this talk of wooing? I thought you were little versed in the art; so carefully have I always guarded you, and yet all these men have bothered you!"

Maurice struggled with her laughter. "Now, daddy, don't misquote me; I made no such statement, and did but touch upon the experience—of others."

"And the fifth class?" the old man bent forward a bit eagerly.

The limpid glance of his daughter became inscrutable. "Ah, the fifth-class man, daddy?—paradox as it may seem—the fifth class man is first rate. But this is neither the time nor place to speak of him."

Maurice, Jr., was ever thus, the Boy declared—when you had been following her breathlessly for some time, and were quite sure you had caught up with her, she would elude you around some corner. She could not help it, of course; it was just her way.

A short silence ensued, and then observed Maurice, Sr.:

"Speaking of Mr. MacMorlan" (nobody *had* been speaking of him), "I see by 'society topics' now, that he was said to be waiting upon—I mean paying great attention to—to—Miss—Why do I forget her name?—at the—What-you-call-'em-ball."

A fine wrinkle appeared on the placid brow of the busy little sewer.

"Why, daddy, if that isn't the most extraordinary statement that ever I heard—I mean as to clearness!"

She thoughtfully stroked the head of the little dog, and a moment later spoke with some vehemence:

"I don't believe a word of it!—not one word!—just a sensational newspaper story!—you see, he wasn't a ladies' man at all; and as to waiting on people, he was positively the most awkward creature that ever you saw."

She tried to resume her sewing, but burst forth again: "There, daddy, I've lost my needle and tangled the thread!—why?—oh, why in the name of wonder, do you always choose such sensational and upsetting themes out of the newspapers to discuss with me?—they must

needs be always something in the nature of an earthquake or cyclone or—or"—

"But, my dear lass," exclaimed her poor old father ruefully, at sight of the severe young eyes fixed on him, "I see nothing sensational nor upsetting in the fact that Miss—Miss—What's-her-name was waiting upon Mr.—Mr. What-d'-ye-call-him at—oh"—

"Indeed, daddy," interrupted his daughter, "your own mind is in such a lucid state at present, that you can see and speak very clearly. Besides, daddy," she spoke with great earnestness, "the habit is growing upon you—I've noticed it of late—of never telling straight stories, and always getting things mixed, and oh—constantly making damaging remarks!"

"Well, well," her father said soothingly, "who would think that anything from 'society topics' could prove so exciting!—society is a tame thing now, compared to what it was when I was a boy."

"That's just begging the question now, daddy, and hedging—and fencing."

With that she seized a hair of the dog's silky coat, mistaking it for her skein of silk, and deftly proceeded to thread her needle with the same. The little animal protested with a shrill yelp, and jumped from her lap, disturbing the unoffending kitten sweetly curled in slumber at her feet. Naturally the kitten demurred at such untoward invasion of its privacy, and the two little creatures engaged in combat, rolling over and over while snarling, biting and scratching.

Maurice, Jr., regarded this scene for a moment with a flashing eye.

"There, daddy, I call that quite an upsetting thing, don't you, which could thus upset the whole household—somewhat of a moral earthquake? Floss and Fidget now, watch them!—they will snap at each other the whole evening—and all because—because"—

Just then a housemaid opened a street door, and Floss and Fidget, still fiercely embroiled, rolled outside. They quickly disentangled themselves and sped down the road with might and main. And in a flash Maurice, Jr., was after them.

Maurice, Sr., hurried to the window, and finding his youth returned, watched their progress with as much interest, and cheered them on with as much enthusiasm, as in the glorious days when he was wont to attend the races.

"Maurice, Jr., is ahead, of course—who could beat her?—in the drenching rain, too! Well, well, she resembles me more and more every day she lives—for I, too, when I was a boy and got excited, had to race it off. She will return now, peace restored, all penitence, to ask my pardon."

Which was precisely what happened.

That evening, Maurice, unusually restless, sang, played, read and sewed, or romped with Floss and Fidget. She did "everything by starts and nothing long."

Turning, at length, from a quiet survey of the dismal outside scene, she confided to her father.

"Daddy, I don't know what has possessed me to-day, but, having quarrelled with Floss and Fidget and you and everything else, now I'm going for a bit of a stroll, and to quarrel with the weather. See, although it is foggy still, the rain has ceased. Besides, Ned has sent me word that he wishes to see me again this evening—he must be worse, as I saw him once to-day. Anyway, I may be able to help them out a little. Poverty and sickness make a bad combination," she added thoughtfully.

"Yes, yes, my lass." Musing over the past, he roused himself from a half doze: "This is the anniversary of—ahem!—my dear lass!—I should say that—what a perfect June day it was!—and yet to him at least—how sadly imperfect, because—because"—

He now thoroughly roused himself:

"Mavourneen, forgive your childish, blundering old father. I fear I was thinking aloud."

"What were we discussing a little while ago?—and what were your wise words to Maggie?—'the man with the head can console himself elsewhere.' The world is full, you know, of possible and waiting brides."

"And but one Maurice, Jr."

"Thank God," she said heartily, and then began to bustle about, talking all the time.

"Daddy, have I made you very comfortable? I shall not be gone long. Here is your favorite brand of cigars—books and papers — your rosary? — ah, one never has to hunt for that."

She kissed him gently upon the forehead—at the door she turned to embrace him with her looks.

How good God had been!—how very good God had been to him!—was the thought of Maurice Ronayne as the heart of the misty evening received her from his sight.

Maurice walked with a brisk little tread. Dear me! how foggy and dreary it was—chilly, too—one could almost see one's breath as in winter. And when there's a mist about one's heart, which one tries to lift with sighs—

Never mind—was she not going to lighten other hearts? And then, how consoling to know that God and His Blessed Mother always bring into our lives what is best for us, if we only trust and wait. What did not come her way, could not be hers, and never should she sigh for it.

And Maurice, Jr., with a happy look, threw back her head and strove to penetrate the darkness, where she knew beyond the clouds her Star was shining.

But really this is but a prosaic, practical old world, after all, and one cannot, even when indulging in the sublimest thoughts, with one's head in the clouds and one's feet on the earth, walk very far without stumbling.

Maurice found it so; for, crossing a muddy sidewalk in process of construction, over which a plank had been hastily thrown, she tripped upon the uneven surface and would have fallen had not a passing pedestrian flung out a friendly hand.

"Steady there!"

The old genial voice and touch and way and man! Courteously lifting his hat, he would have passed on, but Maurice clung to the proffered support and gasped:

"Oh, Douglas!"

And Douglas, for it was he, lowered himself from his height and his abstraction to meet the upturned, eager, anxious little face.

"Why, Maurice, Jr., little maid of the mist!—long have I fancied you a fairy of the imagination, and now here you are in human shape!—I am very glad to see you."

In the flood of emotion that nearly submerged poor Maurice, one thought held sway—the great forbearance of those she had loved the most during life, and who had loved her—always the total ignoring of her faults and follies—the genial greeting. And this man, whom she had wronged so deeply!

And then succeeded a deadening second thought. Could he care so very much and yet appear so tranquil?

By the light of an adjacent street lamp Douglas watched her face, and now suggested:

"Shall we move on? This is talking under difficulties."

"No, wait one moment, Douglas, let us stay as we are; you see we shall not be likely to be interrupted in this impassable spot, and there is something I have long been wishing to say to you—it is that I am very, very sorry, about the past."

"Your sorrow cannot change the past, Maurice; but now, before you fade away again, one word on my side. Where is the man that should have taken my place, as you said, that day, and why in all this time have not the banns been published?"

But poor Maurice, Jr., found that the fog had crept into her throat and was choking her. In a fit of nervous abstraction, and to gain time, hardly aware of what she was doing, she forgot the lapse of years and drifted back to her childhood's art of counting buttons.

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief," she whispered, with tremulous voice.

'Twas then that history repeated itself. She suited the action to the word and found herself an innocent and blushing pilferer, as in the case of the poor organ-grinder so many years ago.

Oh, thank heaven, the friendly darkness hid it all! She recoiled with a guilty start, her hand tightly clutching her new possession.

Douglas MacMorlan had suffered, and through that suffering grown, not weak, but strong. Yet to all appearances he was but the cool, conventional, modern man. He now drew nearer the lamp-post to consult his watch:

"Mystic lady, you speak a strange jargon. I am pressed for time; would you kindly answer my question?"

"You see, Douglas, I was always in love with an ideal of you—and you failed—or seemed to fail me. About that time I began to perceive that the wedded life of my parents had not been a happy one. Kind and good and excellent father as daddy has always been to me, yet he did not appreciate the splendid, saintly little mother—nor I either, Douglas—and it is a dreadful thought that one belonging to you has died of a broken heart."

She regarded him through the mist, with sombre, questioning eyes.

"And somehow—somehow you began to remind me of dear daddy—cool and indifferent and unconcerned like. And then this question of being mismated—Douglas, I think it one of the most dreadful things in the world. It really went to my brain. I never was meek and pious and good, like my mother, and I could not have borne such an existence. But an ideal of you was the other man of whom I spoke," she added shyly.

"I suppose," mused Douglas aloud, "that a union between an impossible maiden and an ideal man could never be, yet had you thought more of the real and less of the ideal man, you would have saved us all much trouble," he said, a bit sternly.

"However, Maurice, it is pleasant to have had this word with you, and—our ways separate. Good-night."

It must be a most distressing thing to tell a man that you have always loved an ideal of him, only to have him turn his back and coolly walk off and leave you. It is rather unusual, too, to be at once woman and wooer. But Maurice, Jr., always had the courage of her convictions.

With one small hand now tightly clenched over a tangible link of the past, she once more pursued her way alone. A strange keepsake for one to cherish—for one who could have had pearls.

"After all," she reflected, "but one thing is necessary—to save one's soul—and it is only the straight and narrow way that leads to salvation."

Possibly the fact that she was trying to balance herself on that narrow plank, which seemed to stretch out interminably in the distance, thus colored her thoughts and lifted them above the vicissitudes of this world. Barely discernible through the fog were the mud and *débris* surrounding her.

Then, too, Douglas was master of the situation, and he knew it. And being what all women love, a masterful man,

he needs must show his hand. Besides, it was the first chance that Maurice had ever given him, and he took advantage of it.

Best of all, being a practical Christian, he knew that the straight and narrow way leads not only to salvation, but to Paradise, and that there is truth in the saying that "Journeys end in lovers meeting."

For whom was Paradise made, if not for saints and lovers?

Slowly—slowly the fog lifted, and through the benignant influence of the evening star, the little pilgrim descried in the distance the figure of one whom she had followed. And she recognized it with joy. It meant to her that, under great difficulties, and with what pain and humiliation, she was in pursuit of the happiness that once she had abandoned so lightly!

Oh, once in the beautiful Garden of Eden, she had trifled with the best gifts of God. She had tried to probe the secrets and usurp the authority of the Most High. Punishment and banishment and death had followed. Her eyes had been opened, and she was born again. Now, with the simplicity and faith unquestioning of a little child, she was ready to welcome the least of her Father's gifts.

How many, many steps to climb to the home of poor little Ned!—and what an humble abode when it was reached!

Yet Douglas was there—and Maurice was come—and in that lowly spot the wonderful ways of God were about to be fulfilled.

It was only the poverty of Bethlehem that could attract the Deity.

Ah, here was life's pathos and its humor meeting again in the shape of little Ned, the instrument of Divine Providence. He was attired in the garb he thought most befitting an invalid: a cotton night-cap, an "ould plaid shawl," as he would say, and a pair of brogans.

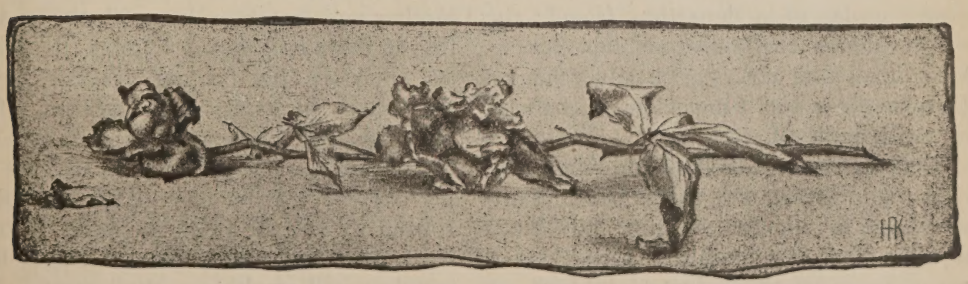
He had risen to the great occasion and was waiting to receive them, knowing that his mission was nearly accomplished.

And then—he took a hand of each and joined them—Douglas and Maurice, Jr. —and it was the small, closed hand of the maiden that once was so eager to discover the secret of the daisies, and which now must open like a flower to reveal its own secret. But Douglas only received back what belonged to him.

After all, 'tis but the old, old story. Paradise lost through pride and rebellion is regained only through humility and submission and Divine Love come to earth to open the barred gates.

The voice of the Boy now broke in with reverence on my dreams. For the last time, he said, we must drop the veil. It shall be the bridal veil of

"A new Heaven and a new earth."



WINONA: AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY THE REV. EDMUND BASEL.

One may safely state that Minnesota has but three seasons of the year,—the transition from spring to summer is unmarked. Minnesota is, however, felicitously compensated for this absence in its pleasantly and beautifully prolonged autumn, though the swallow and robin leave it in the latter part of August. The gradual passing over of autumn to winter is noticeable not only on the forest, but also in the atmosphere. The colors of the wild aster, that bloom by the roadside, still look towards heaven, when frost touches the sumac, the maple and the bass, whose palettes of color present so many shields in forest heraldry. The gnarled and brawny oak is clothed in deep red, but the stately poplar stands forth in its green dress. Frost does at last nip its hardy leaves, that, sear and sapless, falling softly and quietly to the ground, carpet the walks and roads. The cry of mallard and wild goose, seeking warmer climates, is heard overhead; the squirrel, as it complacently sits on the leafless branch, joyfully chirps that it stored away acorns and hazelnuts for winter. Even now the pleasantest days of autumn set in. The brook gurgles over its rocky bed, carrying on its bosom a leaf here and there, as a remembrance of summer days. The air is hazy and smoky; the sun is pleasantly warm as sweet smiles of a departing friend; the moon shines mellow, touching forest-hills, lakes and rivers with silver finger. Despite these and many charms, a touch of melancholy fills the air.

This season is called the Indian Summer. The Indian, the forest child, roamed about in our forests, rode our lakes and rivers in his birchbark canoe. Is it the absence of these forest children, or the many legends, still current, that cause such melancholy feeling? Listen to the legend of Winona, whose spirit still haunts the shores of Lake Pepin, one of Minnesota's prettiest lakes.

Winona was merry as rippling water, as the skipping fawn in its pranks in the forest. Black-eyed was she, as the "black-eyed Susan" that grows by the roadside; but her cheek was soft as corn-silk. Her jet-black hair fell loose to her heel, gathered only by a snood about her forehead. A girdle, beaded and tasseled, gathered her waist, and moccasins, beaded by her own hand to the likeness of sun, moon and stars, clothed her feet. She was a noble figure: well-proportioned, beautiful. She knew how to dress the game, cure the hide; and dug the tipsin, healing roots; gathered the wild rice and the basking grapes in fall. With ease she drew the bow and sped the arrow as accurately as a brave; speared the fish in lake and river from her canoe or from the shore. Acquainted with the trodden paths of the woods or of the prairie, in whatever plight, or on starless nights, she found the homeward way to her wigwam with venison, to cheer her lonely mother. Such was the merry maiden, fair Winona.

Winona, however, was part orphan: her father was slain in battle. Many moons had passed over the mourning of mother and daughter, but with the breaking of the ice in spring, Nopka, the widow, married his brother Kakage, who was harsh in words and manners. He was, indeed, bravest among braves,—many tufts on his girdle bore witness to his bravery. Even in council, his voice roused to war, or ruled in peace. None surpassed him in the hunt or chase, being fleet and stealthy as the leopard. In his moping and taciturn ways, he had

but one companion,—Wakan. Apart from feast or dance, at night or in the sheltered forest, would these converse in low and dragging whispers,—causing the village to guess their secrets. Wakan was a medas and with simples cured sicknesses, and as a recompense, for he was of glib and oily speech, he received hams of deer or stews of grease. Being a coward, he never joined the hunt, nor saw a battle; still to feast or dance he brought his wooden dish and spoon, ingratiating himself with smiles and the sacred rattle. In the wigwam about the fire sat these both: Nopka stirred the dying embers and Winona sat beside. Of himself the medas prated: how he hunted in the moonlight; how he fought the water-spirit, Nebenawgis, ere his soul was confined to this body.

Winona, guessing the reason of it all, —to ensnare her heedless father,—made bold to say: "Wakan, bird of thunder, cease! 'Tis silly, truthless talk! Show such courage amongst us in hunt or battle, and we believe your deeds. Elders talk not so!"

Angered and sneering, Wakan left the wigwam, saying: "In my tipi she will relent such bitter language! Giddy girl knows not what is for her good!" Moons had waned in passing, but Wakan never entered this wigwam. Into the forest he went, seeking opportunity to earn praise and fame in chase or battle.

Winona grew in form and beauty, as the reddening cherry in the sunshine. Could she love and wed a braggart, mossed in many winters, vain and selfish? In the village, Chaska, a youth, earned the meed of praise in hunt and battle. Fleet, brawny, of giant chest and knotted arm, of witty eye and intelligent forehead,—such was the youth. In the forest, single-handed, he slew a fierce bear, —still on his body were the roughly-knitted scars. Him, Winona loved. As children they played together in mead of bud and blossom, or in the wood of leaf and shade, laughing in joy, or weeping in sorrow. All the village blessed them, saying: "Give them children, Manitou,—daughters as the maiden, sons as the hero!"

With the return of summer, Wakan returned to the village. His ways were least changed, his speech least glum: in his heart still burnt his passion. To the tipi, feignedly sad and dreary, he stept and told a tale of his absence, of the pleasures in hunt and war: glibly prating how he led his men forth to do battle and they reported victory: how he, Wakan, fought Nebenawgis, the water-spirit: that he cleft his foe, dyeing the river with his blood, and how he fell where Minnehaha leaps down the precipice. But he slyly added: "My life is sad; it is like a rock, covered with moss. The cheering laughter of children—" and he wept.

Kakage, the wary warrior, spoke assent in whispers: "To your tipi she must go." Aloud he spoke: "Old enough is she to wed." Like a stone that strikes the water, these words sank into the soul of Winona. Like a banished coward she rushed out into the night to evade Wakan's torturing sight. "Stay, Winona, my only daughter," cried her mother, Nopka. But on she rushed and nimbly climbed the sloping ledge that beetles over Lake Pepin,—onward to where the cliffs break the waves;—intent to plunge into the depth. "Halt, Winona!" From the lake came the words. On the surface of the lake swam two snowy white geese, plashing the water with their wings. Down they dove and the waters hissed. From the water rose a giant, swimming toward her. "Hear, Winona, my counsel. Nebenawgis praises the daring in your maiden veins. Wakan's insult causes you such pain and drives you on to self-destruction. Winona, at your girdle hangs the knife. Kill the

braggart! When his band fled in dispersion, Wakan was bravest in flight. In his tipi he now sleeps. Hasten, my daughter! At your girdle hangs the knife."

Winds soughed and twirled the fallen leaves. The clouds hung low and not a star was seen. Winona hastened on to where the hated suitor slept and with noiseless footsteps stole to his side. From her wampum girdle she drew the knife and with sure and steady hand plunged it deep into his heart. From the wigwam of crime Winona fled, a guilty maiden, and late, confused and tortured by conscience, sought her comfortless blanket. The howling winds were so many pursuers! Conscience made her a coward. The autumn morning dawned and stiff blew the gale; cheerless broke the dawn. Day found Winona sleepless and restless, found her harassed and troubled, found her worried and perplexed. Silent as the sculptured stone, silent as the trackless water, Winona kept the crime to herself,—trying to hush the accusations of conscience.

With the early dawn the village woke and found the medas slain. Surprise gave way to grief, and grief gave way to lament and plaint. The craft and wisdom of all the medas could not unravel the mystery that attended the crime. Even their oracles were mute, though they fasted, tore their garments and lacerated their bodies. No trace, no trail remained to lodge the culprit. Kakage, his boon companion, shed tears and on the morrow, at the burial, spoke the praises of the slain Wakan. He cast however, suspicion on his daughter, for her increasing weeping made him guess the truth. To her he spoke: "Cease weeping, Winona; your betrothed is slain. Tears cannot raise the dead to life. Your lament and wail is feigned; your bearing discloses your secret." Winona, startled by his words, dashed into the woods, fleeing like a deer before her pursuer. To the squirrel she spoke to ease her heart: "Does he know, my brother, that I slew the chief?" But the squirrel answered not her question. To the fish in the river she put the question: "Tell me, fish, does he know my guilt." But these dashed off to the depths, driven away by her presence. Thus in her father's presence she ever trembled and feared the glances of the braves, who had assembled to avenge this weird slaughter. Her guilty heart was crushed by the burden of the crime. Could she confide in Chaska? Aye, to him, she told all the truth: how she hated Wakan and loved him alone. The warrior, Chaska, trembled for this confidence, but promised not to divulge her confession; aye even would wed her crime-stained maidenhood, to save her from prosecution.

Slowly passed the days. The autumn moon hung low. The maple donned its scarlet, the oak its blood- red; the thornapples and grapes were bitten by the frost. Pleasant were the hazy, sombre-glowing autumn days. The maidens' dance in the floating mellow moon approached: there no guilty, defiled maiden dare enter to impair the dance and rhyme, lest she die the death. To Winona ever fell the lot of leading off the dance and intoning the chant with clear and cheerful voice. How the elders wondered at her grace! The maidens envied her crystal voice and her balanced step. Now hope gladdened the hearts of the maidens, for the time drew nigh. Winona, however, wilted under the crime as a leaf that is bitten by frost. Would she enter the sacred green-sward with her maiden companions, voicing the anthem, and leading the runic dance?

Through the village passed the herald, crying aloud: "To the dance, ye maidens, with the rising of the moon!" How the elders, gleemen, medas, braves, women and children hastened to the green-

sward! The circle of the pure and guiltless maidens was formed. How cheerful was the scene! Joyful they looked, decked in wreaths and garlands! All awaited now the runic cadence to the dance, as chanted by Winona. Late,—haggard and pale,—Winona approached the sacred sward;—of her own free accord. Ere her foot touched the mystic ground, a voice from mid-air, checked her bold intent: "Child, beware! This is sacred ground. Only the pure and guiltless maidens enter into the dance." For the moment the tribe did tremble. "Wakan is with you no longer; killed he was by a treacherous blow. 'Tis Winona,—hers the crime! Nebenawgis is my foe."

Like a doe, aroused by hunter's arrow, fled Winona from the sward, from the hopefully gleeful group of maidens. Their merry singing was as mocking laughter, adding torture to her blanching fear: 'twas as an echo that appals. On she dashed in the mellow night, and lithely she climbed the cliff that breaks the water, sparkling in the rays of the moon. Down she plunged into the water, headlong into the playfully dancing depths. There the haunted and stricken maiden, Winona, found her grave. They say that her spirit nightly wanders on the shores of Lake Pepin, and from the rock, —called to the present day, "the maiden's rock,"—weeping and with dishevelled hair, she leans over her watery grave.

"THE VACATION HABIT."

MAKES PHYSICAL WRECKS OF MANY FOOLISH PERSONS — SHOULD BE A TIME FOR SIMPLE DIET AND ENJOYMENT OF OUTDOOR LIFE.

"The Vacation Habit" is a good one to get if you get it right. We need rest and relaxation at certain times of the year. Rational rest means a change of employment, not mere loafing. There is need of some wise man who does not write guide books for steamships and railways to tell people how to spend a "vacation." Many people plunge headlong and with furious haste into the vacation period and come back to the store, the office, the home, injured in mind and body. It takes them from two to four weeks to recover. They have taken little rational exercise and have tried to eat up everything on the menu of a "summer resort hotel." Quite often the hotel physician has to be called. He is generally a callow looking youngster with incipient chin whiskers, just graduated from a medical college, and has a "pull" with the hotelkeeper. His usual charge is five dollars per visit.

The rational vacation that is to bring health, strength and new life means a return to nature, not only in outdoor pastimes but in diet. Change of food and water plays havoc with many a stomach. To insure a healthy condition of the body and to gain health and strength from the vacation period no food can compare in cleanliness, digestibility and nutritive value with Shredded Whole Wheat. Heated in the oven to restore crispness and served with hot or cold milk or cream the Biscuit is a never-failing safeguard against those stomach and bowel disorders that make a vacation in July or August one of Memory's nightmares. It keeps the stomach sweet and clean and the bowels healthy and active. It is equally strengthening and palatable for any meal of the day and is delicious in combination with fruits or creamed vegetables. Triscuit is the Shredded Whole Wheat wafer, an ideal food for light housekeeping, for campers, picnics, for excursions on land or on sea.

We do not advertise Shredded Wheat as a "health food"; that it is the food of health, however, is affirmed by letters from hundreds of doctors, nurses, heads of hospitals and sanitariums which are on file in the office of this Company. Our new booklet, "The Vital Question," is sent free for the asking. The Natural Food Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A Manual of Theology for the Laity. By the Rev. P. Geiermann, C.SS.R. With an Introduction by the Most Rev. John J. Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

The distinguished Archbishop of St. Louis wisely remarks in his preface: "The progress of the Catholic Church in any country is attributable primarily to the indwelling spirit which guides the Church,—next to the piety, zeal and education of its priesthood, and lastly, though in no mean degree, to the devotion, activity and education of the laity." On account of this third factor in the advancement of religion, and on account of the wide influence of an educated and well-trained laity, it is not only fitting, but also most opportune, that a priest should write for laymen a "Manual of Theology." An intelligent Catholic, a Catholic who knows the grounds upon which his religion rests, can be a force of incredible strength in the propagation of religious truth. Father Geiermann's book is complete, entertaining and clear. We notice what seems to us a slight blemish—and that is, a tone of sarcasm in answering some of the objections of our opponents. We must never forget that what is perfectly clear to us may be very obscure to another, and what seems childish and trivial to us, may constitute a real difficulty for another. It is the part of wisdom to project ourselves into the lives and surroundings of our opponents, and to treat their objections, childish, frivolous or unreasonable as they may appear, with unfailing reverence and with apostolic forbearance.

Pilgrim Walks in Rome. By Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S.J. Second edition. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

This second edition of Father Chandlery's "Guide to the Eternal City" is so much enlarged and improved in so many ways, that it is almost a new book. We congratulate the publishers upon the handy, compact form in which it has been issued. In its present convenient shape, it should not only be the companion of every pilgrim to the central shrine of Catholicity, but it should also be given a prominent place among the reference books of those who desire to have an intelligent grasp of the churches, shrines and antiquities of the Eternal City. We are all grateful to Father Chandlery for this helpful and excellent guide. It is so pleasant to have a book of this nature written by an able scholar in the spirit of fervent faith and of unswerving loyalty. Since the Church of St. John Lateran is the Pope's Cathedral, is it correct to speak of St. Peter's as *"Christendom's Cathedral?"* (page 17).

Out of Due Time. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. Longmans, Green & Company, New York. 1906. $1.50.

Paul d'Estranges, the central figure of Mrs. Ward's latest novel, is a character study of the man of intellect who elects to choose his way, even though it leads him from the Church. Mistaking pride for zeal, he drains to the dregs the cup of bitterness that is the portion of the outcast. In "The Statement of the Comte d'Estranges" he thus defines his position:

"I had made an ideal of my own, a Church of the intellect, and as it was a creation of my own imagination, I expected to mould it at my will. I came to the Bride of Christ as a teacher—I was to be her professor in philosophy and criticism. I came to give advice to the experience of eighteen centuries. I remember comparing the work I had to do in Rome with Newman's work in Oxford. Then my views were rejected, and in my passion I deceived myself into the notion that I was cast out.

"I need hardly tell the few for whom this written that I misjudged the situation, how wilfully I cannot say.

"As a matter of fact it was I who rejected the Church, not the Church that rejected me."

The chain of circumstances that drew Lisa Fairfax from the seclusion of life at Thornly Hall bound her fortunes with those of Paul and Marcelle d'Estranges until the links were voluntarily broken by her lover after he had renounced his allegiance to the Church. Under the impression that her services were necessary to the success of his work the young English girl consented to marry Paul, and at about the same time Marcelle and George Sutcliffe became engaged. The following passage from Chapter XIX gives an insight into the lives of the four around whom the story has been written, and also marks the close of the comparatively happy days before the eventful journey to Rome had been undertaken:

"I wonder, as I think it over now, with unprofitable wondering what would have happened if we had gone on together for a longer time at Peak Hall, and Madame de Pourcelles had come to join us. As it was our time was short and full. Marcelle had accepted George on the twelfth, and on the sixteenth he and Paul were to start for the Congress, stopping for a day or two in London, as Paul was to visit my mother from there. As it was, the fifteenth, the Feast of the Assumption, and the eve spent in preparation for it, were two of the happiest days

of all our lives. The little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, had passed away with the actual rain; our last days together at Peak Hall were cloudless. We spent most of the time all four together, and we had much to say. We talked, as we had used to talk, of our cause and our aims, and we were full of hope. Paul and George were intensely keen about the Congress. Some of the greatest thinkers in the Church, and in the world, were to assemble at it. Paul was to read an address, George was to be made known by him to Paul's continental friends. They were to be thrown into an entirely sympathetic atmosphere.

"We took immense pains with the chapel, and with the music for the feast. I never shall hear the *Assumpta est Maria* sung by the most gorgeous choir without a hankering for that day, when we four sang it up to the summer sky through the open windows of the little chapel, *Assumpta, assumpta est Maria.* Were we not full of joy, light, peace? It was an interlude. A little space of earthly and heavenly joy combined. And it had immense uses. It would seem as if Our Lady, not wishing to interfere too much with our mistakes, our follies, the working out of our salvation amidst life's painful circumstance, does from time to time obtain a complete holiday for her children.

"I have never seen Paul enjoy a feast like this before; it is your doing, Lisa." We were coming out of the chapel as Marcelle spoke. A glow of hope and joy filled my mind. As she spoke Paul came towards us. We went to meet him and he took my hand in his.

"*Tu es contente?*" he said, quite tenderly, and in his native tongue for the first time to me.

Marcelle called, "George, where are you?"

He came to us in the dark passage, and I smiled my happiness to him. He took Marcelle's hand, and we stood for a moment opposite to each other, we two couples.

"*Gaudeamus omnes in Domino,*" "Let us all rejoice in the Lord," sang George in a sudden outburst, from the Introit of the Mass, which we had just sung together in the chapel. *Gaudeamus*, we all sang together once again.

"Let us spend every Feast of the Assumption here together," said Marcelle. "May we not, Paul? May we not? And sing *Gaudeamus* and *Assumpta est Maria* just we four together. Paul, do say that we may."

I can hear her voice close to me now. And we were in fact never to sing *Gaudeamus* together again."

The misunderstandings, misdirected efforts, the condemnation, Paul's defection from the Church, Marcelle's sacrifice, the circumstances under which George Sutcliffe, Lisa Fairfax, and Paul d' Estranges meet again in Rome, after a lapse of twenty years,—all make a story of absorbing interest, into which are woven descriptions of Rome, her people, and the Holy Father, "an old man of intense simplicity, of intense paternity."

Spurgeon's Illustrative Anecdotes. Selected and classified by Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D. New York. Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1906.

The extent of ground covered by these anecdotes is very large, and they lend themselves to many very striking and very practical lessons. We regret to find a few instances in which the teaching of the Church is misrepresented, as, for example, in the following: "If her Majesty should give me the title deeds of an estate, signing the transfer with her own hand and seal, I should smile at the lackey who should kindly offer to add his authority to her Majesty's act and deed. Where the word of a king is, there is power, and this is pre-eminently true where the word of the King of kings is concerned. I have believed in Jesus Christ as he is set forth on the authority of God Himself, and who are you, Sir Priest, to come between me and God?" This shows an utter misconception of the Catholic idea of the priesthood."

"The Confessor at Court," adapted from the German by Rev. L. A. Reudter. Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill. 1906. 50 cents.

In Hard Days—Ardent Natures. Translated by Rev. L. A. Reudter. Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill. 1906. 40 cents.

The reverend translator of these volumes has done his work so thoroughly that the scenes retain their dramatic interest, and hold the attention of the reader to the end. "The Confessor at Court" deals with the life of St. John Nepomucene at the Court of Charles Fourth of Germany, telling the story of the chaplain's noble sacrifice of his own life to preserve that of Otfried, and to enable the Princess Johanna to redeem a promise made to her father.

From the same publishers comes St. Michael's Kalender, for 1907, which, in addition to the miscellany of information it contains, provides an excellent and generous supply of stories, articles, poems, and illustrations—all for the very modest price, twenty-five cents.

QUESTION BOX.

To the Editor of Donahoe's Magazine:

Will you kindly give some quotations from the early Fathers concerning the doctrine of Transubstantiation? An Episcopalian friend of mine asserts that no proof of this belief can be found, except in writings of a comparatively recent period.

The Catholic doctrine about the Sacrament of the Eucharist not only asserts that the body and blood of Christ are truly, really and substantially present, after the words of consecration, under the appearances of bread and wine, but it also defines the *manner* in which Christ's body and blood are present, and it declares that they are present through the change of the substance of the bread into the substance of the body, and through the change of the substance of the wine into the substance of the blood of Christ. This change is called *transubstantiation.* It is true that the special technical term, *transubstantiation,* is probably not older than the eleventh century, yet the notion thereby implied was clearly taught by the Church and the Fathers from the beginning. The fact that the term was not in use before the time mentioned cannot be brought against the doctrine itself, for it can be shown that equivalent words and expressions were in general use. Technical expressions for dogmatic truths, like technical statements of scientific laws, are the result, as a rule, of peculiar circumstances which call for the marking of some specific article of faith in such unmistakable terms that they cannot be twisted into other meanings by the malicious.

Commentators all agree that although the word *transubstantiation* is not contained in the Holy Scriptures, yet the notion thereby conveyed is most clearly expressed in the words of institution of the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. For the words of our Lord, "This is My body," are equivalent to two propositions: (1) "This, which I hold in My hand, which is now here before you, is My body;" and (2) "This, which I hold in My hand, which is now before you, is no longer bread." Our Lord could not say, "*This* is My body," if bread were still present; hence, to make our Lord's assertion true, the words must effect what they denote; that is, the moment He uttered these words, what He held in His hands must have ceased to be bread, and must have been changed by His divine power into His body. Since no change took place in the appearances, the change was such that it can only have been that which we call *transubstantiation.*

In like manner the subjoined passages from the Fathers can only be logically understood of changes such as we have described. St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, who was a disciple of St. John the Evangelist, and who suffered martyrdom about the year 107, has this insignificant testimony: "(The Docetæ) keep away from the Holy Eucharist, because they refuse to admit that it is the flesh of our Saviour Jesus Christ, the flesh which suffered for our sins." According to this statement, the bread had been transubstantiated into the body of Christ.

St. Justin, who flourished in the second century and whose writings have earned for him imperishable renown and glory in Christian theology, declares: "In the same manner as Jesus Christ, our Saviour, being made flesh by the word of God, had both flesh and blood for our salvation; even so we have been taught that the food over which thanksgiving has been made by the prayer of the word which came from him, is both flesh and blood of that same incarnate Jesus;" that is, the bread and wine have been changed or transubstantiated into the body and blood of Christ.

St. Cyril of Jerusalem, who was born in 315 and raised to the episcopal dignity in 351, composed several catechetical lectures, which reflect in the clearest light the teaching of the Apostolic Church. In an instruction to the newly baptized, he has the following important passage: "At the marriage feast of Cana in Galilee, Christ changed water into wine, and shall we dare to deem him less worthy of our belief, when He changed wine into His blood?" . . . Under the appearance (in the type) of bread He gives us His body, and under the appearance of wine He gives us His blood, so that receiving His body and blood, we may become one in body and one in blood with Him."

In another place, St. Cyril declares most lucidly: "What seems bread is not bread, though it seems so to the taste, but Christ's body; what seems wine is not wine, even though the taste will have it so, but Christ's blood." Could the doctrine of transubstantiation be more emphatically expressed than it is in these words?

St. Augustine, who was born at Tagaste, in Numidia, in 354, and whose writings are read with deep profit over the whole Christian world, says to the faithful of his day: "You must bear in mind what you have received, what you will receive, and what you ought to receive daily, . . . the bread which you see upon the altar, consecrated by the words used by God Himself, has become the body of Christ, and the chalice, or, rather, what is in the chalice, hallowed by the word of God, has become the blood of Jesus Christ."

St. Peter Chrysologus, who was born about 405, at Imola, writes as follows: "(Christ) is the bread which, sown in the virgin, fermented in the flesh, made in the passion, baked in the furnace of the sepulchre, laid

up in the churches, laid upon the altars, daily furnishes a heavenly food to the faithful."

Many other passages might be quoted in which we are told that before the words of consecration we have bread and wine, but that after the solemn pronouncing of these mystic words, the bread and wine cease to exist, and in their place we have the body and blood of Christ. In other places we read that the bread and wine are *changed into, transmuted into, pass into,* the body and blood of Christ. Unless we accept the doctrine of transubstantiation these expressions are meaningless.

The same truth is taught by the primitive liturgies, which are clear exponents of the teaching of the ancient Church. Thus in the Alexandrine liturgy of St. Basil, which is extensively used throughout the East, we find the following prayer: "Change these (offerings), O God, so that the bread may become the body, and the wine mixed with water, the blood of Christ."

The liturgy of St. James is still more explicit. In this we have the ensuing prayers:

Priest. Have mercy on us, God the Father Almighty, and send Thy Holy Spirit, the Lord and Giver of life, equal in dominion to Thee and to Thy Son, consubstantial and coeternal, . . . that coming, He may make this bread the life-giving body, the saving body, the heavenly body, the body giving health to souls and bodies, *the body of our Lord God and Saviour, Jesus Christ,* for the remission of sins, and eternal life to those who receive it.

People. Amen.

Priest. And may make what is mixed in this chalice the blood of the New Testament, the saving blood, the life-giving blood, the heavenly blood, the blood giving health to souls and bodies, *the blood of our Lord God and Saviour, Jesus Christ,* for the remission of sins, and eternal life to those who receive it.

People. Amen.

When the heresy of Berengarius arose in the eleventh century, the whole Church explicitly professed the doctrine of transubstantiation. Thus the Fourth Lateran Council, held in 1215, defined that "the body and blood (of Christ) are truly contained in the Sacrament of the Altar under the appearances of bread and wine, the bread being *transubstantiated* into the body, and the wine into the blood (of Christ), by the power of God."

The Second Council of Lyons (1274), in the Profession of Faith proposed to Michael Palæologus, and accepted by him on behalf of the Eastern Church, says: "The said Roman Church believes and teaches that in the Sacrament (of the Eucharist) the bread is truly transubstantiated into the body, and the wine into the blood, of the Lord Jesus Christ."

The Council of Trent, therefore, in its solemn declaration, renewed more emphatically and clearly what had long before been defined and had been explicitly believed by the faithful. It is clear, then, that there is abundant testimony from the early Church in support of the doctrine of transubstantiation.

With regard to the term itself, Dr. Rock wisely observes: "To the person who objects that the word Transubstantiation is not to be discovered in any part of Scripture, it may be replied that the terms Trinity and Incarnation cannot be found there either; and, consequently, if a doctrine must of necessity be looked upon as anti-scriptural because the titles which ecclesiastical writers have appropriated to its designation cannot be traced back to the sacred pages, then the Protestant of the Church of England must yield to the reasoning of the Socinian and the Anti-Trinitarian, and reject, along with them, the doctrine of the Trinity and Incarnation, for neither of these words is read in any passage of the Testament or Bible. The intelligent and thinking Protestant would immediately reply to those who assailed these stupendous doctrines by such an argument, that if the names be not discernible, at least the doctrines designated by those expressions, 'Trinity' and 'Incarnation,' are expressly taught in Scripture, and are, therefore, to be most tenaciously maintained. Let him henceforth take his own solution for a similar difficulty which he raises against the Catholic dogma of Transubstantiation."

Are there any religious houses in South Africa where subjects are trained for these missions?

Mission candidates are, as a rule, prepared in the home novitiates for foreign work. The Trappists, however, have a large monastery in South Africa where candidates are received, and the Jesuits, who work in the Zambesi, have a novitiate in Grahamstown. If we knew more exactly what was wanted, we could probably give more detailed information.

What book would you suggest for a person who has no religious convictions?

An excellent booklet to give a person of this frame of mind is "What Need Is There of Religion?" by Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S.J. Another helpful work is "Short Answers," by Monsignor Segur.

HIS EXCELLENCY, CURTIS GUILD, JR.

THE "PERSONAL RECORD" IN PUBLIC LIFE.

BY L. C. CREEDON.

That ancient aphorism which computes the fact of possession as the equivalent of nine points of the law, may not, perhaps, find its best test in politics, but it has, nevertheless, a peculiar application to that peculiar calling, or rather science. The candidate who steps upon the party platform fresh from the laurels and triumphs of a term in the office to which he again aspires is generally admitted to have a decided advantage over his less fortunate adversary, for he has had, among other things, an opportunity to establish a "record"—a powerful and often decisive factor in modern political warfare. All other things being equal the man with the ballot views more or less indulgently the ambitions of the candidate who has already "made good." By reason of his possession the latter may, therefore, be fairly considered as having nine points of the subtle law of politics in his favor—perhaps more.

Time was when political campaigns were fought principally upon the merits of party issues and party pledges. To a greater or lesser extent they still dominate the political arena. But the element

of individualism has gained strength with the years and *personal accomplishment* has not infrequently outdistanced *party creed* in the final pursuit of votes.

This phase of political evolution has opened up a wide avenue of perplexities and possibilities to those who have been summoned to civic honors. It has elevated the individual record of the office-holder to the dignity of a public issue, and it has re-adjusted political tendencies. The candidate of to-day renders to his party the assurance of his fealty. The account of his stewardship he gives to the people.

The astute politician fully realizes the effectiveness of personal achievement as a power in politics. Party principles may be sublime in their phraseology and meaning but individual records can be made to turn the tide of battle. If carelessly moulded they sometimes lead the luckless standard-bearer to the caves of political oblivion. If properly seasoned with the essence of *results* they possess the magical power of turning ballots into pluralities.

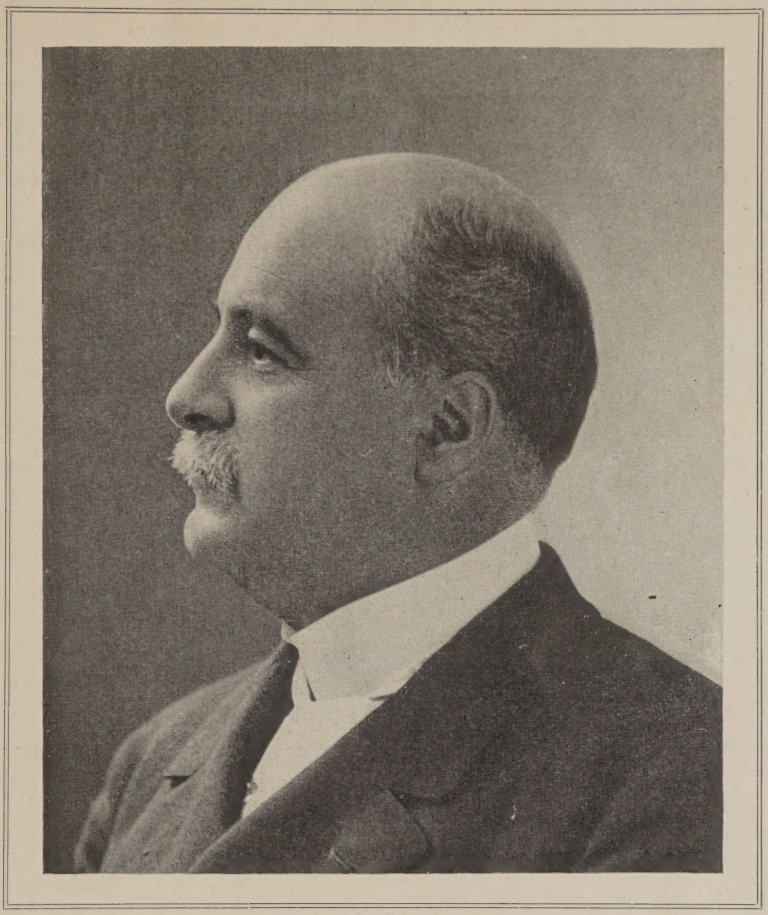
It is upon this question of political records that the State and Congressional campaigns in Massachusetts will largely turn this year. The tariff as usual is an important issue, but the fight by the candidates for re-election willl have as its basic principle the individual records of the candidates themselves.

Preparations for the State and Congressional campaigns in the old Bay State are now well under way. To be sure certain knowing ones supposedly versed in the rudiments of political science, gravely profess to detect a natural antipathy between hot weather and politics but the old campaigner simply smiles if you ask him about it. He knows better. The illusion serves an admirable purpose, however, for it averts a too early exploitation of the line of attack and defence while still giving opportunity for that effective work which must of necessity precede a forceful campaign.

The governorship is, of course, the central issue in Massachusetts. Even the picturesque qualities of the many Congressional contests throughout the State cannot detract from its importance and its prominence.

The splendid record of His Excellency, Curtis Guild, Jr., will undoubtedly be a powerful argument for his party's success in the coming campaign. It is a record of progressive conservatism, sound business judgment and excellent and popular appointments, and when there are added the facts of a magnetic personality and an acknowledged popularity with the masses it would seem unnecessary to seek for further reasons for his candidacy or grounds on which to base the existing belief in his re-election.

Gov. Guild's administration may be fairly characterized as a success from the first hour of its beginning. His magnificent inaugural address commanded immediate attention. It made a deep impression upon the Great and General Court, so much so that every important recommendation contained therein, with possibly one exception, has been enacted into law or followed by some sort of constructive legislation. As a result of this new legislation, based upon the Governor's inaugural, the telephone and telegraph companies have been placed under the supervision of the State, boiler inspection methods have been improved, school physicians have been provided for, the police system in Boston has been revised, and a licensing board appointed, and the employment of child labor regulated. Other legislation provides for the improvement of Civil Service methods, the strengthening of banking, railroad and automobile laws, re-codification of



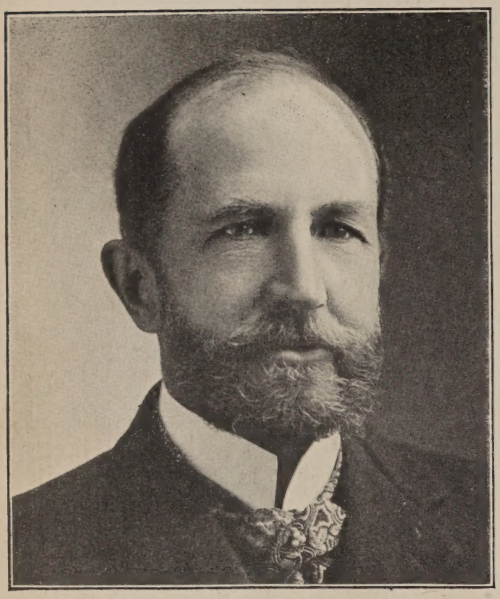
LIEUT.-GOV. EBEN S. DRAPER.

insurance laws, improvement of the system of savings bank inspection, the use of approved signal systems by railroads, and proper safeguards against fire on cars.

Gov. Guild signed the eight hour bill for State employees and in other ways showed his friendliness to labor. He will have no opposition in the fall campaign on account of race or religious prejudice. His appointments have been truly cosmopolitan. The best man has been selected always.

The office of Lieut.-Governor presents little or no opportunity for the creation of political records, and yet it is a position rich in possibilities. Since it has always been regarded as a training school for the governorship it is not unnatural that a lively public interest should attach to the office and its occupant, and when the latter is found to be of gubernatorial size the fact is quickly attracted and triumphantly brought forth by the strong magnet of modern publicity.

Lieut.-Gov. Eben S. Draper of Hopedale has added much to his political prestige since his assumption of the office a year ago. He entered it the victor in an extraordinary campaign, and the many new friends made in that contest have since been multiplied many times throughout the state. Mr. Draper is modest and unassuming in manner, and



CONGRESSMAN FREDERICK H. GILLETT.

2nd Mass. District.

broad and liberal in his ideas,—attributes which partly account for the large share of public confidence he has gained. His business acumen has never been in doubt. That was long since proved in the town of Hopedale, the development of which is due in a substantial measure to the successful management of the great enterprise with which he is identified there. It was more recently demonstrated in connection with the splendid work done in Massachusetts for the relief of San Francisco, Mr. Draper having been prominently identified with the relief movement in his official capacity.

Lieut.-Gov. Draper stands high in the estimation of the community and particularly of the citizens of his home town, in whose welfare he has always taken a decided interest. The trend of events, as far as he is concerned, makes it easy to prophesy many further political honors still in store for him.

Hon. Frederick Huntington Gillett of Springfield, Representative from the second Mass. district, is a candidate for reelection for his eighth term in Congress. Nearly 14 years of service, far longer than the average Congressional life, have placed him in a position of influence and importance where he is regarded as one of the leaders, not in prominence, but in the weight of his opinions and advice on the merits and advisability of contemplated legislation and party policies.

Mr. Gillett has always taken the lead in championing and securing reform legislation on the broadest lines. He secured almost single-handed a reform in the divorce laws applying to the Territories, preventing them from becoming the resorts of the unscrupulous in search of fraudulent divorces. From the first he has been the advocate and staunch adherent of Civil Service Reform, and has been Chairman of the House Committe dealing with that subject, for six years. This makes him the spokesman and defender on the floor of the House when anything pertaining to this now permanent institution of our Government is under consideration. In matters pertaining to temperance reform he has always been foremost, and the head of one of the reform bureaus that work through Congress to secure good legislation has said that Mr. Gillett has introduced more reform bills than any other member of Congress.

For several years Mr. Gillett has been a member of the House Appropriations Committee, the busiest committee in Congress, as it drafts and passes upon the majority of the measures providing great sums of money for the maintenance of the government. Mr. Gillett has recently been made Chairman of the subappropriations committee that deals with the finances of the District of Columbia,

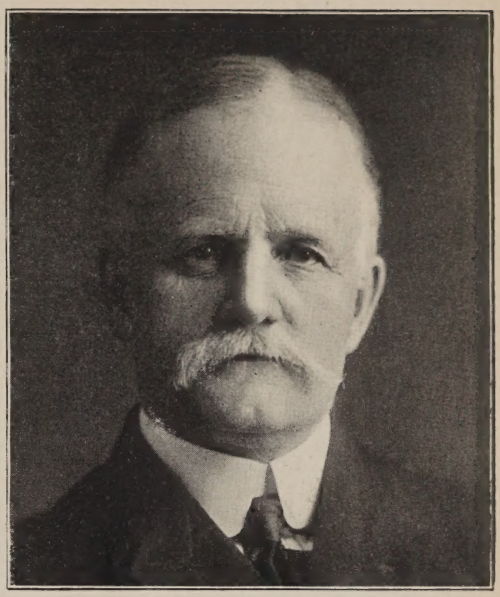
including the city of Washington, and only last winter secured the adoption of reforms in the municipal government of the capital city that were most agreeable surprises both to the residents and his fellow-members of the House.

Hon. Rockwood Hoar, the Representative from the Third Congressional District, completed the first session of his first term in Congress with signal credit and honor to himself and his constituency. Not content to accept the political prestige he had inherited, he entered with ardor upon his Congressional labors. His appointment as a member of the House Committee on the Revision of the Laws gave him most congenial work. Having served in Worcester for many years, first as assistant District Attorney and then as District Attorney, he was fresh from the problems of law, and made himself at once the most valuable member of that Committee and the right hand man of Mr. Moon, its Chairman.

It was owing to his fitness for the work and the record he made the past winter, that he was honored by Speaker Cannon with an appointment as a member of the Commission on the Revision of the Laws which is to meet this fall to bring together the mass of material which the Committee has for presentation to the House at the coming session. Attorney-General Moody particularly desired his appointment to this Commission.

He is also a member of the Committee on Elections, No. 2, of the House, and did hard and efficient work upon that Committee, incidentally bringing before them the excellencies of the Massachusetts system of elections and the Australian ballot. Two contested election cases were heard and decided before this Committee.

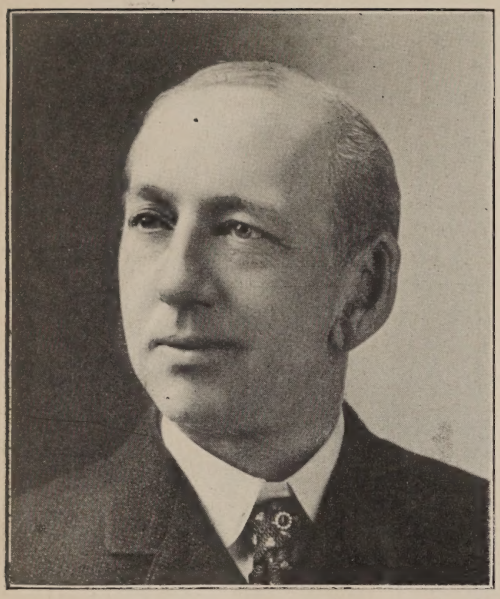
Mr. Hoar has modestly kept from entering largely into the debates, rather allowing his work upon the committees



CONGRESSMAN ROCKWOOD HOAR.

3rd Mass. District.

to speak for him, but among the various measures which he has especially supported the past year may be mentioned that clause in the Army Appropriation bill which secured an appropriation of $5,000, for the preservation of the battlefield of Balls Bluff. The Grand Army and all veterans were particularly interested in this provision, and the passage of the general bill, with Mr. Hoar's final amendment, carried rejoicing to thousands of veterans the country over. In his loyalty to the old soldier, he recalls the faithful and patriotic services of his honored father, the late Senator George F. Hoar, in safeguarding the interests of the veterans, whose every appeal was wont to be received with kind and sympathetic consideration. In fact, the amendment as offered by Mr. Hoar was similar to one which had been offered by Senator Hoar some years previous, in a bill of like design, but which failed of passage. Mr. Hoar has made all pension causes a matter of personal investi-



CONGRESSMAN CHARLES Q. TIRRELL.

4th Mass. District.

gation. In almost all instances he has called in person upon the Commissioner if the case presented unusual features, and has sought to clear up all doubtful claims and place them in a proper light before the Commissioner.

A staunch Republican, he has interpreted his office as being one of nonpartisan trust, and his stand upon important legislation has always been wise and conservative. He is *persona grata* with the administration and the Cabinet, and the commendation of Speaker Cannon places the hall mark upon his novitiate.

Hon. Charles Q. Tirrell, of Natick, representing the fourth district, was elected to the fifty-seventh Congress in 1900, and rendered splendid service as a member of the Committees on the Investigation of Arid Lands, Education, and Revision of the Laws. He took an active part in the formulation of the bill providing for the reclamation of the arid lands of the country, and labored assiduously both in the fifty-seventh and fifty-eighth Congresses, to secure the final disposition of all pending pension claims of veterans of the Civil War. His efforts met with considerable success.

In the last Congress he was a member of the important committees of the Judiciary and claims. These committees are among the hardest worked in Congress, the Judiciary Committee having such questions as anti-injunction, insurance, bankruptcy, employers' liability, constitutional changes, etc., before it. He is at present Chairman of a sub-committee to report at the next session on anti-injunction matters—whether there is therein involved personal or property rights.

He secured an appropriation for a post-office site at Marlboro and city delivery for Saxonville. He was the first to bring to the attention of the House the abuses in the recruiting offices of the navy, in enlisting minors, as a result of which written evidence of a boy's age or the written consent of his parents is now required. He was also prominent in the movement to prevent Federal appropriations for the support of Soldiers' Homes being used in maintaining a canteen.

It was Congressman Tirrell who first called the attention of Congress to the sales of American manufactures abroad, and explained the economic principles which governed that trade and which at times necessitated lower prices abroad than at home.

Congressman Tirrell has been constantly employed in a sincere and conscientious effort to obtain for Massachusetts and his district all governmental favors that were reasonable and proper, and the advocacy of those industrial and economic tenets on which the manufacturing interests and industrial employments in Massachusetts rest and without which, in his opinion, wage-earners would suffer untold disaster.

CONGRESSMAN AUGUSTUS P. GARDNER.

6th Mass. District.

Hon. Augustus P. Gardner of Hamilton, who represents the sixth district, has made a specialty in Congress of the questions of Immigration, Merchant Marine, and the laws, treaties, etc., existing between this country and Great Britain with respect to the fisheries. As Gloucester, the largest fishing center in this country is a part of Mr. Gardner's district, he has been obliged to take part in the questions at issue between the United States and Newfoundland, with regard to the right of the American fishermen to take herring on the Newfoundland coast.

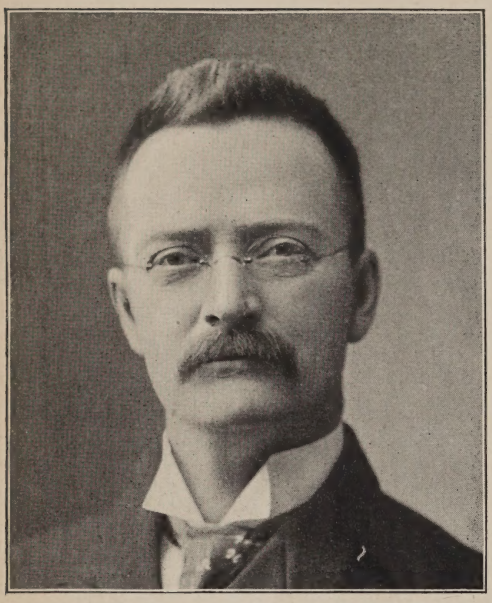
He has also given a great deal of study to the question of the Tariff and Canadian Reciprocity, as it affects the two chief industries of Essex County, the fisheries and the boot, shoe and leather business, and has made several speeches in Congress on the subject.

In the 58th Congress he was the author of the bill, which became a law, providing for the appointing of a commission to study and report back to Congress the best method of building up our Merchant Marine. The Commission created by this bill conducted hearings in various parts of the country, and as a result of their findings, a bill providing for a system of subsidies and other assistance to American vessels has passed the Senate, and is now before the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries of the House, where it will probably be acted upon in the next session.

Mr. Gardner reported from the Committee on Immigration and had charge on the floor of the House in the last session of Congress of a bill designed to reduce in numbers the amount of undesirable immigration now coming into this country. The bill is especially aimed at the system of importing contract laborers to this country, which is now practiced to a considerable extent in spite of the laws prohibiting it. The bill, which had previously passed the Senate, was much altered in the House, and is now in conference, where it will be considered in the next session of Congress.

Mr. Gardner is also Chairman of the Committee on Industrial Arts and Expositions, which reports all bills appropriating money for national expositions in this country.

The seventh Massachusetts district has an able representative in Congress in the person of Hon. Ernest W. Roberts of Chelsea. Congressman Roberts has a number of big successes to his credit. He made the first real effort in behalf of free hides. Many bills had been introduced on this question but Mr. Roberts made the first fight on the floor of the House, and introduced the first motion. He introduced and secured the passage of the bill for free denatured alcohol, secured a first-class cutter, the Wimussett, for the revenue service in Boston



CONGRESSMAN ERNEST W. ROBERTS.
7th Mass District.

Harbor, secured the first ship actually built at the Charlestown Navy Yard since the Civil War, the Charlestown, afterwards called the Severn, led a successful fight against the closing of the equipment bureau, anchor shop and rope walk as planned in a bill reported by the Naval Committee, had the pay of all the machinists at the Navy Yard increased, and got the President to issue an order giving a Saturday half-holiday to all employees at navy yards, arsenals, magazines, etc.

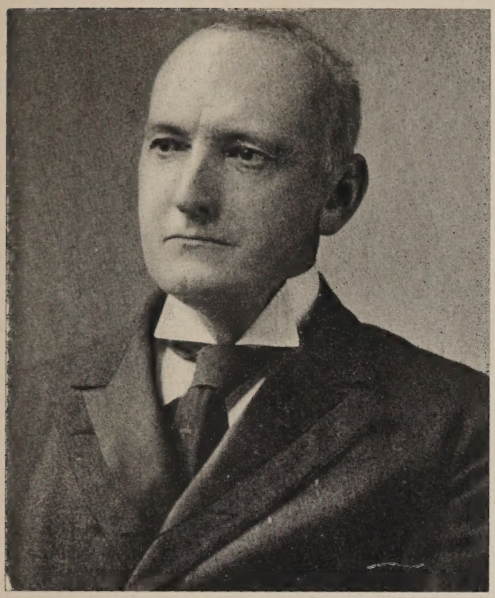
In the matter of appropriations, Congressman Roberts fared well. He secured the establishment of a powder magazine at Weymouth for which $270,000 has already been appropriated, and obtained authority to sell the old site in Chelsea and part of the adjoining hospital grounds, something that the citizens of Chelsea have long desired. He expects to obtain $230,000 more next year to complete the magazine. He secured liberal appropriations for gypsy and brown-tail moth work, the deepening of the channel in Lynn Harbor, and the dredging of the Mystic and Malden rivers.

Hon. Samuel W. McCall of Winchester, Representative from the eighth Massachusetts district, served three years in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, during the last of which he was elected to Congress. At Washington his first important service was on the Committee on Elections. During Reed's second term as Speaker he was Chairman of one of the Elections Committees. His committee decided sixteen contests, and Mr. McCall's position was supported by the House in every instance, although in one case no other member of the committee concurred in his report. He made the report in favor of Harry Tucker in the contest between Yost and Tucker, one of the hottest contests ever had in the House, making the closing speech of the debate. Although the House had nearly 150 majority it voted to seat Tucker by a margin of four or five votes.

After the Spanish War he disagreed with his party upon the so-called colonial policy and he was the only Republican member of the Committee on Ways and Means who dissented from the bill imposing the duties upon Porto Rico. The struggle over that bill was one of the most memorable in our recent Congressional history, and the final result was that Porto Rico was given free trade with the United States.

He was opposed to the policy of Philippine annexation, and since the annexation he has favored fitting the Islands for self-government and giving them independence.

Mr. McCall supported the administration policy of reciprocity with Cuba and, at the special session called for November, 1903, especially to consider the ques-



CONGRESSMAN SAMUEL W. McCALL.

8th Mass. District.

tion, he closed the debate in favor of the bill for the Committee on Ways and Means.

He declared himself in favor of any bill against discrimination or favoritism by the railroads but he opposed the policy of having the national government through a commission fix freight rates, contending that the system prevailing in this country with regard to the fixing of rates was vastly superior to the governmental systems established in foreign countries, and contending also that the proposed fixing of rates in this country would be a great step towards centralizing power at Washington. He has constantly advocated lower tariff duties.

The question is often asked, "Why is it that a southern Democrat in Congress is so much more influential than his fellow-Democrat from the North?" The Southern Representatives are found occupying places upon the most important committees of Congress. Their districts are treated liberally in the distribution of Federal aid for river and harbor improvements, public buildings, etc., etc., by virtue of the fact that years of Congressional service gives them places upon the committees that apportion this money in the appropriation bills and also gives them a tremendous advantage over the man from the North who, because of frequent changes, is comparatively new in Congress and does not enjoy a place upon committees of importance.

The real and effective work of Congress is done in committee. Visit the House almost any day it is in session and you will miss the more conspicuous members. They are not absent; they are in committee. On this account it is argued that Massachusetts ought to retain her members in Congress long enough to have them acquire influence that is sadly needed, especially by the city of Boston. Had Hon. Joseph H. O'Neil been continued in Congress, as Pennsylvania and New York and the alert west continue their Representatives, he would be a tower of strength to Boston and the State.

It is said by friends of Hon. John A. Keliher, of Boston, Representative from the famous ninth district, that he bids fair to exercise considerable influence in the next Congress. Already he has demonstrated that he possesses ability to accomplish things. During the 58th and early part of the 59th Congress he was practically an invalid, but with the partial return of health he has been quite active in the late session and has something to show for his labors. He succeeded after a long fight in getting through legislation that will unquestionably end the recruiting of boys under age in the Navy. This will prove a boon to the parents of those ambitious striplings who, yearning to become Dewy's and Schley's, ignores father's and mother's advice, rush off to the recruiting officer,

enlist in haste, and soon cry to get out when the novelty wears off.

Congressman Keliher with Congressman Weeks worked hard for the $900,000 appropriation which Boston had the good fortune to obtain for an appraiser's store in the Public Buildings bill reported in the closing days of the session. For years the inadequacy of the present Custom House has been a source of great inconvenience to Boston merchants and every attempt to get aid from the Government for a suitable building to attend to the business that yearly returns Uncle Sam approximately $26,000,000 in customs revenue, has met with the stereotyped, "You certainly need a new building, but—." This year Congressman Weeks took up the work with the Republican side of the Committee and Congressman Keliher was the missionary who undertook to convince the Democrats.

As a result, the Newton Congressman won the Republicans, no easy task by the way, and Congressman Keliher lined up his Democrat brethren, and a $900,000 lump,—no insignificant item—found its way with a unanimous report in the bill which has just become law.

This means that a new appraiser's store will immediately be built—the opening wedge for a new Custom House building which will surely follow, if the combined work of two adepts like Weeks and Keliher avails. The Ninth District representative's work in helping defeat the attempt of private interests to close the government work in the Navy Yard was very effective. The attempt will be renewed in the next Congress. Congressman Keliher will be a potent factor in upholding the present policy of having the Government do this work with its present excellent organization of skilled mechanics.

The attempt to restrict immigration by the imposition of the educational test,

CONGRESSMAN JOHN A. KELIHER.
9th Mass. District.

repugnant to so many in Massachusetts and elsewhere, failed in the present Congress by a slight majority. Congressman Keliher was one of the hardest workers against the bill. In Washington he was credited with having rendered most valuable service in defeating this un-American policy, and his speech upon the bill is considered one of the best arguments made against it. The measure now rests in conference between the Senate and the House, and will be forced to the front again in the 60th Congress. Those who are opposed to it wish to see Congressman Keliher in a position to oppose it again. Upon the new naturalization bill just enacted. Congressman Keliher fought the excessive fees that were reported by the committee in the original draft, and forced them to accept his amendment, reducing it from eleven dollars to five dollars.

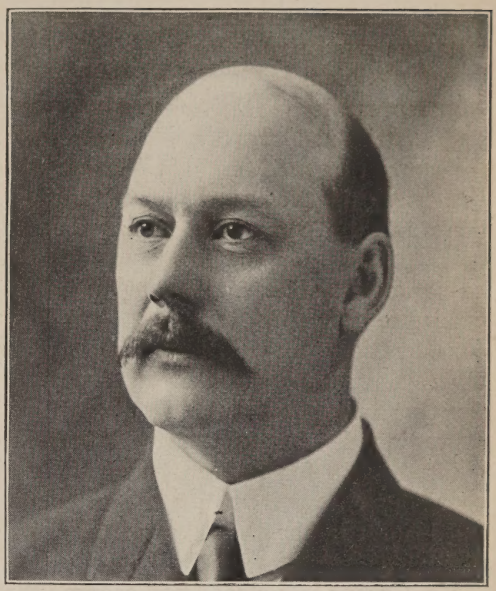
Through the efforts of Congressman Keliher, a Catholic Chaplain was assigned, for the first time, to the Charlestown Navy Yard. These and many other

achievements encourage the belief among his friends that his return to Congress will be along an easy road, and will be followed by a record with which his district and city will be satisfied.

Hon. John W. Weeks, of Newton, member of Congress from the twelfth district, was a conspicuous figure at the first session of the fifty-ninth Congress. It is said, in fact, that of the eighty-one new members in the House, "Mr. Weeks, 'Capt.' Weeks, as a result of his naval service in the Spanish War, is the one who has most conspicuously and convincingly 'made good.'" The affairs of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, of which Congressman Weeks is a graduate, occupied considerable attention during the last session, and he was naturally looked upon as a good authority on naval matter. It was upon his final speech that those in charge of the bill in regard to hazing at Annapolis depended for its passage and the event proved the dependence well placed.

Congressman Weeks introduced sixty-three bills and resolutions, of which ten were reported out of committee, two were included in general legislation reported, nine were passed, one passed the House, but not the Senate, and two were left on the House Calendar. Of these bills and resolutions thirty-nine related to pensions, ten to the relief of persons or estates, three to the correction of military records, four to the Naval Academy, one to rank and pay of retired officers of the navy, two to the frigate Constitution, one to the Custom House for Boston, one to the rebate of duties on anthracite coal, and one to the reimbursement of officers and men of the Nantucket Shoals Lightship.

Congressman Weeks addressed committees at hearings eleven times, and addressed the House seven times. He presided over the House twice.



CONGRESSMAN JOHN R. WEEKS.
12th Mass. District.

He took the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds to Boston to more effectively demonstrate the need of a new Custom House. He took an active part in securing the passage of the Naval Militia bill, secured the U. S. S. Gloucester for the use of the Massachusetts Naval Brigade, and was also active in obtaining a Saturday half-holiday at arsenals and navy yards. He re-drew and aided materially in securing the passage of the bill increasing the loaning power of National Banks.

As a member of the Committee on Banking and Currency, Mr. Weeks rendered effective service. By reason of his long experience in the banking business, he was thoroughly at home on this committee and quickly became one of its most active, important and influential members. He was also a member of the Committee on expenditures in the State Department.

Congressman Weeks got more pension bills through Congress than any other

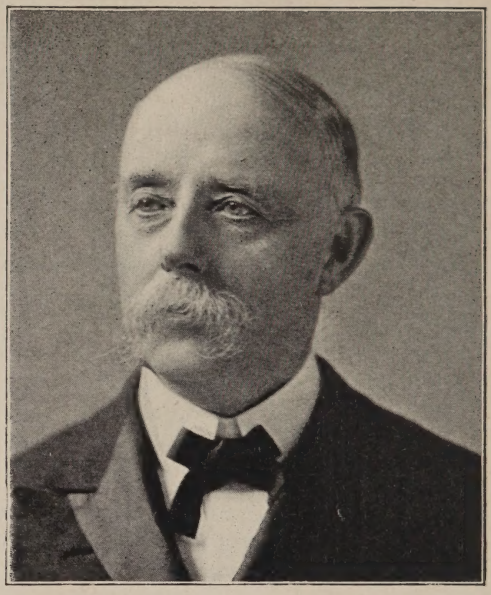
member of the Massachusetts delegation, with the exception of Mr. Gillett.

Hon. William S. Greene, of Fall River, who represents the thirteenth Massachusetts district in Congress, is a member of the committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, the committee on Manufactures and the committee on the District of Columbia. On the former committee he has been active, and many important measures affecting shipping have had consideration. Mr. Greene has always favored granting subsidies to American shipping interests for the purpose of encouraging the construction of large seagoing vessels for foreign trade, thereby providing employment for the mechanic and laborer in the shipyards of the United States.

Mr. Greene introduced and secured the passage of a bill for the construction of a new light-vessel for the South Shoal off Nantucket, to replace one which was sunk there last winter. He also introduced and secured the passage of a bill for the construction of a new light-vessel for Hen and Chicken Shoals at the entrance to Buzzards Bay, to replace a vessel stationed there unfit for the service by reason of age; also obtained approval of one branch of Congress for a new light-vessel at Hedge Fence Shoal off Martha's Vineyard, and expects to have the same enacted into law at next session.

In order to facilitate the navigation of steam vessels in thick and foggy weather, Mr. Greene introduced and secured favorable action by the committee on a bill for better regulation of fog signals. This bill is now pending before the House.

Mr. Greene had frequent conferences with the Postmaster General relative to increased compensation for letter carriers and Post Office employees, and obtained assurances of a favorable recommendation in his next annual report. With President Holland of the National Association of Letter Carriers he interviewed President Roosevelt and obtained endorsement of a bill providing increased compensation for letter carriers. This bill was introduced in the House by Mr. Greene, and in the Senate by Senator Crane, where it has been favorably reported by the committee. President Roosevelt expressed his hearty approval of allowing promotion and transfer of letter carriers.



CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM S. GREENE.

13th Mass. District.

Mr. Greene favored the retention of work in the Charlestown Navy Yard for which it was especially equipped; also voted against the proposition to increase the hours of labor on the Panama Canal; voted against the unjust discriminations proposed in the immigration law, providing for large head tax and unfair educational requirements; opposed limiting the granting of naturalization of aliens to U. S. Courts, and aided in procuring reduction in fees and granting additional jurisdiction to State and County Courts; aided in obtaining an amendment to na-

val bill, to prevent the enlistment of minors in the U. S. Navy.

Mr. Greene has also secured a favorable report on the improvements of New Bedford Harbor, and expects full approval of his joint resolution for a harbor of refuge at Great Point, off Nantucket, it having been favorably reported by one branch of Congress.

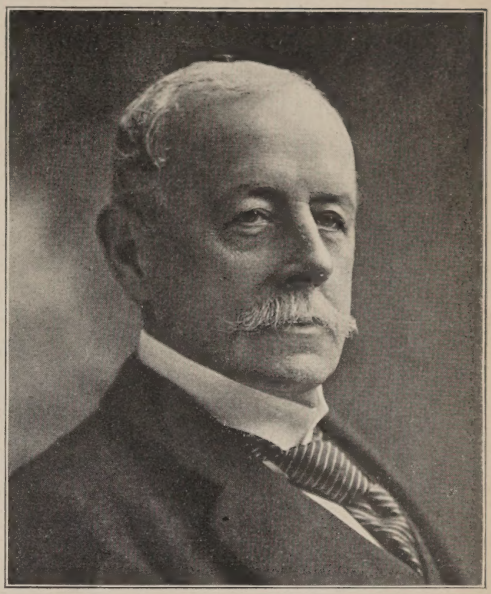
Rural free delivery was early and extensively established in the thirteenth district, largely as a result of the Congressman's efforts.

Mr. Greene has also been very active in urging the early adjudication of his many pension claims, and has secured many special bills from Congress for deserving veterans and soldiers' widows.

During his services in Congress, Hon. William C. Lovering, of Taunton, representing the fourteenth district, has been on three of the most important committees—Interstate and Foreign Commerce, Banking and Currency, and Coinage Weights and Measures. On all of these committees he has done very effective work.

The committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, without exception, has more to do than any other committee in the House. It has to deal with the largest questions; namely, the Panama Canal, Pure Food Bill, the Railroad Rate Bill, Bridge Bills, Light House and Life Saving Service measures, and all questions having to do with interstate commerce. Mr. Lovering has not always been with the majority of the committee upon many of these questions, notably the Panama Canal. In fact, he stood almost alone in his advocacy of the Panama Route as against the Nicaraguan Route, and was largely instrumental for the change of the sentiment in the House upon this question.

Mr. Lovering was a member of the caucus committee on banking and currency, which met at Atlantic City some years ago, and formulated a bill which constitutes the only piece of legislation of importance that has been enacted within the last fifteen years. He was most active in this matter, and took great pains to acquaint himself with public sentiment upon the question. His action has received the endorsement of the ablest banking authorities in the country.



CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM C. LOVERING.
14th Mass. District.

He is the author of a bill which is still before Congress, "To make the currency responsive to the varying needs of business at all seasons and in all sections." This bill has received more favor than any other banking and currency measure that has been brought before the House, and he feels sure that any currency legislation will be along the lines of this bill.

For five years Mr. Lovering has been very active before the House, and the Ways and Means Committee in the interest of free denatured alcohol in the industries. He is on record in many

speeches in the House as having advocated its passage, and this year had the pleasure of seeing the measure enacted.

He has been a life-long, but not hide-bound protectionist. He believes that the time is at hand when a reasonable, and practical, revision of the tariff should be made.

Mr. Lovering's bill for pensioning the Life Saving Service is still before Congress. He has been very successful in securing pensions and increases of pensions at the Bureau of Pensions, and also by Special Act of Congress. He was also successful in the last session of Congress in getting the appropriation toward building the monument at Provincetown to commemorate the signing of the compact of the pilgrims on the Mayflower at Provincetown Harbor in 1620.

THE HAY FIELD.

EVENING ON THE SEA.

Puvis de Chavannes.

ST. GENEVIEVE AT PRAYER.

Puvis de Chavannes.

THE DEDICATION OF ST. GENEVIEVE.

Donahoe's Magazine

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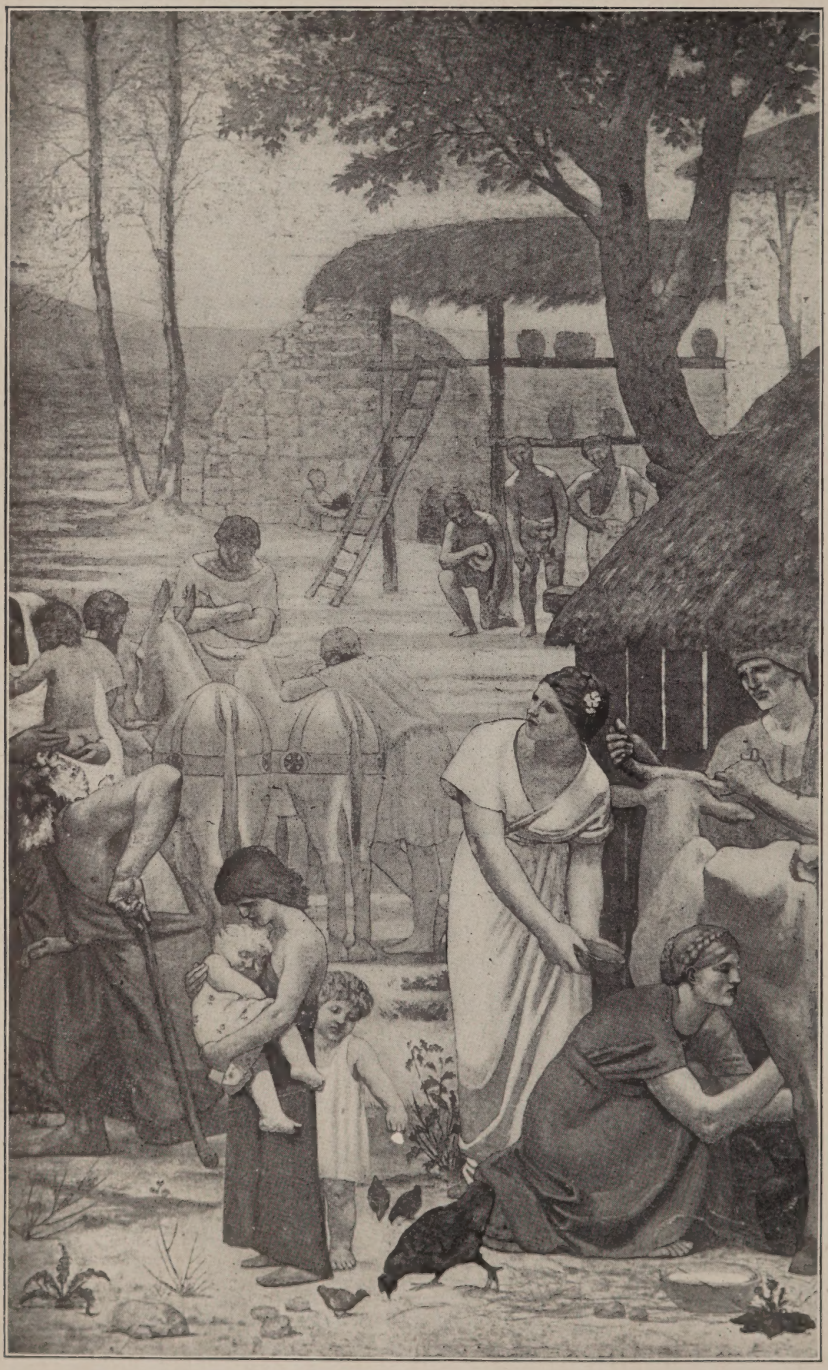
ST. GENEVIEVE IN ART.

BY L. D. HERBERT.

Among the legends of the saints there are few more beautiful than those connected with St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris. Many French artists have found inspiration in the story of the little maid of Nanterre, and have delighted in depicting her childhood, her heroic efforts to relieve the distress of the famine-stricken city, and her intervention after death to procure from God special favors for her beloved people. In mural decorations, in sculpture, and stained glass, notable instances in her career are reproduced in French churches, and in the Pantheon a series of frescoes—including the childhood of St. Genevieve, St. Genevieve bringing provisions to Paris, and St. Genevieve watching over the sleeping city—shows how the history of this saint appealed to the artist-soul of Puvis de Chavannes. Here, too, Delaunay presents St. Genevieve encouraging the Parisians on the supposed approach of Attila; Laurens depicts her death and burial; and Maillot, in a group of paintings, records the devotion of the people and their faith in St. Genevieve in times of famine and danger, when the shrine containing her remains was borne through the city.

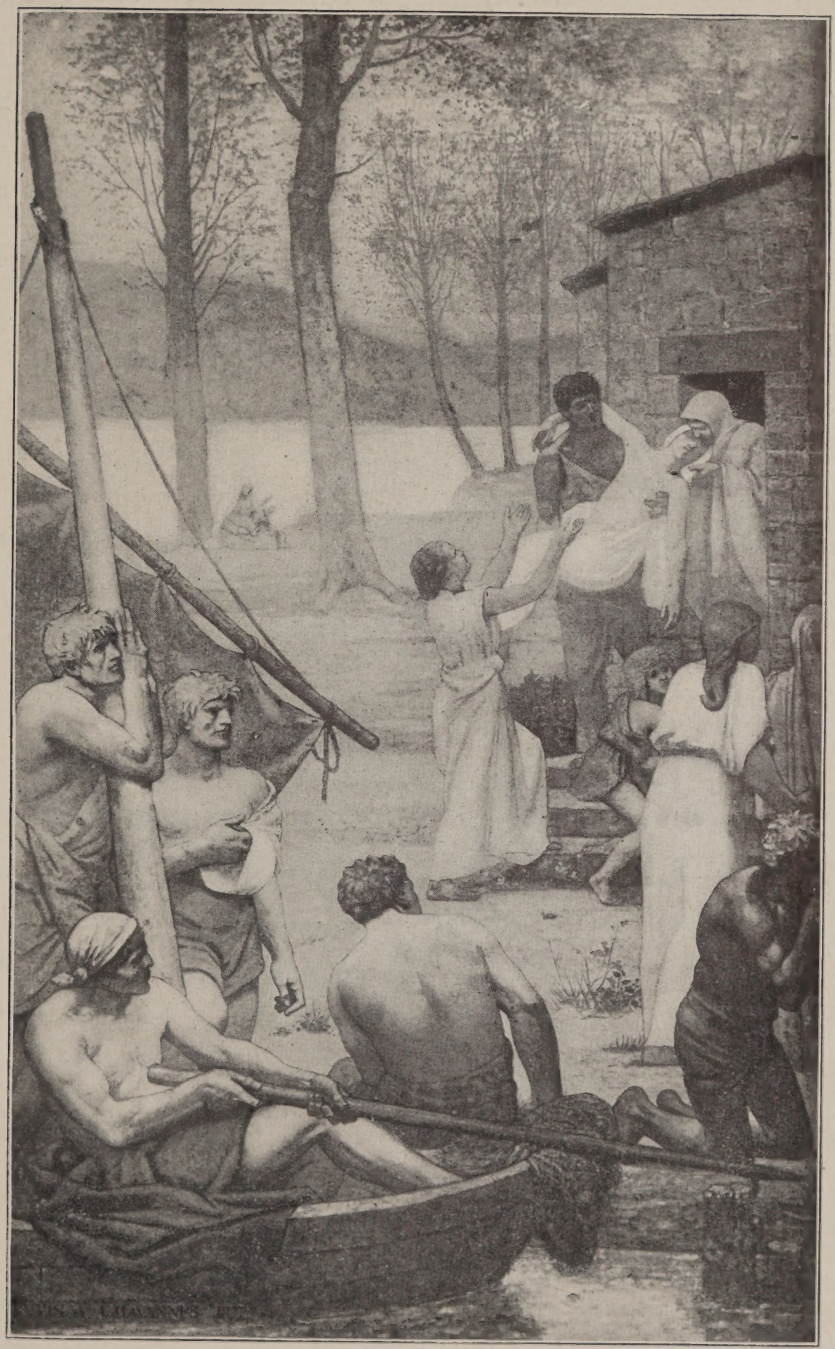
It might be supposed that such a subject would have attracted universal attention, but this is not the case.

"The popularity of St. Genevieve as a subject of artistic representation," says Mrs. Jameson, "is almost wholly confined to Paris and the French School of Art. I have met with only two instances of her treatment by Italian artist painters."



Puvis de Chavannes.

DEDICATION OF ST. GENEVIEVE (Detail).



Puvis de Chavannes.

ST. GENEVIEVE CURING THE AFFLICTED.

Many miracles are attributed to St. Genevieve's intercession, the most famous being, perhaps, the miracle of *Des Ardens,* the burning fever, of which the following account is given in Butler's "Lives of the Saints":

In 1129, in the reign of Louis VI., a pestilential fever, with a violent inward heat, swept off in a short time fourteen thousand persons, nor could the art of physicians afford any relief. Stephen, Bishop of Paris, with the clergy and people implored the Divine Mercy by fasting and supplications. Yet the distemper began not to abate till the shrine of St. Genevieve was carried in a solemn procession to the cathedral. During that ceremony many sick persons were cured by touching the shrine, and of all that then lay ill of that distemper in the whole town only three died, the rest recovered, and no others fell ill. Pope Innocent II. coming to Paris the year following, after having passed a careful scrutiny on the miracle, ordered an annual festival in commemoration of it on the 26th of November, which is still kept at Paris. A chapel near the cathedral, called anciently St. Genevieve's the Little, erected near the house in which she died, afterward from this miracle,—though it was not wrought at this chapel, but chiefly at the cathedral, as Le Beuf demonstrates, —was called St. Genevieve Des Ardens, which was demolished in 1747, to make place for the Foundling Hospital.

Both before and since that time it is the custom in extraordinary public calamities to carry the shrine of St. Genevieve, accompanied with those of St. Marcel, St. Aurea, St. Lucan, martyr, St. Landry, St. Merry, St. Paxentius, St. Magloire, and others, in a solemn procession to the cathedral; on which occasion the regular canons of St. Genevieve walk barefoot, and at the right hand of the chapter of the cathedral; and the abbot walks on the right hand of the archbishop. The present rich shrine of St. Genevieve was made by the abbot, and the relics enclosed in it in 1242. It is said that one hundred and ninety-three marks of silver and eight of gold, were used in making it; and it is almost covered with precious stones, most of which are the presents of several kings and queens. The crown or cluster of diamonds which glitters on the top was given by Queen Mary of Medicis. The shrine is placed behind the choir, upon a fine piece of architecture, supported by four high pillars, two of marble, and two of jaspis.

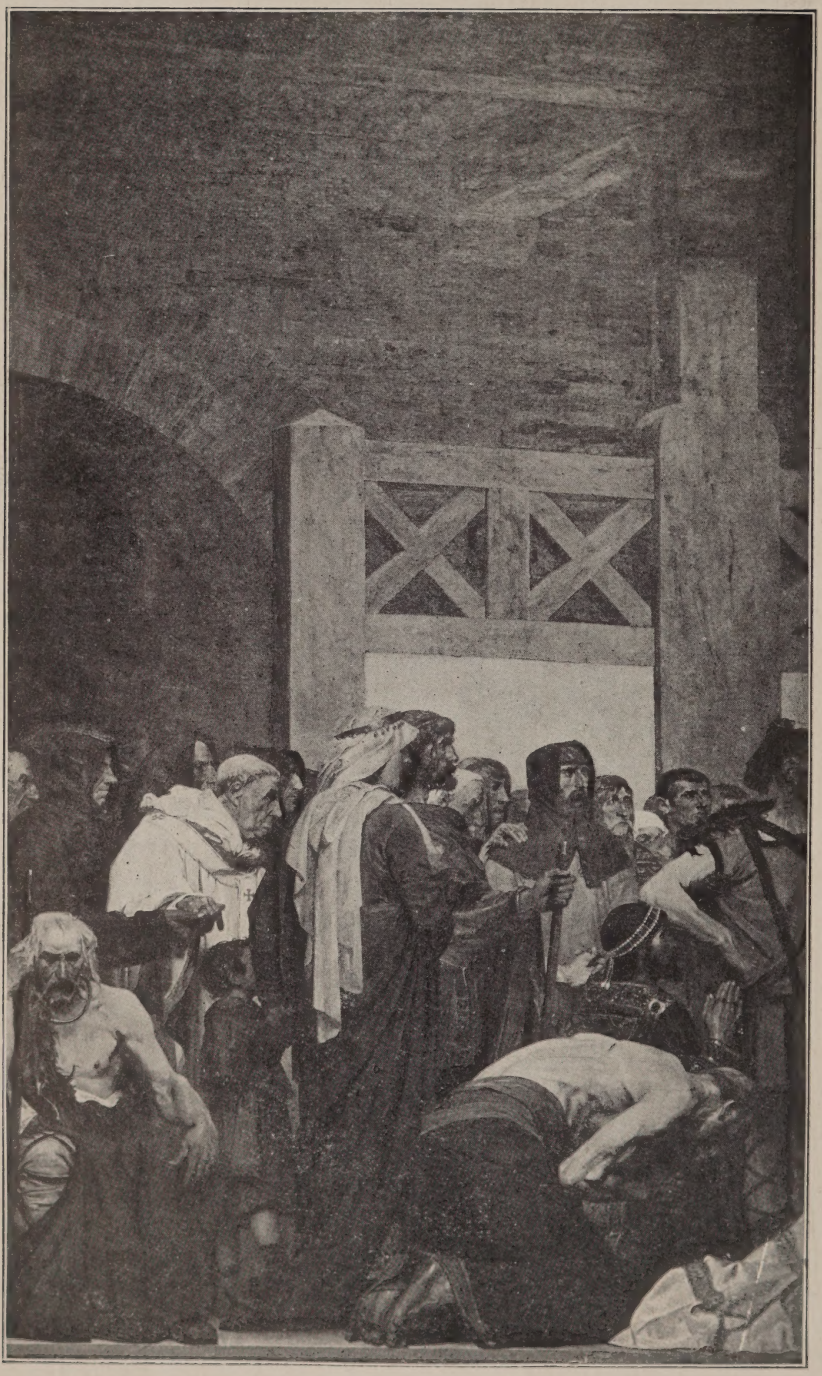
The fame of the miracles wrought at the tomb of St. Genevieve increased the veneration in which she was held. It is related that when materials for building the church in which she was to rest after death could not be procured she directed the workmen to the forest where they found large quantities of lime and stone and lumber waiting removal. On another occasion she relieved the thirst and exhaustion of the artisans by giving to them a vessel of wine which remained full, no matter how much had been taken from it.

Old prints of the saint of Paris depict the evil one striving to influence her and—in his anger at her indifference to his lures—endeavoring to blow out the candle she holds in her hand. The candle appears in many pictures. Outside the church of St. Nicholas des Champs there is a statue of St. Genevieve with an imp perched on her shoulders, trying to blow out the candle with a bellows which rests on her neck. Her calm, untroubled glance seems to indicate that she is unconscious of her persecutor's presence. Again, the devil is shown crouching in abject defeat, and as a winged demon persistently accompanying her steps, while on the other side an angel holds a lighted torch over the book in the saint's hand.

Sometimes she has a basket of provisions on her arm and a loaf of bread

Laurens.

DEATH OF ST. GENEVIEVE.



Laurens.

DEATH OF ST. GENEVIEVE (Detail).

Laurens.

DEATH OF ST. GENEVIEVE (Detail).

in her hand, emblematic of her efforts to relieve the famine-stricken city. Lebrun, Champaigne, Vanloo, Bourdon, and Gros in their conceptions favor the pastoral setting. Vanloo paints her at the foot of a tree, sheep and goats browsing near, and her spindle and sabots beside her. Watteau in a charming picture also places the little maiden among her sheep, but that her mind is above her occupation is indicated by the book of Scriptures open on her lap. Lebrun goes farther into detail, portraying the saint on her knees, a lighted taper in her hand, the keys of the city, her distaff, book, and sheep, at her feet, Paris in the distance, and the barbarians dispersed by storm. It is as a shepherdess that Genevieve is most frequently portrayed by modern painters, and in that guise her picture is most readily recognized to-day.

Chavannes has produced one of his most beautiful and simple studies in the pastoral scene representing the child engaged in prayer, while her sheep graze near by, and peasants bow their heads in reverence. St. Germanus and St. Genevieve form another noble picture.

On his way to Britain, to oppose the Pelagian heresy, Germanus made a brief stay at Nanterre, and there met the future patroness of the French capital, then a child of seven years. The inhabitants of the village flocked around the prelate and his companion, Lupus, begging their blessing. St. Germanus addressed them, and noticing the little daughter of Severus and Gerontia, he called her to him. Inquiring for her parents he spoke to them earnestly of their daughter's sanctity, and foretold the exalted mission that God had in store for her. He asked the child if it was not her purpose to consecrate herself to God, and she replied that such was her wish, and entreated the saint to give her his blessing as a mark of consecration. The prelate went to the church, followed by the people, and during the service of prayer and hymns he held his hand on the little one's head. He then dismissed her, enjoining her parents to bring her to him the next morning. The father complied, and the prelate asked Genevieve if she remembered her promise. Being assured that she was fully resolved to faithfully fulfil it, he gave her a brass medal, bearing an image of the cross, and commanded her to wear it always. At the same time he warned her against the vanity of wearing jewels and rich ornaments, and from this circumstance some writers have been led to believe that she was a person of rank and wealth, but tradition asserts that her father was a shepherd, and that her childhood passed in humble service in the fields, or plying the distaff.

The first instance in which her power to perform miracles was manifested was the restoration of sight to her mother, who had been punished with blindness, by God, for striking Genevieve when the maiden importuned her for permission to go to church. For two months Gerontia was totally blind, but one day her daughter brought water from the well, and making the sign of the cross over it, she offered it to the afflicted woman, who washed her eyes in it, and had the happiness of being cured. From this incident people looked upon the well of Nanterre as blessed, and many sought it for the cure of their bodily ills. This scene is the subject of an altar-piece in the church of St. Gervais.

At the age of fifteen Genevieve was presented to the Bishop of Paris, and received the veil from his hands. Two other maidens were also consecrated, but Genevieve, though the youngest, was placed first. From that time she fasted and prayed, and on the death of her parents left Nanterre for the broader field for charitable work awaiting her in Paris. Wherever she went miracles were wrought, but God permitted her to experience a great trial and to be made the victim of calumny. St. Germanus came to her rescue, and for a time silenced her

Laurens.

ST. GENEVIEVE IN THE SEPULCHRE.

enemies. It was not long, however, before their machinations were resumed, and Genevieve was in danger of a violent death at their hands, when Germanus again intervened, sending the archdeacon of Auxerre to give to her blessed bread as a token of his esteem for her virtues.

This changed the tide of feeling, and won for her the veneration of her persecutors. Another event that deepened the reverence of the people for Genevieve was her brave act in going out from the city when it was besieged—and starvation was rapidly reducing the population of Paris—to secure food. Taking with her a company, St. Genevieve was so successful that she returned with several boats laden with corn, and was hailed by the citizens as their deliverer.

Childeric, the King of the Franks, treated the saint with deep respect, and at her solicitation showed clemency to the prisoners, and performed many other acts of mercy.

Having a special devotion to St. Denis and his companions, she frequently visited their tombs, and by her zeal induced some pious persons to build a church in honor of St. Denis, which was afterwards replaced by a monastery. Practicing austere penance and meditating on holy subjects the saint performed several pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Martin of Tours. King Clovis listened to her counsel with deference, and it is said that the magnificent church which he began to build in honor of SS. Peter and Paul was designed by her. The foundation was laid only a short time before the death of Clovis, and in the same year, 512, Genevieve was called from earth. Immediately after the saint's death the people raised a wooden oratory over her tomb, and soon the walls of the great church rose around it. Her tomb, though empty, is still pointed out in the subterranean church, or vault. Her relics were enclosed in a shrine of gold and silver which St. Eligius made with his own hands, in 630, and in 845 they were removed to Atis, and then to Dravel, for fear of the Normans. In 850 they were carried to Marisy, and five years later on were brought back to Paris, and eventually placed in the shrine already described.

Reading of the pious practices in the city of Paris, and especially of the religious processions through the streets, one must pause for a moment to contrast France of the time of St. Genevieve with France of the present day—a Republic that punishes as a malefactor an aged priest whose crime was an open profession of his faith. At the age of seventy-three the saintly Abbe was called upon to obey the following summons:

"The Procureur of the Republic invites the person named Espanet dwelling at Saint-Christoly-de-Blaye, condemned to twenty-four hours' imprisonment by judgment of the tribunal of simple police of Saint-Savin, on the date of 9th August, 1905, to come and constitute himself a prisoner here; in default of which the judgment against him will be executed by armed force."

Who is this "person named Espanet," and what fault has he committed? asks the London *Catholic Times*. "This redoubtable malefactor of seventy-three years is M. l'Abbe Espanet. He has lived for a considerable time in the district and is known to have done nothing but good to those around him. His crime is to have walked from the church to the presbytery, in an orderly manner, with a few children who had just made their First Communion. This is the newly devised "crime of procession,' applicable to the Church only. For this he was led to prison between two gendarmes. With or without the Concordat the authorities could not entertain the thought of foregoing the pastime of harrying the clergy which is so dear to their hearts."

Maillot.

PILGRIMAGE OF ST. GENEVIEVE.

Maillot.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF LOUIS LE GROS.

Maillot.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF LOUIS LE GROS (Detail).

Maillot.

THE PROCESSION OF CHARLES VIII.

SCHOOL DAYS OF GREAT MEN.

BY MAURICE O'MAHONY.

The children reading or studying at the low tables in the juvenile department of the Boston Public Library give little thought to the contrast between their educational opportunities and those of the famous men and women whose biographies fill the shelves in one section. And yet such a subject makes deeply interesting reading.

Turning over the pages of the Life of Napoleon, the account of his school days makes a diverting chapter. There is little of the future commander in the five year old child, careless in dress, his stockings down at heel, and his mind engrossed not by the alphabet, but by the charms of an equally infantile classmate.

"The fair-haired little maiden won his youthful heart. It was Napoleon's first love. He walked to and from school holding the hand of Giacominetta. He abandoned all the plays and companionship of the other children to talk and muse with her. The older boys and girls made themselves very merry with the display of affection which the loving couple exhibited. Their mirth, however, exerted not the slightest influence to abash Napoleon, though often his anger would be so aroused by their insulting ridicule, that, regardless of the number or the size of his adversaries, with stick, stones, and every other implement which came in his way, he would rush into the midst of his foes, and attack them with such a recklessness of consequences that they were generally put to flight. Then, with the pride of a conqueror, he would take the hand of his infantile friend. Some witty boy formed a couplet which was often shouted upon the play-ground, not a little to the annoyance of the young lover.

> Napoleon with his stockings half off
> Makes love to Giacominetta.

"When Napoleon was about ten years of age, Count Marboeuf obtained for him admission to the military school at Brienne, near Paris. His companions regarded him as a foreigner, as he spoke the Italian language, and the French was to him almost an unknown tongue. . . . The young noblemen at Brienne taunted Napoleon with being the son of a Corsican lawyer, they sneered at the plainness of his dress, and at the emptiness of his purse. His proud spirit was stung to the quick by these indignities. . . . 'I hate those French,' said he, in an hour of bitterness, 'and I will do them all the mischief in my power.' In consequence of this state of feeling, he secluded himself almost entirely from his fellow students, and buried himself in the midst of his books and his maps. In all mathematical studies he became highly distinguished. All books upon history, upon government, upon the practical sciences, he devoured with the utmost avidity. The poetry of Homer and of Ossian he read and re-read with great delight. In a letter written to his mother at this time, he says, 'With my sword by my side, and Homer in my pocket, I hope to carve my way through the world.'"

The inventor of the steam-boat, Robert Fulton, shows in his childhood the trend of his mind towards mechanical pursuits. He was more fortunate than many of his contemporaries in the fact that his teacher encouraged this tendency even though it at times made him forgetful of school rules.

"One day his teacher reproved him for neglecting his books, and the reproof was administered after the manner of 'the old masters,'—with a ferule on the knuckle. Robert straightened himself, folded his arms, and then said to Mr. Johnson: 'Sir, I came here to have something beat into my head and not into my hand.' On another occasion he came late, and when the teacher asked the reason, Robert answered that he had been at Mr. Miller's shop pounding out lead to make a pencil. In proof of his statement he exhibited the pencil and said it was the best he ever had in his life; Mr. Johnson approved it and gave the youth some words of encouragement, and in a few days nearly all the other pupils were supplied with pencils of the same kind."

The boy seems to have possessed a calm, judicial mind, and sufficient courage to give his opinion despite the fact that in his day children were supposed to be seen and not heard. Thus when reproved for failure in his lessons he made answer:

"Sir, my head is so full of original notions that there is no room to store away the contents of dusty books."

A writer in *The Century,* who had been a guest at the home of Signora Sarto Parolin, sister of Pius X., gives numerous reminiscences of the school-days of the Holy Father, related to him by Signor Parolin, a class-mate of the future Pope.

"I, too, used to frequent the classes at Castelfranco," said Signor Parolin, "so, as a rule, we did the journey together. Generally we were three, four, or five Riese boys, and we used to walk the distance in company, unless an occasional drive had been arranged, or a rarer 'lift' secured at hazard. On certain days Giuseppe slept at Castelfranco and on others at home.

"Well, he was not impeccable. Occasionally he was thirsty or hungry, as I often was, and we would pick berries, or even bore a hole in some hedge and take a bunch of grapes or some fruit. We had many a lark. He was what would be called a merry boy, always in good humor; at all times sprightly in speech, especially in reply; and ready for any fun, however elaborate, expensive, or risky.

"An odd day or spell of truancy, some idling, and some *scampagnate* [literally, 'careerings over country'] must be put down to him; but Giuseppe Sarto was a hard student and a model boy.

"His parents were poor, as I have said, and often, I remember, his father used to say at evening: 'Giusé, I have nothing to give the donkey. Go and take him out to grass.' Now, Giusé had probably returned from Castelfranco on foot, and from early morning till late in the afternoon had been a long day. Then at the time when he should have been preparing his lessons for the next day he was obliged to take out the *asinello* [little ass]. So I see him yet with his Cæsar, Herodotus, or some book of mathematics, studying, and holding the cord, while the asinello nibbled the delicacies of the roadside or the bank of the stream."

Bepí—to use his loving household name—was early efficient, then brilliant, in mathematics, in which he was principally to shine as a college student, though his life was to be cast in other spheres of work.

Another companion and school-fellow confirmed these details, and told Mr. Croke of other experiences, and the penalties incurred by the Italian scholars.

"As a penalty the boys used to be beaten on the fingers with an iron ruler. Each had to place his palms on the table, all the boys in line, when the call to punishment came, and the old man remembered Sarto's getting the ferule thus, and his laughter, tears, and impatient vivacity under punishment. The master was an old man with a crooked nose, and

when Sarto, the brightest of the boys recited his lesson, he often found a way of getting in a joke at the expense of the old teacher."

"He was very, very bright in every way," said the farmer, "but he always loved his joke, even if this was at times mischievous."

Passing from the school life of the Head of the Church to that of a man who ruled affairs of State, Gladstone's career furnishes a notable example. The copious quotations from Gladstone's personal recollections embodied in Morley's "Life" of the great statesman give frank expression to the thoughts and impressions influencing his early years.

"I have no recollection of being a loving or a winning child; or an earnest or diligent or knowledge-loving child. I cannot, in truth, have been an interesting child . . . and I was not a devotional child. I have a very early recollection of hearing preaching in St. George's, Liverpool, but it is this: that I turned quickly to my mother and said, 'When will he have done?'"

He is equally humble in estimating his intellectual qualities: "I was a child of slow, in some points I think of singularly slow, development. I received, unless my memory deceives me, very little benefit from teaching."

At an early age he won a certain kind of distinction for physical prowess.

"I must have been rather tough, for my brother John took me down at about ten years old to wrestle in the stables with an older lad of that region, whom I threw."

His life at Eton lasted over six years making an impression that never faded. His tutor, the Rev. H. H. Knapp, is remembered as "an easy and kind-tempered man with a sense of scholarship, but no power of discipline, and no energy or desire to impress himself upon his pupils. I recollect but one piece of advice from him. It was that I should form my poetical taste on Darwin."

Going to Eton under the wing of his elder brother the boy made his entry under favorable conditions "that mitigated the sense of isolation that attends the first launch at a public school." The school numbered one hundred and ninety, which was considered uncommonly small.

The house where Gladstone was lodged overlooked a graveyard, and the dame who took care of the boys seems to have been indifferent as to service, "we had numerous skirmishes with Mrs. Shurey," he recalls, and also that the food was scant and poor, though he and his brother had the best room in the house. Fighting was a favorite diversion and hardly a day passed "without one, two, three, or even four more or less mortal combats. . . ."

Football and cricket were favorite pursuits of English school boys, but even in athletics Gladstone admits that he had no desire to excel. That he had no prevision of what was in store for him is indicated by his statement that the word "Parliament" as a heading always caused him to skip that chapter or paragraph in his reading. His personal appearance at that time is thus described:

"A good-looking, rather delicate youth, with a pale face and brown curling hair, always tidy and well-dressed."

Of his state of mind he himself says: "I remained stagnant without heart or hope." In another place he thus sums up the merits of Eton: "A very good place for those who liked boating and Latin verse."

The boy seems to have been a favorite of the headmaster, the redoubtable Dr. Keate, "with whom the appointed instrument of moral regeneration in the childish soul was the birch rod; who on heroic occasions was known to have flogged over eighty boys on a single summer day; and whose one mellow re-

gret in the evening of his life was that he had not flogged far more. Religious instruction, as we may suppose, was under these circumstances reduced to zero."

Gladstone's farewell to Eton—"the queen of schools," as he called it—came with Christmas (1827). He writes to his sister his last Etonian letter (December 2) before departure, and "melancholy that departure is." On the day before he had made his valedictory speech to the Society. "I have long made up my mind," he writes, "that I have of late been enjoying what will in all probability be, as far as my own individual case is concerned, the happiest years of my life. And they have fled!"

A reminiscence of Eton in connection with the feared and detested head-master may fittingly conclude this abstract from the story of Gladstone's school-life.

"About the year 1820, the eloquence of Dr. Edward Irving drew crowds to his church in London, which was Presbyterian. It required careful previous arrangements to secure comfortable accommodation. My father had, on a certain occasion, when I was still a small Eton boy, taken time by the forelock, and secured the use of a convenient pew in the first rank of the gallery. From this elevated situation we surveyed at ease and leisure the struggling crowds below. The crush was everywhere great, but greatest of all in the centre aisle. Here the mass of human beings, mercilessly compressed, swayed continually backwards and forwards. There was I, looking down with infinite complacency and satisfaction from this honorable vantage ground upon the floor of the church, filled and packed as one of our public meetings is, with people standing and pushing. What was my emotion, my joy, my exultation, when I espied among this humiliated mass, struggling and buffeted—whom but Keate! Keate, the master of our existence, the tyrant of our days! Pure, unalloyed, unadulterated rapture! Such a reversal of human conditions of being, as that now exhibited between the Eton lower boy uplifted to the luxurious gallery pew, and the head-master of Eton, whom I was accustomed to see in the roomy deck of the upper school with vacant space and terror all around him, it must be hard for any one to conceive, except the two who were the subjects of it. Never, never, have I forgotten that moment."

Another phase of school-life is presented in the experience of Daniel O'Connell, who was one of the many Irish youths that went abroad to be educated. With his younger brother, Maurice, he began his studies, in the spring of 1790, at the school of Father Harrington, at Redington, two miles from Cove, County Cork, which was opened on the relaxation of the law against Catholics, and is said to have been the first school conducted by a priest in Ireland since the Revolution. The brothers remained at the seminary for six months only. We are indebted to MacDonagh's biography for the facts presented here. We quote freely from this interesting work.

William Fagan, M.P., one of O'Connell's Repeal followers, states that he was told by his father, a pupil at Father Harrington's school in 1790, that O'Connell "did not display any extraordinary precocity of intellect," and was but an "ordinary scholar." O'Connell, however, was fond of boasting that he was the only boy at the school who had not been punished. "I owed this," said he, "to my attention. I was in childhood remarkably quick and persevering. My childish propensity to idleness was overcome by fear of disgrace. I desired to excel, and could not brook the idea of being inferior to others." One day he idled, and,

being deficient in his lessons, the teacher threatened to chastise him. "Don't beat me for half an hour," cried the youth, shrinking from the indignity, "and if I have not my lesson by that time, beat me then." The teacher granted him the reprieve, and the lesson—a difficult one—was thoroughly mastered within the thirty minutes.

Daniel O'Connell, uncle to the future leader, wrote to his brother Maurice at Darrynane, suggesting that the English college at St. Omer, a town in French Flanders, was the most suitable for their nephews. Accordingly, the youths left the Cove of Cork towards the end of 1790, in a brig bound for London. The captain was to land them at Dover, and they would then take the packet to Ostend, *en route* for St. Omer. The reception O'Connell met with on landing was not auspicious; the vessel could not put into the harbor, and the boat that conveyed the boys ashore capsized on reaching the beach, ducking them in the surf.

In January, 1791, they entered the college of St. Omer, where they studied Latin and Greek authors, French, English and geography, besides lessons in music, dancing, fencing and drawing. Daniel O'Connell's letters to his uncle are couched in high-flown terms, expressing gratitude and the awe in which he stood of "Hunting Cap." His conduct seems to have been meritorious, a circumstance due in part, perhaps, to the lack of pocket money, his allowance being three-pence a fortnight. The ambition to please his uncle seems to have been uppermost with the simple country lad, but that the president of the college, the Rev. Dr. Stapleton, was impressed by the youth's ability is indicated by this excerpt from a letter written to the uncle:

"With respect to the elder—Daniel—I have but one sentence to write about him, and that is that I never was so much mistaken in my life as I shall be unless he is destined to make a remarkable figure in society."

After nineteen months at St. Omer, came five months at Douay at the English college. Here conditions do not seem to have pleased the youthful student. "The pension here is twenty-five guineas a year," he writes to his uncle, and adds with evident regret, "we get very small portions at dinner. Most of the lads (those who are on Bourses excepted) get what they call seconds—that is three or four pounds extraordinary. We would be much obliged to you for leave to get them; but this as you please." Such respectful deference from a hungry school-boy merited due reward, but if "Hunting Cap" did not please, he can hardly be blamed for not encouraging correspondence, as the postage between France and Darrynane was six shillings.

The French Revolution brought another change in the career of the Irish students, and antipathy to the Catholic Church made it difficult for them to go about, lest they should receive rough usage. "I was always in terror," said O'Connell, "lest the scoundrels should cut our throats. On one occasion a waggoner of Dumouriez's army scared me, and a set of my fellow-collegians who had walked out from Douay, crying, *'Voila les jeunes Jesuits! Les Capucins.'* So we ran back to our college as fast as we could, and, luckily the vagabond did not follow us."

Shortly after the college of Douay was suppressed, and the buildings used as a military barracks. St. Omer's was made an army hospital. The O'Connell brothers began their return journey to Ireland on the very day that Louis XVI. was executed, and for safety sake the boys wore the tricolor cockade in their hats as they journeyed to the coast, but despite this precaution they were assailed

with abusive epithets. The English packet no sooner sailed out of Calais for Dover than young O'Connell tore the tricolor from his hat and, after tramping it under foot, flung it into the sea, from which some French fishermen rescued it as they rowed past, at the same time volubly cursing the Irish school-boy, whose education had been interrupted in such an unusual way.

Justin McCarthy describes the schools in vogue in his childhood, and stands apart from many graduates of that day in the kindly memory he retains of the manner and methods of his master.

"The first school I attended for some years was a kind of public seminary in Cork, where we went through the ordinary course of elementary instruction in English grammar, arithmetic, mathematics, geography, the use of the globes, and all the other recognized subjects of necessary education for boys. We had to commit all sorts of rules to memory; we got everything 'by heart,' as the phrase goes; we had to repeat over and over again every lesson thus taught to us; and no particular trouble was taken to discover whether or not we attached any real meaning to the phrases which we had to patter out word by word. We had to inform our teacher again and again that language consists of orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody; we had to state in the words committed to memory the difference between an acute angle and an obtuse angle; and to repeat without hesitation the words which describe what is a continent, what is an island, what is an isthmus, and so on. Those of us who had fairly good memories were soon able to repeat these formularies word for word, and then we were advanced to learn something else on the same principle and after the same fashion. Most of us little boys were quite content when we could repeat the various definitions mechanically, and we gave ourselves no concern about the meaning of what we were saying or indeed disturbed our minds by a thought as to whether it had any meaning whatever. I hope that there were some little boys in the school who had intellects of a more inquiring order, and who, therefore, derived some benefit from the lessons thus drilled into us; but I can confidently say for myself that I never took any thought upon the subject and regarded my daily task merely as a sort of penal process to be got through as a matter of discipline during the weary hours of school work allotted to each day. My heart was filled, as I am sure the hearts of most of my comrades were, with a longing for the hour when the end of the day's school-teaching should come and bring with it freedom to return to the out-of-door amusements which we loved, and the books which we really cared to read. I spent some two years, I think, at that school, and I can confidently assert that I learned as little as it was possible for any human being to learn even under such conditions. Then my father grew impatient that I should begin to have what used to be called a classical education. My English scholastic studies came to an unprofitable end, and I was removed to the only other school I ever attended, and put under the care of the schoolmaster by whom for the first time I was really taught how to learn."

Turning from the Old World to the New to review the early days of great Americans, we find a wealth of material, and have taken from it reminiscences penned for the greater part by the men whose life-story is part of the history of the Nation.

To his mother's intelligence and moral training, George Washington attributed his success in life. She would gather her children about her daily, and read to them from Matthew Hale's "Contemplations, Divine and Moral." This book

was always preserved with tender care at Mount Vernon, in later years. Such teaching the boy never forgot. When he was thirteen he wrote, "Rules of courtesy and decent behaviour in company and conversation," one hundred and ten maxims which seemed to have had great influence over him.

The opportunities for education in the new world, especially on a plantation, were limited. From one of his father's tenants, the sexton of the parish, George learned to read, write and cipher. He was fond of military things, and organized among the scholars sham fights and parades, taking the position usually of commander-in-chief, by common consent. At fourteen he desired to enter the navy and a midshipman's warrant was procured by his brother Lawrence. Now he could see the world and was happy at the prospect. All winter long the mother's heart ached as she thought of the separation, and finally, when his clothing had been taken on board of a British man-of-war, her affection triumphed, and the lad was kept in his Virginia home. However disappointed he may have been his mother's word was law. George went back to school to study arithmetic and land-surveying. He was thorough in his work, and his record books, still preserved, are neat and exact.

At fifteen the bashful, manly boy had given his heart to a girl about his own age, and it was long before he could conquer the affection. A year later he wrote to a friend: "I might was my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there's a very agreeable young lady in the same house, but as that's only adding fuel to fire it makes me the more uneasy, for by often and unavoidably being in company with her revives my former passion for your Lowland Beauty; whereas, was I to live more retired from young women, I might in some measure alleviate my sorrows, by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in the grave of oblivion."

Years afterwards, the son of this "Lowland Beauty," General Henry Lee, became a favorite with Washington in the Revolutionary War; possibly all the more loved from tender recollections of the mother.

Perhaps no more striking example of perseverance overcoming obstacles in the path of education can be cited than the well-known case of Abraham Lincoln.

The masters were of the class made itinerant by the exigencies of the times. Irishmen from the colony in Tennessee, and French priests from Kaskaskia were among these wandering teachers, and thus it came to pass that Lincoln's first teacher was a Catholic, though the name, Zachariah Riney, is not at all suggestive of Catholic belief.

The way in which these teachers were often lodged is told in this note from the Tarbell biography:

"In the territory of Kentucky an early schoolmaster boarded in the house of one Lucas. The house consisted of one room, sixteen feet square, which sheltered Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, ten children, three dogs, two cats, and the master."

Lincoln was rated as "an unusually bright boy at school." He made splendid progress in his studies, learning faster than any of his school-mates. Though so young, he studied very hard. Hacking up spice-wood brushes, he would burn them two or three together, to provide light by which he could study.

Probably the boy's mother had something to do with the spice-wood illuminations. Tradition has it that Mrs. Lincoln took great pains to teach her children what she knew, and that at her knee they heard all the Bible lore, fairy tales, and country legends that she had been able to gather in her poor life.

His memoirs state that he went to school "by little. In all it did not amount

to more than a year. Readin', writin', and cipherin' to the rule of three," were the requirements demanded of teachers. "If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard."

The boy's stock of books was small, but he knew them thoroughly: the Bible, Aesop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, History of the United States, Weems' Life of Washington, and the Statues of Indiana. Some of these were borrowed, and Weems' Life of Washington having been injured by water Lincoln made good the loss by pulling fodder for three days. The book became his then, and he could read it as he would.

He once told a friend that he "read through every book he had ever heard of in that country, for a circuit of fifty miles." From everything he read he made long extracts, using a turkey-buzzard pen and brier-root ink. When he had no paper he would write on a board, and thus preserve his selections until he secured a copy-book. The wooden fire-shovel was his usual slate, and on its back he ciphered with a charred stick, shaving it off when covered. The logs and boards in his vicinity he filled with his figures and quotations. By night he read and worked as long as there was light, and he kept a book in the crack of the logs in his loft, to have it at hand at peep of day. When acting as a ferryman, in his nineteenth year, anxious, no doubt, to get through the books of the house where he boarded, before he left the place, he read every night "till midnight."

In every lull in his daily labor, when working in the fields he read, at times getting a half hour at a stretch. At the end of every long row the horse was allowed to rest, and Lincoln had his book out, and was perched on stump or fence, almost as soon as the plough had come to a standstill. One of the few people still left in Gentryville who remembers Lincoln, Captain John Lamar, tells to this day of riding to mill with his father, and seeing, as they drove along, a boy sitting on the top rail of an old-fashioned stake-and-rider worm fence, reading so intently that he did not notice their approach. His father, turning to him, said: "John, look at that boy yonder, and mark my words, he will make a smart man out of himself. I may not see it, but you'll see if my words don't come true." "That boy was Abraham Lincoln," adds Mr. Lamar, impressively.

The boy had little encouragement from his father, but his step-mother did all she could for him, and between the two there soon grew up a relation of touching gentleness and confidence. In one of the interviews a biographer of Mr. Lincoln sought with her before her death, Mrs. Lincoln said:

"I induced my husband to permit Abe to read and study at home, as well as at school. At first he was not easily reconciled to it, but finally he, too, seemed willing to encourage him to a certain extent. Abe was a dutiful son to me always, and we took particular care when he was reading not to disturb him—would let him read on and on till he quit of his own accord."

The boy rarely copied anything that he did not take it to his mother to read, asking her opinion of it; and often, when she did not understand it, explaining the meaning in his plain and simple language.

These lines written on a leaf of a copy-book indicate that Lincoln had the school-boy trick of scribbling in his books:

Abraham Lincoln
his hand and pen.
he will be good but
god knows When.

Another American boy whose after career claimed the attention of the public

was Ulysses Grant, who recounts the events of his youth in a simple, direct manner:

"The schools at the time of which I write were very indifferent. There were no free schools, and none in which scholars were classified. They were all supported by subscriptions, and a single teacher—who was often a man or woman incapable of teaching much, even if they imparted all they knew—would have thirty or forty scholars, male and female, —from the infant learning the ABC's up to the young lady of eighteen and the boy of twenty, studying the highest branches taught—the three R's, Reading, 'Riting, 'Rithmetic. I never saw an algebra or other mathematical work higher than the arithmetic in Georgetown, until I was appointed to West Point. I then bought a work on algebra, in Cincinnati, but having no teacher, it was Greek to me.

"My life in Georgetown was uneventful. From the age of five or six until seventeen I attended the subscription schools of the village, except during the winters of 1836-37, and 1838-39. The former period was spent in Maysville, Ky., attending the school of Richeson and Rand; the latter in Ripley in Ohio, at a private school. I was not studious in habit and probably did not make progress enough to compensate for the outlay for board and tuition. At all events both winters were spent in going over the same old arithmetic which I knew every word of before, and repeating 'a noun is the name of a thing,' which I had also heard my Georgetown teacher repeat until I had come to believe it. But I cast no reflections on my old teacher, Richeson. He turned out bright scholars from his school, many of whom have filled conspicuous places in the service of the States."

The elder Grant being in comfortable circumstances was anxious that his son should enjoy opportunities that he had missed, and Ulysses never lost a quarter at school from the time he was old enough to attend until he left home. "This did not exempt me from labor," he says, "In my early days every one labored more or less. It was only the very poor who were exempt. While my father carried on the manufacture of leather, he also owned and tilled considerable land. I detested the trade, but I was fond of agriculture and of all employment in which horses were used. We had among other land fifty acres of forest. . . . In the fall of the year choppers were employed to cut enough wood to last a twelve-month. When I was seven or eight years old I began hauling all the wood used in the house and shops. I could not load it on the wagons, of course, at that time, but I could drive, and the choppers would load, and some one at the house would unload. When about eleven I was strong enough to hold the plough. From that age until seventeen I did all the work done with horses, such as breaking up the land, furrowing, ploughing corn and potatoes, bringing in the crops when harvested, hauling all the wood, besides tending two or three horses, a cow or two, and sawing wood for stoves, etc., while still tending school. For this I was compensated by the fact that there was never any scolding or punishing by my parents; no objections to rational enjoyments such as fishing; going to the creek a mile away to swim in summer; taking a horse and visiting my grandparents in an adjoining county, fifteen miles off; skating on the ice in winter, or taking a horse and sleigh when there was snow on the ground.

"About half my school days in Georgetown were spent at the school of John B. White, a North Carolinan, and the father of Chilton White, who represented a district in Congress for two terms during the Rebellion. Mr. White was always a Democrat in politics and Chilton followed his father. He had two elder brothers

—all three being school-mates of mine at their father's school—who did not go the same way—Chilton is reported as having told of an early horse trade of mine. As he told the story there was a Mr. Ralston, living within a few miles of the village, who owned a colt which I very much wanted. My father had offered twenty dollars for it, but Ralston wanted twenty-five. I was so anxious to have the colt that after the owner left I begged to be allowed to take him at the price demanded. My father yielded, but said twenty dollars was all the horse was worth, and told me to offer that price; if it was not accepted I was to offer twenty-two and a half, and if that would not get him, to give the twenty-five. I at once mounted a horse and went for the colt. When I got to Mr. Ralston's house I said to him 'Papa says I may offer you twenty for the colt, but if you won't take that I am to offer twenty-two and a half, and if you won't take that, to give you twenty-five.' It would not take a Connecticut man to guess the price finally agreed upon. White's story is nearly true. I certainly showed I had come for the colt and meant to have him. I could not have been over eight years old at the time.

"I have described enough of my early life to give an impression of the whole. I did not like to work, but did as much of it, while young as grown men can be hired to do in these days, and attended school at the same time. I had as many privileges as any boy in the village, and probably more than most of them. I have no recollection of ever having been punished at home, even by scolding or the rod, but at school the case was different. The rod was freely used there, and I was not exempt from its influence. I can see John D. White, the school-teacher, now, with his long beech-switch always in his hand. It was not always the same one either. Switches were brought in bundles from a beech wood near the school house by the boys, for whose benefit they were intended. Often a whole bundle would be used up in a single day. I never had any hard feeling against my teacher, either while attending school or in later years, when reflecting on my experiences. Mr. White was a kind-hearted man and was much respected by the community in which he lived. He only followed the universal custom of the period, and that under which he received his own education."

During the Christmas holidays, 1838-39, the boy's future calling was determined for him without the consultation of his wishes deemed so necessary by the youth of to-day. "Ulysses," said the elder Grant, "I believe you are going to receive an appointment." "What appointment?" asked the boy. "To West Point. I have applied for it." "But I won't go," said the youth. "But," he adds, "my father said 'I think you will,' and I thought so, too, *as long as he thought it.*" The prospect of travel appealed to the boy, particularly as he had already the reputation of having traveled much. On the other hand there was the dread of failure in passing the examination. Four boys from the village, or nearby had been graduated from West Point, but the son of their nearest neighbor, Dr. Bailey, had had a less fortunate experience. He had been appointed in 1837, and finding that he could not pass the examination in the following January, he resigned, and went to a private school, remaining there until the year after, when he was re-appointed—only to be dismissed before the next examination. The failure of his son hurt the doctor's pride so keenly that he forbade him to come home. "There were no telegraphs in those days, no railroads west of the Alleghanies, and but few east, and above all there were no reporters prying into other people's private affairs, consequently it did not be-

come generally known that there was a vacancy at West Point from our district until I was appointed. I presume Mrs. Bailey had confided to my mother that Bartlett had been dismissed and that the doctor had forbidden him to return home."

A desire to see Philadelphia and New York offset young Grant's aversion to West Point, especially as he hoped that after seeing the cities a steamboat or railway collision might temporarily disable him and thus unfit him for the physical examination. "A military life had no charms for me," he says, "and I had not the faintest idea of staying in the army if I should be graduated—which I did not expect."

However, he completed the course, not winning any great honors, and returning home with a strong desire to receive his uniform, and see how it looked. "I probably wanted my old school-mates, particularly the girls, to see me in it," he admits, "but the conceit was knocked out of me by two little circumstances that happened soon after the arrival of the clothes, which gave me a distaste for military uniform that I never recovered from. Soon after the arrival of the suit I donned it, and put off for Cincinnati on horse-back. While I was riding along the streets of that city, imagining that every one was looking at me with a feeling akin to mine when I first saw General Scott, a little urchin, bare-headed, bare-footed, with dirty and ragged pants held up by a single gallows—that's what suspenders were called then—and a shirt that had not seen the wash-tub for weeks, turned to me and cried: 'Soldier, will you work? No, sirree, I'll sell my shirt first.' The horse trade and its dire consequences were recalled to mind."

The other circumstance occurred at home. A dissipated stable man possessed of a sense of humor was the chief figure in it. "On my return I found him parading the streets and attending in the stable bare-footed, but in a pair of sky-blue nankeen pantaloons, just the color of my uniform trousers, with a strip of white cotton sheeting sewed down the outside seam in imitation of mine. The joke was a huge one in the minds of many of the people, but I did not appreciate it so highly."

Sheridan makes scant record of his school days, spent like Lincoln's under the care of itinerant masters. In his personal memoirs he bears witness to the methods they employed:

"When old enough I was sent to the village school which was taught by an old time Irish master—one of these itinerant dominies of the early frontier—who, holding that to spare the rod was to spoil the child, if unable to detect the real culprit, when any offence had been committed, would consistently apply the switch to the whole school, without discrimination. It must be conceded that by this means he never failed to catch the guilty mischief-maker. The school year was divided into terms of three months each, the teacher being paid in each term a certain sum, three dollars, I think, for each pupil—and having an additional perquisite in the privilege of boarding around at his option in the different families to which his scholars belonged. This feature was more than acceptable to the parents, at times, for how else could they so thoroughly learn all the neighborhood gossip? But the pupils were in almost unanimous opposition, because Mr. MacNanley's unheralded advent at any one's house frequently resulted in the discovery that some favorite child had been playing hookey, which means (I will say to the uninitiated if any such there be) absenting oneself from school without permission to go on a fishing or swimming frolic. Such at least was my experience more than once, for Mr. MacNanley particularly favored my mother's house, because of a former acquaintance in Ireland; and

many a time a comparison of notes proved that I had been in the woods with two play-fellows named Binckly and Greiner—when the master thought I was home, ill, and my mother, that I was at school, deeply immersed in study. However, with these and other delinquencies not uncommon among boys I learned at Mr. MacNanley's school—and a little later under a pedagogue named Thorn—a smattering of geography and history, and explored the mysteries of Pike's Arithmetic and Bullin's English Grammar about as far as I could be carried, up to the age of fourteen.

"This was all the education bestowed on me, and this—with the exception of progressing in some of these branches by voluntary study, and by practical application in others, supplemented by a few months of preparation after receiving my appointment as a cadet—was the extent of my learning on entering the Military Academy."

Of his career in the academy, Sheridan has an interesting word to say, and his encounter with his superior officer, Terrill, gives the keynote to the character of the man. Reprimanded by the boy-officer for some defect in dress the boy-private, deeming himself correctly attired came at his commanding officer with lowered bayonet, and on being reported by Terrill, he watched his opportunity to force on the punctilious young officer a battle of fisticuffs thereby plunging himself into deeper disgrace.

In seeking an account of Sherman's school-days one finds the first mention of school in connection with the illness of his father. "One day Jane Sturgeon came to the school, called us out, and when we reached home all was lamentable; news had come that father was ill unto death at Lebanon, a hundred miles away. Mother started at once by coach, but met the news of his death, about Washington, and returned home."

This event scattered the family, with the exception of the three youngest children. William Tecumseh fell to the charge of the Hon. Thomas Ewing who ever after treated him as his own son.

"I continued at the academy at Lancaster, which was the best in the place, indeed as good a school as any in Ohio. We studied all the common branches of knowledge, including Latin, Greek and French. At first the school was kept by Mr. Parsons; he was succeeded by Mr. Brown, and he by two brothers, Samuel and Mark How. These were all excellent teachers, and we made good progress, first at the old academy, and afterwards at a new schoolhouse built by Samuel How, in the orchard of Hugh Boyle, Esq."

Time passed quickly, and Mr. Ewing, who was a United States senator, seeing in a West Point vacancy an opening for the youth in his charge notified him to prepare for the academy. In the spring of 1836 the letter of appointment as a cadet was forwarded by his guardian, with a list of articles of clothing, which Mrs. Ewing generously provided.

"I left for Zanesville on the stage coach about the 20th of May," the General tells us, and then gives an interesting account of the places he visited, and the people he met before taking up his course of instruction in the academy. During a week at Washington, he met General Jackson, then President of the United States, and many other men whose names were known all over the country. Of his career at West Point he says: "I went through the regular course in four years, graduating in June, 1840, number six in a class of forty-three. These forty-three were all that remained of more than one hundred which originally constituted the class. At the academy I was not considered a good soldier for at no time was I selected for any office, but remained a private throughout the four

years. Then, as now, neatness in dress and form, with a strict conformity to the rules, were the requirements for office, and I suppose I did not excel in these. In studies I always held a respectable reputation with the professors, and generally ranked among the best, especially in drawing, chemistry, mathematics, and natural philosophy. My average demerits per annus were about one hundred and fifty which reduced my class standing from four to six."

Advocates of specializing in the work of the modern school will find little in these sketches to support their contention that individual inclination must be developed in school to ensure the fullest measure of success. All the testimony given goes to show that opportunity and environment then as now had much to do in determining a boy's life-work. They became great not through the influence of the schools but rather in spite of it.

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER V. (Continued.)

Miss Dane had a way of stating a fact or telling a story that added to its impressiveness; and Sarah, sitting on the hard, straight-backed chair, her feet dangling at a distance from the floor, was filled with awe, and as she heard the awful fate that ultimately overtook Miss Dane's friend, she resolved to her little soul that when Nettie asked her to go anywhere, she would go, lest the dreadful punishment, as portrayed by the solemn voice of Miss Dane, should also come upon her.

"What became of her?"

Sarah started. The boldness of Nettie in addressing this superior person was enough to surprise one less shy than the child. Miss Dane turned her head very slowly until her round eyes rested on Nettie, at whom she stared for a moment; then the head was slowly turned back until it regained its normal position, when she said, not deigning to notice Nettie:

"You were not at the party the other night, Miss Grace?"

Her name drew Grace from the reverie into which she had fallen. The soft color deepened a shade on the delicate face, as she said,

"No, I was not there."

"Why?" demanded Mildred, sitting up in her chair, all sign of racking pain disappearing.

"Oh! no reason at all, except that I didn't feel like getting ready and going," said Grace, but Sarah thought her cousin was feeling as she was wont to feel when Aunt Dilly demanded an explanation which it would not have been prudent to give. Yet it was plainly evident that Grace should have gone to the party remembering the sad story they had just heard. It would indeed be a calamity if her favorite cousin were to share the fortune of that other unfortunate lady.

"But you promised Mabel you would go," persisted Mildred. "She told me so."

"I said I might go," explained Grace.

"But she expected you, and was disappointed when you did not come."

Mildred's voice was condemnatory.

"She will get over it, I daresay!" re-

joined Grace, with a little laugh. "There were plenty to take my place."

"Oh, of course! but it is the principle of the thing," said Mildred. "I got out of a sick bed to come up here to-day, sooner than disappoint you all, and you wouldn't go down the road, half a mile, to Mabel's party, after accepting the invitation."

"If you care to lie down, Mildred, until your head gets better, you can go up to my room."

The voice of Alice, cool and smooth as slowly flowing water, followed the charge against Grace. It had instant effect on Mildred, who declined the offer. Then Alice gave the conversation a better turn by asking Miss Dane if her mother had put up her fruit. The smile on the guest's face shortened somewhat as she turned toward the collected Alice. Nettie, whose restlessness had renewed itself, had left her chair to gaze out of the window. But there was nothing on the tame, familiar landscape to interest her; so she turned from her observation to regard the people before her. Miss Dane's voice and smile, which always made the child think of the eyes of a spider when she had robbed it of its prey by liberating the web-entangled flies, ever had an exasperating effect on Nettie. Now, standing behind the visitor, she drew her radiant face into the long lines of the face of the speaker, while she imitated the stereotyped smile that made all upon whom it was poured feel uncomfortable. Sarah chanced to look toward her cousin and, noticing her hardihood, the wonder grew on her youthful countenance. Suppose Miss Dane were suddenly to turn and catch Nettie in that mocking attitude! The mere thought of the result of the discovery seemed to paralyze the feelings of the little watcher.

"Nettie, I believe mother is calling you!" Alice's voice was natural and her face was devoid of expression, as she turned her head quickly and beheld the antics of her young sister. "And Sarah, you may go out and play."

Sarah reluctantly got down from her chair and followed Nettie from the room.

"Isn't that just like her!" exclaimed the angry Nettie, as they stood in the hall. "She knows well enough that mother is getting out the silver and doesn't need me; but she thought we were enjoying ourselves in there. She never lets anyone do that if she can help it. You see how she shut Miss Dane up just when she was beginning to say something worth listening to? I did so want her to tell about the party."

"But Nettie, I think Cousin Grace did not like it," suggested Sarah.

"Grace? Humph! much she cares about their old parties or Miss Dane either!" declared Nettie. "If Grace wanted to, she could go to a party every night. But she doesn't care for them. I heard her tell Ben Anderson so. He used to beg her to go with him. Once Grace used to go often; but she doesn't scarcely go at all now. Oh! how I wish I had her chance!"

"Why won't she go?" asked Sarah, more interested in the problem Grace suggested than in Nettie's aspirations.

"Because— There comes that old Mrs. Bailey. Now we can go back to the sitting-room parlor, for it wouldn't be polite not to speak to her. Now don't you get frightened at her pop-eyes, Sarah! When I was a little girl they used to frighten me pretty nearly to death, and I know just how you will feel, when she makes you come up to her and kiss her."

One by one the guests arrived and when, as the dinner hour drew near, Mrs. Kenny and her daughters departed to prepare the meal, Sarah was left with the company. Unaccustomed to seeing

people, she studiously regarded the women who made up the party, and found in them characteristics which had escaped the surface-reading Nettie. Mrs. Bailey's pop-eyes did not at all disconcert her, for she felt the sympathy which lay behind them.

"Not much will be done for the child here," confided Mrs. Bailey to her next neighbor, in a low voice, lest Mildred should hear the words. Sarah knew that they were talking about her, and something in her shrank from the thought. She slipped from her chair and ran lightly across the room toward her aunt's chamber, which opened off the parlor. Into this Mrs. Niel, with the privilege of an old friend had retired on the pretext of showing Mrs. Halley the new rag carpet which had been laid that spring, but in reality to escape from the presence of the cordially disliked Mildred. Seeing them in the room before her, Sarah paused at the door, and fell into a contemplation of this detached portion of her aunt's company.

"You can get better acquainted with the company, if you see them by themselves," she confided to herself.

"Yes, indeed, it is a nice room and as clean as wax," Mrs. Niel was saying, and the little watcher noted how the brisk woman swept the apartment with her bright eyes. "There never was such another housekeeper as Mrs. Kenny."

"Humph!" sniffed Mrs. Halley. "It's a pity she couldn't keep her house clean with all those girls of hers to help her!"

"It was the same way when the girls were small and the boys were growing up, making more work," asserted Mrs. Niel, loyally. "I have been coming to this house since it became hers, and I never found it other than spotless."

Mrs. Halley sniffed again, and then walked deliberately to the bed which stood in the corner of the room.

"It's clean enough on the outside, but how is it on the inside? That's what you must know before you can tell whether or not a woman is a good housekeeper," she announced, and the horrified Sarah saw her turning back the coverlids. A great fear clutched at her young heart. What if Nettie had made the bed this morning, and there were wrinkles in the sheet! She clasped her little hands across her breast while the strained expression came into her face. She seemed scarcely to draw her breath as the inquisitive old woman lifted the quilts and examined the sheets and the mattress. Mrs. Niel stood by with an amused smile on her face.

"Well, how do you find them?" she queried, when the scrutiny was over and the bed was being restored to order.

"Clean as a new pin!" announced she, with a satisfied air. "That is a pretty quilt, too!" she added, stooping to examine the patch-work. "Do you know what it is called?"

"It is 'The Chariot Wheel,'" responded Mrs. Niel, and Sarah's heart leaped. It was one of the wonderful quilts and she had not known it had been taken from the great press. Bitterly she reproached herself that she had not come into this room earlier, when she might have beheld the wonder, undisturbed by the presence of the strangers. Impatiently she lingered at the door, hoping they would leave, but instead they drew up chairs by the bed, and sitting down began to gossip. Unable longer to endure the strain on her curiosity, Sarah slipped across the floor, and reaching the foot of the bed gazed with feverishly bright eyes on the quilt. She saw small, diamond-shaped pieces of variously figured and colored calico sewn together in a circular shape. The patchwork showed prettily against the white muslin with which the blocks were filled out; but where was the golden chariot with the fiery horses which her fancy had pic-

tured? Aunt Dilly, when in a good humor, had been wont to sing of this means of conveyance to the other world, and Sarah had fully expected to see the spectacle careering around her staid Aunt's feather-bed. Her disappointment made her, forgetting the presence of the women, cry out:

"This isn't a chariot wheel!"

Mrs. Niel started, but on turning and seeing the child, smiled and tried to draw her toward her. But Sarah had an instinctive aversion to being touched by all people, and she drew back from the friendly hands.

"A mighty strange child!" commented Mrs. Halley, but Mrs. Niel, having finer insight, made no comment, but said to Sarah:

"Yes, honey! this is the 'Chariot Wheel.'"

"But I don't see how it can be," insisted Sarah. "There's nothing here but scraps of calico."

"I know; but it is the way the scraps are put together that makes the wheel. It is round like a wheel, and the dark pieces on this side represent the tire."

As she spoke she pointed out the pattern to the child, but Sarah shook her head and said, sadly:

"It just might as well be called a wagon wheel as a chariot wheel. There isn't any gold anywhere. Aunt Dilly always said the chariot had golden wheels, and when they spun around they dazzled the eyes of the sinners so they couldn't keep looking up to see the saints going to glory."

"In the name of common sense, whatever are you prating about, child?" exclaimed Mrs. Halley, sharply, turning her cold eyes on the little girl.

"The golden chariot that my Aunt Dilly says is going to come down for her, when she is ready to go to heaven," explained Sarah, unabashed by the eyes.

"She must have been raised a Methodist!" cried she, "and I thought Tom Kenny was the last man in the world to let his child come to that!"

"Hush your nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Niel, seeing a strange expression coming into Sarah's face. "I agree with you, Sarah," she then said to the child, "it might as well have been called a wagon wheel. Now run out and play!"

Sarah went slowly from the room, the pain of disappointment in her young heart. What if the other quilts should turn out as badly as the "Chariot Wheel?" She could not go to Nettie with her trouble, for she was busy in the kitchen, and doubtless warm and fretful because of the extra work; so Sarah was forced to confer with herself on the misery of the situation. She climbed to the bench on the back porch, and as her eyes rested on the morning-glory vines, she was gradually led to the conclusion that the day would fall far below her expectations. The company, of course, was a wonderful gathering, its members seeming ages beyond the child. The subjects on which they talked were on the main subjects entirely foreign to those which occupied her young thoughts, and consequently partook of the marvelous. She supposed that when she was a woman she would have to know all those things, too, and on the threshold of life she felt herself shrinking away from what must be bought by pain and labor. She did not want to be a woman, but she realized that there was no turning back for the soul when Destiny stands behind it. Gradually she became conscious of the blossoms of the morning-glories, which, shaded by the leaves, still bloomed, despite the lateness of the hour. The longer she looked into their velvety pink and purple cups, the deeper grew the sense in her young heart of their joyousness, and the fainter became the pain caused

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MONSIGNOR CANON JOHN S. VAUGHAN.
From a photograph taken in 1902.

MONSIGNOR VAUGHAN AND HIS FAMILY.

BY THOMAS A. MCCANN.

During my college course at Georgetown University I had a professor who was an enthusiastic admirer of Mgr. Vaughan's writings. He recommended them not only as models of style, but also as an illustration of the way in which the most difficult questions may be rendered intelligible to the general reader. Extracts were read from them to show how a college-bred man may utilize his literary and scientific studies to aid Catholic journalism and to defend the cause of truth. At the same time we were reminded that the simplicity of style and the easy grace of Mgr. Vaughan's works are the perfection of art which conceals art; and that youngsters who hope to rival his grace are sure to fail, at least in their first attempts. All this has been recalled to my mind by the recent visit of Canon Vaughan to the United States. The bare mention of his name has re-

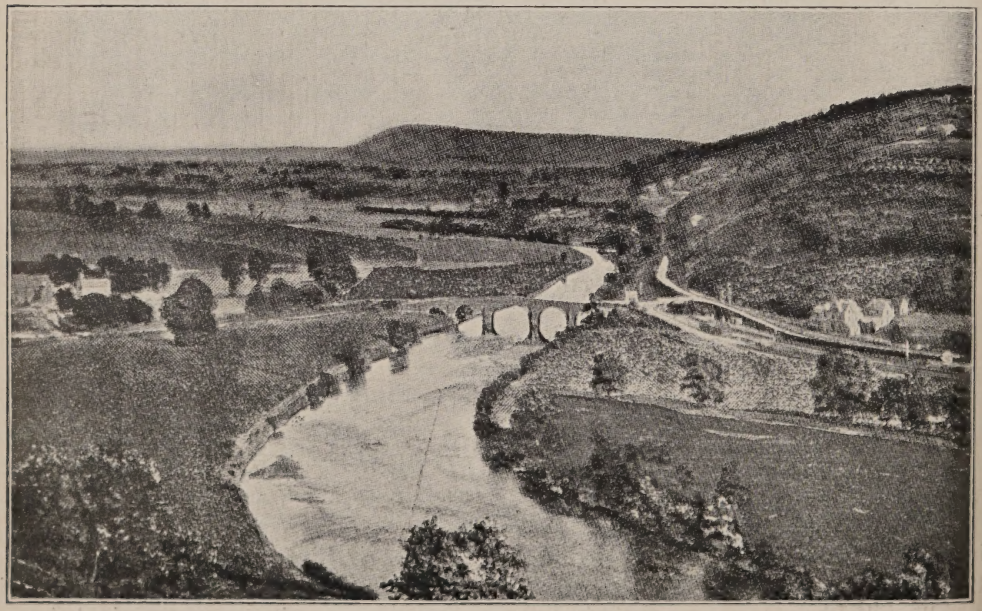
newed my interest in his published works and has induced me to look up the story of his ancestors.

Mgr. Vaughan's Ancestors.

From a Catholic point of view there are few families at the present day in England so remarkable as that of the Vaughans. They have been prominent in the Church and Army for the past six centuries, and the present generation is no exception to the rule. They are of Welsh descent with a slight admixture here and there of Norman and Spanish blood. The original form of the name was Vychan, which is interpreted to mean a cadet; and the Vaughans have proved by centuries of continuous fighting for their God or their lawful king that there is something in a name. Unfortunately Welsh words have an unpronounceable look to a stranger, and so we must refrain from giving the exact name and title of the Vaughan ancestors. Those who are satisfied with nothing less than exact information may consult a series of articles in *The Catholic Fireside* for November, 1905, by John Hobson Matthews. Mr. Matthews had access to the Vaughan archives, and he appears to possess the diligent research and calm judgment befitting an historian. We hereby acknowledge our indebtedness to him for much of the information contained in the present article.

Clan of the Herberts.

The Vaughans belong to the clan of the Herberts, who have left an indelible mark on the history of Wales from the twelfth century down to the present day. A lord of that clan, with many consonants and few vowels in his name, resided at Abergavenny in 1345, and his estate is still in the Vaughan family. A grandson of the aforesaid lord was knighted in 1426 and was popularly known as "the Blue Knight of Wales." By marriage with the Bluett heiress he became Lord of Raglan and founded the



THE RIVER WYE.
View from the First Lodge of Courtfield.

THE FRONT OF THE OLD FAMILY HOUSE OF COURTFIELD.

famous castle there. His son, Sir William Herbert, called "Black William," was created Earl of Pembroke by King Edward IV in 1468. He was taken prisoner at Banbury and beheaded by the Lancastrians. There were three principal branches of the Herbert stock, but two of them became extinct towards the close of the eighteenth century. They remained staunch Catholics from first to last in spite of persecutions, fines, confiscation of property, expatriation, social ostracism and even death itself.

The Vaughans of Courtfield.

The immediate family, to which Mgr. Vaughan belongs, are known as the Vaughans of Courtfield. Courtfield is situated on the banks of the Wye, a few miles southwest of Ross, in Herefordshire. Farther south the Wye flows into the Severn, and both rivers are immortalized in the following lines of the "In Memoriam":

"There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt-sea water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye
And makes a silence in the hills."

Courtfield manor is almost completely hemmed in by a horseshoe bend of the sinuous Wye. The beauty of the surrounding country beggars description; a host of sacred memories from the penal days to the present cluster about every cranny, nook and tree; and altogether the spot is a fitting foster-mother for warrior sons and pious nuns and zealous, faithful priests. Attached to the manor-house is a beautiful chapel, which has helped to keep the faith alive in the country for many miles around. In the east window over the altar may be seen the arms of Herbert impaled with those of Weld of Lulworth. The motto is one common to several Welsh families and is familiar to the readers of Mgr. Vaughan's books. It runs in Welsh *"Duw a digon,"* which means "God and enough." In other words, if God be with us, it matters not though thousands be against us. This motto has been verified to the letter in the history of the Vaughan family. The chapel contains various gems of art, and in the sacristy are some interesting personal mementoes of the

last three Popes. The little chapel in the neighboring town of Ross was also founded by the Vaughans of Courtfield. The same family have been considerable benefactors to the mission of Monmouth, their county town; and in the sacristy at Monmouth there is a record of the anniversary masses which are regularly celebrated for the several deceased members of this pious Catholic house. In 1792, when a committee was formed under Bishop Sharrock to arrange for the erection of the present chapel at Monmouth, the name of William Vaughan heads the list.

Persecution of the Vaughans.

Considering their prominence and their activity as Catholics, we are not surprised to find that the fury of persecution in the penal days was especially directed against the Vaughans. As early as 1605, several members of the Vaughan household were prosecuted by the Parliamentary Bishop of Hereford for hearing Mass at a place called Darien in the Monnow valley. In 1640 John Vaughan of Courtfield was compelled to sell a large portion of his estate in order to pay the fines imposed upon him for his adherence to the ancient faith. A letter is still extant, in which he informs a friend that he had sacrificed two-thirds of his lands for the sake of Church and King. During a long imprisonment he translated the works of Horace into English verse. The charge upon which he was convicted was that he maintained a "massing priest," to wit, Father John Broughton, who was both chaplain and steward at Courtfield. Readers of English history will recall that this combination of priest and steward was by no means uncommon in penal days.

During these centuries of persecution the Catholic gentry were veritable gold mines for the exchequer of the state; and greed of wealth alone, apart from religious or political motives, was sufficient to arouse the hostility and cupidity of their persecutors. The Vaughans lost extensive estates in three different counties, the annual income of which amounted to £1,000, which was considered an enormous sum at that time. Nor was the condition of Catholics improved when the monarchy was changed into a commonwealth. Cromwell issued a proclamation that his magistrates were to administer to every Catholic a test oath, which denied the essential doctrines of the Catholic faith; and refusal to take the oath meant confiscation and incarceration. Needless to say, the Vaughans refused to take the oath, and God alone knows the sacrifices and pecuniary losses which that refusal involved. For forty years (1650-1690) the name of John Vaughan is repeatedly found on "Recusant Rolls" and "Lists of Papists." As time went on, still more stringent laws were passed against Catholics, and in consequence the broad acres of the Vaughans dwindled down to a mere fragment. There remained only the manor-house at Courtfield and the adjoining park. Here pursuivants and priest-finders made a happy hunting-ground and plundered the owners with impunity. They visited the Squire of Courtfield at night, tied him to a bed-post, and left him there while they rifled his house; nor did they depart until they drove the very deer from the park. The chaplain, Father James Richardson, was forced to take to the woods on the hillside above the Wye. For ten days he was hunted by a Protestant mob, but was secretly succored at night by Dame Agatha, wife of Richard Vaughan of Courtfield. He spent seven weeks more in a disused lime kiln before he deemed it safe to return to the mansion. This was about 1689, when William of Orange first usurped the throne.

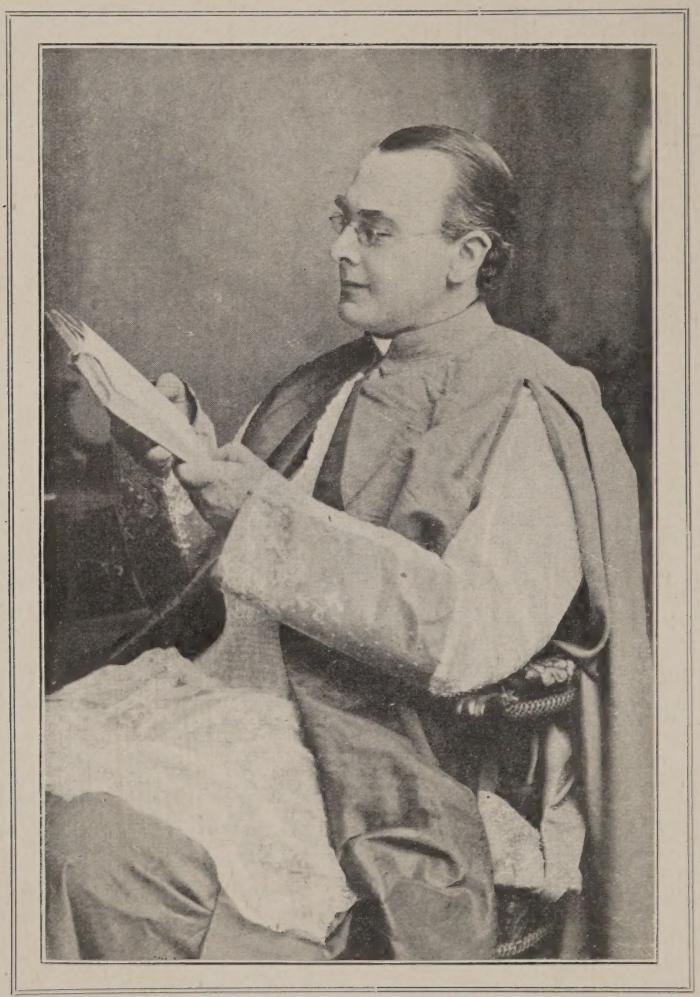
The Vaughans in Exile.

The abortive Jacobite rising of 1715 naturally resulted in a renewed application of the penal statutes against Catholics. They were required to take an oath of allegiance to George I. Those who regarded him merely as the Elector of Hanover refused to comply. Among them was John Vaughan of Courtfield, who acknowledged no king but James III. His son, Richard Vaughan, took up arms for Prince Charlie in 1745, and of course he had to suffer for his loyalty to the rightful sovereign. He took part in the sanguinary battle of Culloden and followed the Prince into exile. He and his brother, William Vaughan, were outlawed, their property was confiscated, while they themselves went to Spain and became officers in the army of that country. Both married Spanish ladies, and their descendants became grandees of

THE LATE CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

Spain. Richard died at Barcelona in 1795. His son returned to Wales, and by political influence recovered a large portion of his ancestral lands. He was the great-grandfather of Mgr. Vaughan's generation, and it was through him that

persecution are not soon forgotten, and it was only recently that the custom of fastening the chapel door at the beginning of Mass was discontinued and the presence of casual non-Catholic visitors encouraged.



RT. REV. JOHN S. VAUGHAN, D.D.

From a photograph taken in 1906.

the Vaughans of the present day can boast of Spanish blood. Henceforth the Squire of Courtfield and his Catholic tenantry might freely hear Mass in the family chapel. However, memories of

The Vaughan Archives.

Twice since the Vaughans returned from Spain they have resided at Monmouth, while Courtfield has been let to strangers. Nevertheless, the Courtfield

MONSIGNOR VAUGHAN.

Five portraits of the same person.

mansion contains a remarkable collection of family heirlooms, ancestral portraits and ancient documents. Mr. Hobson, already mentioned, declares that he has not met with a more interesting collection anywhere. At the time he wrote last year he was engaged in classifying and cataloguing the Vaughan archives.

The Vaughans as Soldiers.

True to their name, the Vaughans have always shown a marked preference for the profession of arms. They are soldiers born and bred; either soldiers of their king or soldiers of Christ. For successive generations the head of the Courtfield house has been colonel of the Monmouthshire militia, the crack militia corps of the country. What with Catholic officers and Catholic men of Monmouthshire or of Irish origin, Colonel Vaughan's regiment has received the honorable nickname of "the Papal Brigade." There is a special Mass exclusively for them in the old mission church at Monmouth, and the reverence of their demeanor is a tribute to their piety as well as to their discipline. A nephew of Mgr. Vaughan, Capt. Charles Jerome Vaughan, has his company in the old territorial regiment commanded by his father and grandfather. Capt. Vaughan took part in the Boer war and was invalided home after being dangerously wounded by a bullet, which he still carries in his body. He might have been wounded in a better cause, though doubtless he fancied at the time that he was simply doing his duty to his fatherland.

The Vaughans as Ecclesiastics.

After considering, even in a cursory way, what the Vaughans have suffered for their conscience and their God, we cease to wonder that so many of their members from generation to generation have been blessed with a vocation to the priesthood or to the religious state. In 1627 Thomas Vaughan, a younger brother of the fourth Vaughan of Courtfield, was ordained priest abroad by his uncle, the famous Dr. Giffard, Archbishop of Rheims and Primate of France. He was sent upon the perilous English mission

and after enduring many hardships he died at Cardiff about 1650. He is considered a confessor of the faith, though not actually a martyr. Passing over centuries and coming nearer our own times, we can speak with more certainty and

eighty years of age, at the monastery of Bishop Eaton, near Liverpool.

Mgr. Vaughan's Immediate Family.

Col. John Vaughan married a Miss Rolls of the Hendre, a lady remarkable

THE GRAVE OF CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

greater exactness. Col. John Vaughan, the father of Canon Vaughan, had three brothers, and all of them became priests. William, who was Bishop of Plymouth, is now dead; Richard, who became a Jesuit, is also dead; and Edmund, who is a Redemptorist, is still alive, nearly

for her beauty. She was the only member of her family who became a Catholic. Once she had entered the Church, she realized, in a marvelous way, all that appertains to the supernatural, and her beauty of soul seemed to surpass her beauty of body. If her children com-

mitted any childish fault, it was her custom to take them into the family chapel at Courtfield, make them kneel before the Blessed Sacrament and ask pardon of God; for she taught them that God's displeasure was more to be feared than that of man. Her one great desire and ambition and constant prayer was that all her children might receive a call to the religious or ecclesiastical state, which she considered the greatest gift of God to man. Verily her prayer was heard, for six of her sons became priests, and five daughters became nuns of various orders. This seems to confirm the popular opinion among Catholics that priests and nuns owe their vocation to the pious prayers of their mother. Judged on that principle, Lady Vaughan's soul must have been exceptionally dear to God.

Of her eight sons, Herbert, the eldest, became Bishop of Salford and afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, thus leaving the estate to his next brother, Roger. But Roger, too, turned his back on the world, became a Benedictine novice, and in due course Superior of St. Michael's priory, Belmont, and later Archbishop of Sydney, N. S. W. The Cardinal's hat was waiting for him on his first visit *ad limina* in 1883, but he died in England on his way to Rome; and the red hat intended for him was, after a short interval, given to his successor, the present occupant of the see. Archbishop Vaughan's mortal remains rest in the churchyard of the Belmont priory, a few miles from his ancestral home.

The third brother, Kenelm, who would then have come into the beautiful property on the banks of the Wye, refused to be tempted by the prospect that opened out before him, but entered the seminary and became a secular priest. He has recently returned from South America and met his brother, Mgr. John, in New York. He has been gathering funds among the faithful of Spain and her lost colonies for the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament in the new Cathedral at Westminster, and he is favorably known in North and South America. He is also a writer of some note.

Jerome, or Joseph, the fourth of the Vaughan's sons, likewise, in his turn, gladly let the home of his ancestors pass to a younger brother, and entered the order of St. Benedict. By his own individual efforts he collected £80,000, with which he built and founded the Abbey and school of Fort Augustus, Scotland, where he was for some time Prior.

The Estate at Length Has Found an Heir.

The paternal estate at length found an heir in the fifth son, Francis Baynham Vaughan. He imitated his father and joined the army. He is the present owner of Courtfield, and the representative of the family. He married Miss Caroline Pope, daughter of Mr. O'Fallon Pope of St. Louis, Mo., and sister of Fr. O'Fallon Pope, a distinguished English Jesuit, and head of Pope Hall at Oxford. At the time of Mr. Vaughan's marriage it was jokingly said that, as he felt no call to the ecclesiastical state, he did the next best thing and "married a Pope."

A Jesuit Vaughan.

The sixth son, Bernard, who was educated by the Jesuits at Stonyhurst, joined the Society of Jesus. It would be strange if the Courtfield family did not give at least one member to an order which supplied them with chaplains for many a generation at great risk and with untold sacrifice. Father Bernard Vaughan is perhaps the best known preacher in Catholic England to-day. Some years ago he gave a Lenten course in Rome and was much admired for his eloquence. He had previously given a course in the

south of France, where the present king, who was then Prince of Wales, was spending the winter season. One evening, after Father Vaughan had preached on Mary Magdalen, the Prince came into the sacristy, complimented the preacher on his sermon, and asked him as a favor to let him see the manuscript. The Father smiled and said that he had not written a single word, but that he would write out the sermon in full to please His Royal Highness. He did so, and had an illuminated copy printed for his gracious admirer. Through the kindness of a friend I have had the privilege of reading a typewritten copy of that sermon, and I feel assured that the royal compliment was well deserved. The finished elocution of the preacher must have added much to the style and diction. Father Vaughan is also an able conversationalist, and has vanquished, by his voice or pen, many a bitter enemy of the Catholic Church. He is at present stirring up the smart set in London by attacking the vices of high life. He is also a business man, and, when he was Superior of the Jesuit house in Manchester, he proved his financial ability by erecting extensive buildings for school purposes. He is, withal, the most genial of men, and it is whispered that he is a social favorite even at Court. According to the newspapers, he is coming to the United States next winter; and if he does, he will make hosts of friends by his captivating manners, and make a lasting impression by his zeal and eloquence. We hope that somebody who knows him intimately will write a fuller sketch of him for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

FIVE SISTERS NUNS.

As already stated, there were five sisters, and all became nuns. One became a Visitation nun, one a Poor Clare, another a Sister of Charity, and two entered the Augustinian convent at Newton Abbot. They have all gone to meet their Lord, for whose sake they sacrificed home and friends and all that life holds dear. What a happy reunion there will be when mother and daughters meet one another in the kingdom of bliss, to be inseparably united forever more!

VOCATIONS CONTINUED.

The seventh son, Reginald, tried his vocation as a Benedictine, but after eight months in the novitiate his spiritual director decided that he was called to remain in the world. So he quit the novitiate and went to the colonies, where he eventually married an Australian. He has five sons and four daughters, and he resides at Glen Trothy, near Abergavenny, in Monmouthshire. One of his sons is a Jesuit, and another is studying for the priesthood; and one of his daughters is a Poor Clare, while another is on the point of trying her vocation as a Sister of Charity. He and Col. Vaughan are the only two married sons. Each has a private chapel attached to his house, where the Blessed Sacrament is preserved, and each has a resident chaplain, who attends to the spiritual needs of the family and to those of the Catholic tenantry on their respective estates. Col. Vaughan, too, is blessed with the traditional piety of his house; for he has two sons priests, and one daughter a nun. What a contrast to the families of other English gentry, who are swayed by worldly principles and guided by earthly aims. Well does Mr. Matthews say of the Vaughans: "The Sovereign robbed them, the Parliamentary Bishops bullied them, the ministers badgered them, the sheriffs imprisoned them, the priest-finders worried them, the constables and church wardens scheduled them, and the magistrates fined them for some two hundred and fifty years, while their inferiors were loaded with honors and riches as

the reward of conformity to the new religion. They might well have cried out: 'Spare thy people, O Lord, and be not angry with us forever.' Yet God was not angry; He was well pleased and was reserving for this faithful race the honors which so greatly distinguish them today, with that prestige which even the world allows to an old Catholic family that has preserved unsullied throughout the ages of faith its loyalty, its honor and its dignity."

The Eighth Son.

We now come to the eighth and last son, John Stephen Vaughan, whose writings have inspired me to pen this sketch. It seems that John had but one desire in his youth, and that was to become a priest. He lost his pious mother when he was less than a month old; but fortunately the home atmosphere in which his childhood was passed was well calculated to foster his vocation. When eleven years of age, he entered St. Gregory's College at Downside, where he spent the next five years under the care of the Benedictines. During that time he carried off many prizes, and, at the age of sixteen, he went to the famous monastery of Monte Cassino, where he continued his studies for two years with some two hundred Italian companions. At eighteen he entered the English College in Rome, and began his philosophy and theology under some of the best known Jesuit professors of the time. As he was always a delicate youth, the Roman climate proved too severe for his weak health, and so he quit Rome and joined the theological classes at the Grand Seminary of Bruges, Belgium, where he continued until he was ordained priest. His ordination took place at St. John's Cathedral, Salford, and the ordaining bishop was his own brother, afterwards the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Mgr. Vaughan as a Priest.

His first position was that of professor at St. Bede's College in Manchester. But the climate and the work soon broke down a constitution which was never robust, and he was ordered to take a long sea voyage. As he was going to sea for his health, the longer the voyage the better. He took a sailing ship bound for Australia and was ninety-five days on the water, during three of which his ship lay becalmed in the tropics. Like St. Francis Xavier on his way to India, Father Vaughan exercised his apostolic zeal among the sea-men and passengers. He heard their confessions in a carpenter's shop, said Mass for them on Sundays in the saloon, preached to them, instructed them, and looked after their spiritual wants in every possible way. It must have been a great consolation for him, as a newly ordained priest, that he was able to say Mass every day except in a storm, and at Christmas he said a midnight Mass. The anniversary of our Saviour's birth is always a touching and a solemn festival; but it must have been doubly so at the dead of night, on the high seas, beneath a tropical sky. He whose throne is in the clouds, who rides upon the wings of the wind, who weighs the hills as in a balance, and holds the ocean in the hollow of his hand, who guides the planets through pathless space and can steer the rudderless bark—He deigned, on the anniversary of His birth as man, to visit and console a faithful few gathered together in His name.

Father Vaughan was not the only priest on board. He had as companion a young man named Father Kenny from Kilkenny. Both were in search of health, but Father Kenny grew worse and worse from day to day. Father Vaughan nursed him, gave him the last rites of the Church, and finally closed his eyes in death and buried him in the vasty deep.

What a blessing it was for the dying man to have a brother priest at his side! Father Vaughan was then twenty-five, and his friend twenty-eight. That death and burial at sea must have thrown a gloom over the rest of the voyage. Nay, more, a fond mother has followed that boy over seas in spirit; his premature death will take the sunshine out of her life and send her down to an early tomb.

"O mother, praying God will save
Thy darling,—while thy head is bowed,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave."

Verily "loss is common to the race!" "Never morning wore to evening but some heart did break."

When Father Vaughan landed in Melbourne, he was kindly received by Archbishop Gould, O. S. A. He then passed on as far as Sydney, where his brother was Coadjutor Archbishop with the right of succession to Archbishop Polding. Here he soon regained his strength and vigor, and here for some three years he preached, administered the sacraments, and gave missions and retreats in various parts of the diocese. It was a new experience; and the open-air exercise, the energetic life, and the hours spent in the saddle almost every day, soon restored him to health, so that he felt quite justified in returning to England.

Monsignor Vaughan's Activity.

On his return he was invited by Cardinal Manning to come and labor in the archdiocese of Westminster, where a wider scope of work and a better field for his energies awaited him. This he did and with much satisfaction; for he lived on intimate terms with the great Cardinal, and he still speaks of him with profound reverence and unfeigned affection. He spent a considerable time in the Cardinal's house, and many were the quiet little familiar chats they had together during that period. Then the Cardinal died, and he was succeeded by Bishop Vaughan of Salford; and so once again Father John Vaughan had his own brother for superior. It was during this period that he was invited to Rome to preach the Lenten course at San Silvestro. One day at the conclusion of the course he was surprised to find a document awaiting him from the Vatican. It turned out to be a communication from Leo XIII, creating him a Domestic Prelate of His Holiness. Some years later, when a vacancy occurred in the Chapter of Westminster, he was elected Canon by a unanimous vote of the Canons.

One of his chief works was to establish regular courses of lectures addressed to non-Catholics throughout London and the vicinity. He first collected a sufficient sum of money, and then a strong staff of lecturers. Next he hired the great town halls at Hammersmith, at Halloway, at Kensington, at Westminster,—in a word, all through London in regular order,—and each week he or another of the staff lectured to "all and sundry" about the truths of the Catholic faith. The lecture was always followed by inquiries on the part of the audience. All kinds of questions were proposed and answered at once, except where some authority was misquoted and it became necessary to refer to that authority. The written questions were always answered first, and the vocal questions followed, which, with their answers, often proved not only instructive, but most exciting; so that people were attracted in large numbers, and generally the halls were filled to overflowing. Much good was done. Prejudices were removed; the lukewarm were stirred up; Catholics soon learned how to defend themselves, to meet the objections, and to answer the difficulties that constantly crop up in a non-Catholic community; and, last but not least, many converts were yearly added to the Church. This work Mgr.

Vaughan carried on for some twelve long years. Nor was his preaching confined to town halls and lecture rooms; he preached frequently in the various churches of London, and made excursions to more distant parts of the country for the same purpose. He also gave missions and preached retreats not only to the laity, but also to nuns and priests in Ireland as well as in England.

Mgr. Vaughan as an Ascetic.

From what has been said about Mgr. Vaughan's career, it is plain that he was an extremely energetic man, that he loved the active life, and that his labors were blessed with abundant fruits. But he loved, and probably still loves, the contemplative life even more than the active. He did not hesitate to break off a useful career in his native land, to renounce ecclesiastical dignities, whether actual or possible, to hide his great literary talent under a bushel, to hush his eloquence in the silence of a monk's cell, to leave kith and kin far behind, and go into an austere monastery in a strange land, in order to be alone with God, and to make his soul in peace far from the distractions of the outer world. He gave up his great work in London and entered a Carthusian monastery at Lucca, in Italy. He remained among these holy men exactly three months. At the end of that time his health was a complete wreck, and his spiritual advisers were unanimous in the opinion that God did not call him to such a life. After quitting the monastery he was summoned to the Vatican by the Holy Father and placed at San Silvestro, in charge of the English-speaking Catholics in Rome. He is at present giving retreats to the clergy and seminarians in the archdiocese of St. Paul and the diocese of Duluth, Minn.

Anybody who has watched the career of Canon Vaughan or read his works cannot fail to observe that he has both an ascetical and a literary turn of mind. It was the spirit of asceticism which led him to embrace the austerities of the Carthusian order, and to turn his back on the comforts which a man of his delicate constitution and tender rearing would naturally cleave to. As a rule, we must suppose that a man practises what he preaches, unless we have evidence to the contrary. On that principle we can infer Mgr. Vaughan's practice from the bent of his mind and the general drift of his writings. Through the favor of a friend I have in my possession at present a leaflet of his on the necessity of mortification and self-denial in general. That leaflet contains *multum in parvo*, and is a direct rebuke to the luxury and easy living of the present day. After proving the necessity of self-denial from the Scriptures and from spiritual writers, the Right Reverend author suggests the following incentives to penance:

Incentives to Penance.

1. A strong personal love of our Crucified Lord. "He who loves," says St. Augustine, "thinks nothing hard, whereas the least labor or cross is insupportable to him who loves not."

2. An abiding memory of the sufferings and passion of Christ, our model. "Christ suffered for us, leaving you an example that you should follow in his footsteps."—I Pet. II : 21.

3. A sorrowful consciousness of our many personal sins and imperfections, which need expiation, and which must be atoned for either here or hereafter. "Thou shalt not go from thence till thou repay the last farthing."—Matt. V : 26.

4. A true appreciation of the enormous spiritual value of even the least act of self-denial performed through love of God; each act of which secures for us an increase of actual grace here, and a claim to a corresponding increase in glory hereafter.

5. A recognition of the eternal weight of glory purchased by such acts. "I reckon that the sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come."—Rom. VIII : 18.

6. The remembrance that mortification is the path that leads directly to our Father's home. "Through many tribulations we must enter into the kingdom of God."—Acts XIV : 21.

Mgr. Vaughan as a Writer.

Nearly all the Vaughans have written more or less. It is safe to say, however, that the youngest excels all his brothers, both in the quantity and in the quality of his writings. There is a peculiar charm about his style, which few writers of the present day seem to possess. It is more easily felt than described, and it recalls the pretty distinction of Kempis, that it is better to feel compunction than to know how to define it. All his critics admit that he possesses marvelous skill in presenting philosophical and theological questions in a popular way. He can strip them of the technical language of Latin and find a happy phrase to express the equivalent in the vernacular; furthermore, he has a keen insight into the analogy between the natural and the supernatural, and he can illustrate one from the other. For instance, to explain the pain of loss in Purgatory, he uses the following comparison: "To what can we compare a soul so situated? Nature can scarcely furnish us with an illustration. Perhaps we may liken it to the meteors, or 'falling stars,' as they are popularly called, which fall within our atmosphere. A meteoric body flying through space is, in virtue of the law of gravity imposed by God, attracted to the earth. It obeys this law and rushes towards the earth at a terrific rate—astronomers reckon it over thirty miles a second! It thus precipitates itself upon the earth practically unimpeded, till it enters the atmosphere surrounding our little planet. The atmosphere then checks its motion, acting upon it as a break; the friction thus produced raises the meteoric body to an intense heat. It burns, melts, vaporizes, dissolves, because its passage is retarded. It glows at a white heat, grows incandescent, and at last becomes consumed by fire, on the one hand, because of the impetuosity of its flight towards the earth; and, on the other hand, because that flight is partially arrested and retarded by the atmosphere. Did it seek the earth less ardently, or were there no atmosphere to interfere with its approach, it would not burn and glow so fiercely.

"What a beautiful figure this is of the soul consuming with desire in the flames of Purgatory! So soon as the soul has shuffled off its mortal coil, it finds itself, so to speak, within the circle of God's attraction. It is impelled towards Him with the utmost violence, as the meteor is impelled towards the earth. What now happens? There may be no grievous sin to raise an impenetrable obstacle—a wall of brass—between it and God. Nevertheless, if there be but venial sins, or but the slightest failing, but imperfections light as air, they will act upon it as the atmosphere upon the meteor; *i.e.*, check it, retard it, impede and interfere with its union with God, till in its anguish the soul burns and wastes away with unsatisfied desires, until every trace of sin is at last purged out."

The foregoing extract is taken from "Thoughts for All Times," and the title of the chapter is "Languishing for Love." Passages might be cited indefinitely to prove his power of happy illustration and graceful style. We said that he excels in the quantity as well as in the quality of his writings. Not to mention numerous leaflets and occasional verse of a superior kind, Mgr. Vaughan

has contributed many articles and essays to *The Dublin Review, The Month, The Irish Ecclesiastical Record, The Homiletic Monthly, The Catholic World, The Catholic Fireside, Merry England, Downside Review, The Humanitarian Review, Ave Maria,* etc. Some of these articles were afterwards republished in book form. He has written half a dozen books, which are a valuable addition to Catholic literature, and deserve to be called classic.

(*a*) "FAITH AND FOLLY" is a book of 494 pages on the intellectual errors and social difficulties of the day. It is now in its second edition. It has been received very favorably by the critics, and welcomed by the more intelligent class of the reading public. The common opinion is that it is a scholarly and a timely work.

(*b*) "EARTH TO HEAVEN" is a volume of 200 pages, also in its second edition. *The Dublin Review* says of it: "The style of the work throughout is lucid and clear, and the dignity and solemnity of the subjects considered are fittingly marked by the plainness and terseness of the language which is used in their exposition."

(*c*) "THOUGHTS FOR ALL TIMES" contains 436 pages and has already reached a fifth edition. As a proof of its wide application and general interest, it has been translated into German and is now being turned into Italian.

(*d*) "LIFE AFTER DEATH" has reached a twelfth edition, and has been translated into Spanish, Italian, French and Bohemian. As it is extremely difficult to keep the grace of the original in a translation, it is to be feared that Mgr. Vaughan's translated works lose much of their charm in a foreign language.

(*e*) "CONCERNING THE HOLY BIBLE: ITS USE AND ABUSE." This volume has recently come out, and yet it has already appeared in a French and Italian garb. His Eminence, Cardinal Logue, in a letter to the author, says of it: "I am deeply convinced that, in publishing these discourses, you will confer upon numerous readers the boon of a good solid body of instruction upon a most interesting and absorbing subject. Your book furnishes quite sufficient knowledge, on leading points, to enable the people to read the sacred text with intelligence, appreciation and reverence. Though you evidently aim at conveying this knowledge in the simplest and most popular form, still no one can read your discourses without feeling that they are the fruit of earnest and extensive study.

"You are to be congratulated on the success with which you have treated your important subject. You have been judicious in selecting points of great interest, and have shown great skill in their development. Your reasoning is clear and convincing, your illustrations apt and felicitous, and your language lucid and precise. Hence I believe that, for the great body of our people, who have not the time or qualifications for consulting more abstruse works on biblical criticism, your book will supply a very obvious want at a very opportune time."

In conclusion, let me pray that Rt. Rev. Mgr. Canon Vaughan may live long to continue his work as a writer and a preacher, and may he deign to accept this slight tribute of appreciation and respect from one of his many readers.

WHENCE CAME THE LIGHT?

BY JULIA SULLIVAN.

Whence came the Light?
Only God can tell;
But it came and brightly shone,
Pure, calm, serene, from the shadowy way
Where a loved one late had gone.

Jet black the night,
And they journeyed far,
These two whom she loved the best,
To pay their tributes of love and tears,
To her who had gone to rest.

Sombre and dark the lonely way,
No gleam of moon or star,
Sad converse low o'er days long past
And memories fond of happy years
With their joys too sweet to last.

Silent at last
And the darkness grew
Deep, heavy, and hard to bear
'Till there shone a light in the western sky
Like a glimpse of glory there.

Calm, bright, it shone,
And again was gone,
And again came back to view,
Guiding them safe to that dear abode
Where lay the loved and true.

Whence came the Light?
Only God can tell,
But it came and brightly shone,
Pure, calm, serene, from heaven above,
Where her faithful soul had gone.

THE DEFECTION OF MRS. CAPTAIN.

BY REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

When young Doctor Marlowe came to Corning, carrying somewhere in his luggage his hard-earned shingle, fresh from the paint shop—he little knew what excitement he was going to cause in that staid old New England town. He might have guessed had he been acquainted with the genus of such places that the mere announcement weeks before of the coming to town of a new doctor—made in the Daily News amid such state affairs as the painting of Tim Roche's house and Martha Cutler's birthday party,—was going to throw into the shade all other topics of conversation. For days and days it was wondered who he was, whence he came, what he looked like, was he married, was he going to be, was he any good, and what did old Doctor Blake who had seen past generations succumb to the infliction of his perpetual poultice and pill, think of this young upstart of a boy who was coming with a new diploma to be his rival?

And so when Dr. Marlowe did alight from the train on a Sunday evening he discovered from the nudging and whispering that took its course amid the crowd—which evidently included all the femininity of the town—that he was the conquering hero of the hour. Involuntarily he glanced at John Murray's wagon, as if, perchance, it might not be a car of triumph with a brass band hidden somewhere to do honor to him and his new shingle. But the wagon drove off with the box of boneless codfish it had come for, and the nearest approach to the town band was the whistling of the train in the distance. The doctor smiled and bowed to his audience, and entered the station to arrange for the removal of his baggage, which now attracted the glances of the ladies, and extorted their surmises as to whether all the trunks contained his clothes or his wife's,—that is, if he had a wife.

But the doctor was not prosaic enough to enlighten them upon the point, and grasping his suit case he trudged along the main street till he came to the aristocratic old mansion of Martha Pickering, the relict of the late Captain Pickering who served so nobly during the war of the Rebellion. When he was alive they were distinguished as Mr. and Mrs. Captain Pickering, and now that he had gone to his fathers there was no conceivable reason, to Corning folk, why the title she enjoyed should be taken away just because the Captain had been taken away, and so the widow was "Mrs. Captain" to the end of her many days and beyond that, even on her tombstone. But that is anticipating.

Pickering was the first name in the peerage of Corning gentry. Its origin had been lost in the dim obscurity of history, somewhere about two or three years after the Captain had come from battle with a title to bravery, and no one except the narrow-minded was anxious to remember that the Captain had questionable antecedents and, as old Tim Murphy who served under him testified, had done "more mean tricks than the divil himself." The Captain in his new dignity,—which was made still greater by his being elected a selectman and called upon every Decoration Day to give his reminiscences of the war, while the school children in white dresses and patriotic sashes surrounded him in Evergreen Cemetery and sang "America"—the Captain, I say, soon became an honored personage with glory enough to terrify even

Abigail Darling, who called herself a real daughter of the Revolution and who was, without doubt, past her teens, even at that remote period.

The Captain's glory was not dimmed by his sudden demise. Mrs. Captain still held to it tenaciously, and poor Abigail, who had hopes of recovering her vanished heritage when the Captain was well under ground, was doomed to disappointment. Mrs. Captain was still the leader of society, the first of the first families whose dictum upon affairs, general and particular, religious, social, artistic and political, was as final as the day of doom. It mattered not that her well-worn black silk, which had done service at weddings, funerals and affairs of state for an indefinite period, still clung to the fashion plates of the fifties. It had as many reminiscences as an antiquated actress, and Mrs. Captain was always eager to be its fond interpreter. But, leader of society as she was, and was conceded to be even by her younger opponents who aspired to that vaguely honorable title of rank, it was not on account of receptions and big dinners. Mrs. Captain always had a horror, vehemently expressed, of such abuses of the talent and the golden moments bestowed by a munificent Providence. She lived quietly and sparingly, —none of her guests doubted it,—not that she was poor, ah, no! she frowned coldly at such an insinuation. The dear, good captain she said had left her an honorable competence to withstand the ravages of time, but she lived humbly as a protest against the extravagance of these latter days when even that Irishman, Maloney, who had made money by nearly being killed in a railroad accident, had bid for social eminence by paying more for one dinner than would support an ordinary Irish family for two years, on their potatoes and whiskey. The way that Mrs. Captain delivered herself of this bit of social economy, and her emphasis on Irish and whiskey as correlative terms was sufficient to establish her equality with the best Pharisee that ever lived.

It was a shock, therefore, to the rural sensibility when it was learned that the great leader of society had let out her front parlor and spare chamber to the new doctor. The young ladies who had commented enthusiastically upon the doctor's good looks, his apparent prosperity, and other undefinable qualifications, were dumbfounded to see him pass the hotel,—where it was presumed he would stay,—and enter the aristocratic abode of Mrs. Captain Pickering who had been cautiously peeking out from behind her lace curtains from the moment she heard the train whistling its approach to the station.

Here was fresh material for the gossips! Mrs. Captain taking in boarders! She wasn't so wealthy after all! And the doctor—what could have possessed him to go there? Well, he must be a Protestant, even though some one had said that Father Johnson said he was a Catholic. But, bless you, Mrs. Captain would never give up her front parlor and its lustrous hair-cloth set to a Catholic, even if he was a doctor and young and handsome. So that point was settled, to his credit or discredit, according to the mind of the observer.

But the conclusion had been deduced from false premises. Certain as they were that Doctor Marlowe was not a Catholic, Mrs. Captain had been more certain still. In fact it had never entered her mind to suspect any such degeneracy as Catholicism in her first boarder.

The fact that he had no O or Mc. or something as positively Gaelic,—and she had never met, never supposed there existed Catholics with other titles,—was sufficient not to disturb her peace of mind or cause any doubt to arise when Dr. Pickering of Boston, her late husband's

second cousin, had written to ask her to board his dear friend, Dr. Marlowe.

There was no occasion for a discussion of the subject till the Friday of that week. From the very first the landlady had been won to her boarder. He was amiability itself, easy to suit, ready to help her, and above all a good listener, a fact that demonstrated his wonderful patience when Mrs. Captain had the floor, which was about all the time, generally speaking.

Friday night was meeting night at the Congregational Church, of which the doctor's hostess was an ancient and honorable member. It was always a sacred evening to her, and nothing short of a monument on top of her could keep her away from divine service. It was necessary for her to have a double portion of devotion, for the Captain in his day had been known, to himself, as a free-thinker, and to others as an old heathen, despite his honorable rank. And this religious disposition she carried after his demise, not that she thought it would better him—for somehow she fancied he had reached the nine choirs after all his vagaries and attacks upon things ecclesiastic and ministerial—but because it had become to her a second nature.

"Doctor," she said, as she opened her parlor door, "you don't forget Friday night, I hope."

"Friday night?"

"Yes, Friday night is meeting night, you know. You will come with me?"

She imagined the sensation she would make entering the church on the arm of the man about whom all the town was talking.

"Oh, meeting night, is it? But, Mrs. Pickering, I don't belong to your church."

"Oh! that don't matter much. I'm a Congregationalist, but I can stand Baptists or Presbyterians. Lots of 'em come to our church."

"But I am not either Baptist or Presbyterian. I'm a Catholic."

"A Catholic! Why, doctor, you astound me!"

She sank upon her sofa, for the second time in its many years of service.

"Why, yes, Mrs. Pickering, didn't you know? I told Dr. Pickering to mention the fact to you, fearing that such a blot on my character might lead you to reject me, and I fancied he had done so."

The doctor actually laughed at the woebegone face of the woman on the sofa, but she hardly heard him. She was thinking of the effect such an announcement would have upon her townspeople and co-religionists. Her house, the house that had sheltered Minister Browne when his own home was burnt, that had been sanctified by her daily scriptural readings—she forebore to think of the many times the Captain had raised the roof with other than pious ejaculations—now to be made the retreat of a Catholic!

"Doctor, how could you deceive me so? Oh, it is terrible, terrible! I am disgraced. I can't look dear Mr. Harlowe in the face again. Oh, you must go; you must."

With tears and groans, the sorrowing Mrs. Captain slammed the front door after her and crossed the street to the meeting-house, entering late for the first time in her life. She paid little attention to the service, and could not bless the Lord in any terms of joy and gladness. It was the period of her affliction, and in the burthen of all the hymns she fancied that every voice was shrieking at her, "heretic!" "Romanist!" "dirty Irish!" If she could have read the thoughts of many she might have found such questions as—"Mrs. Captain, where is the doctor?" "Mrs. Captain, why didn't he come?" "Mrs. Captain, how do you like him?" and so on.

There was only one thing to be done, —she must have spiritual advice. She

must go to Minister Harlowe and tell him all about her defection, weep out her affliction of spirit, and take counsel from him as to the reparation of the scandal. She forgot all about the members of the terrible inquisition who were waiting for meeting to be over to ply her with questions, and heedless of the remarks that were passed about her being more haughty than ever on account of her boarder—oh, the ignominy concentrated in the pronunciation of that word! —she went to the minister and unburdened her soul to him.

"To think of it, Mr. Harlowe, he's a Catholic."

"Who's a Catholic? The doctor? Why, I know it. What harm?"

The minister was forced to laugh at the tragedy so evident in her face.

"Why, Mr. Harlowe!" She was beginning to have doubts of his orthodoxy. "How can you laugh, at such a terrible calamity, and you the one we all look to for good example."

"Very well, Mrs. Pickering, and why not give an example of religious tolerance. You told me yesterday that you liked the doctor, he was so kind."

"Yes, and he paid me a month in advance. But it's the money of sin. You should have told me, you should, you should—" the tears were flowing again— "but I'll give it all back if it breaks my poor heart."

"Patience, Mrs. Pickering; the doctor strikes me as an amiable, intelligent young man. If he was an atheist you wouldn't think of putting him out. Be not un-Christian to a fellow Christian."

"Oh, Mr. Harlowe, it does me so much good to hear you say that, and I need the money so bad! But what will people say? But if you think it is all right, why I will bear my cross, and pray for his conversion, and perhaps he will see the error of his ways. Good night, Mr. Harlowe."

"Good night, Mrs. Pickering. But I think you will have a heavy task in converting him."

Mrs. Captain returned home somewhat mollified. She was determined to brazen it out with carping neighbors, and cast her burden this time not on the Lord but on the minister. She regretted the scene she had enacted before the doctor, fearing that perhaps he would demand his money back and seek other quarters, but she was loath to go to him and explain that there was no necessity for him to retreat. He saved her the trouble, at breakfast, by venturing on the subject himself.

"I suppose I must look for other quarters immediately," he said, looking intently at her, and wondering at the smile on her face.

"No, indeed, Doctor. Forgive me, but it was such a surprise. You must stop right here, even if you are a Catholic. Why, even poor Captain didn't have any religion to speak of, you know, and I never thought of putting him away."

"Indeed!"

The doctor knew it was not the fitting reply, but he was at a loss for something better. He was then in the class with the heathens and publicans along with the Captain. He smiled blandly, and went vigorously at the oatmeal before him.

And so the danger of removal passed with only a shadow. Mrs. Captain became kinder, if possible, than she had been. Her best preserves, hitherto reserved for state occasions, were in great danger of being exhausted, so frequently were they employed to tempt the appetite of the doctor, notwithstanding the fact that the athletic and voracious youth needed no such incentives to demolish the "dainty lunch" that took the place of breakfast, dinner, or supper, at very short notice.

It was a wise thought to put the blame on the minister.

The news leaked out on Sunday morn-

ing when the doctor was actually seen passing the Congregational Church and going to High Mass at St. Michael's.

That nine days' sensation would have despatched Mrs. Captain to the side of her dear Captain beneath the granite monument if some neighbors had had their way. How could she do it? What was she thinking of? Questions interminable, and to all the same answer:

"Ask the minister. He advised it. Watch me convert the doctor."

To the Catholics of Corning it was no less a source of wonder, but wonder that brought joy. At last they had a Catholic doctor, and for a long time Dr. Blake had little to do, so anxious was everybody to meet Dr. Marlowe and talk with him. But the nine days' wonder passed as all things mortal, and soon Dr. Marlowe was an established fact in the life of Corning. Nor was his popularity restricted to his own people. The fact that Mr. Harlowe vouched for him and declared himself his friend, much to the disgust of Dr. Blake, added to the weightier fact that Mrs. Captain, whose word was law, pronounced him the finest young man she ever met,—who knew more about the Scriptures than she herself, no matter what folks said about Catholics never looking into a Bible, and being made to swallow anything the Pope of Rome gave them—was enough to ensure popularity to anybody, let alone a smart, handsome man like this young Irish doctor. It was, however, only after an acquaintanceship of three months that Mrs. Captain delivered such a fulsome eulogy in favor of the Church in general and Dr. Marlowe in particular.

It certainly demonstrated the ability of the doctor to undermine, in such a short time, the bed-rock principles of the Reformation as embodied in Mrs. Captain, even to the acknowledgment that he wasn't half bad for being a Catholic. Not that she had relinquished her idea of converting him to Congregationalism. That was a thought that grew upon her. Indeed, it was this perseverance that taught her how much the doctor knew of the Scriptures, when he over-turned with one text the argument she had spent all afternoon in formulating. It disconcerted her for the moment, and she muttered to herself something about Satan's ability to quote Scripture, but in her heart she acknowledged that it was really hard work to snatch from the burning such a brand as the doctor. But it did not lessen her respect for him, even though she knew he had such idols as a crucifix and rosary upon his bureau. The good Lord, she trusted, would show him in time the folly of his ways.

The doctor, on the other hand, liked the old lady who constituted herself his guardian, spiritual and temporal. He discovered her soon for what she was, the soul of kindness and honor. Her religious animosity he knew to be a part of her existence, the result of prejudices of past generations, and while he smiled at her undisguised attempt to convert him, he let her argue, knowing that it gave him an opportunity to correct impressions which she fancied to be as true as the rising sun.

"Do tell!" she exclaimed, when, after her lengthy harangue about idol worship, he explained the real meaning of images. "Well, Doctor, I've got to believe you, for I know you wouldn't lie to *me,* but you see, you're the first Catholic I ever talked religion with, and I just always believed what Protestants said about your church. There it is, as I often told the Captain—it's never too late to learn."

The war of the angel of light—that was Mrs. Captain—against the angel of darkness—and necessarily that was the doctor—continued in this good-natured missionary spirit. Many of the staid Protestant neighbors looked with not too kindly an eye upon the liberal views of

their social leader. She was becoming too Irish, they thought, when they beheld her time and time again, mixing in with some of the doctor's Hibernian patients, but it was really high time to remonstrate with her when it was the talk of the town that she went to Mass with the doctor. And remonstrate they did.

The minister's wife was the committee of one, delegated to be the prophet's warning voice, but no prophet of good or ill ever received a greater shock than the same lady, who, as soon as she made known her business, was sent on her way again with such a scathing rebuke ringing in her ears that she declared to her husband she verily believed Mrs. Captain was possessed, all on account of that Irish doctor. Certainly, Mrs. Captain was possessed of something. The minister admitted that. She had laughed even at him when he had quietly objected to the bad example a church member gave in passing her own meeting-house, to assist at rites of idolatry.

"Idolatry! Why, Mr. Harlowe, it's you that's narrow now. Doctor Marlowe is a man, a real good man who is proud of his religion, and says his prayers when he eats, and always is doing good, and never refuses the poor. Why, he's a saint, he is, and any church that can make such men as my doctor, can't be very heathenish, so there!"

The discomfiture evinced in the minister's face as he hurriedly walked away was now a source of amusement to Mrs. Captain. Formerly it would have meant to her a sleepless night. But every word she said of the doctor was true. Piety and faith were to him a natural inheritance. He had never deemed it unmanly to be ardent in his faith. And thus it was that religion entered so deeply into his professional life. It was soon known that the doctor loved the poor; that he was always at home to them; always ready to aid them, and give them careful attention when he knew there was no money coming to him. Mrs. Captain admired this generosity. It preached to her more eloquently than any religious discussion. Yet it alarmed her, too.

"Doctor," she said to him one day, "you're just killing yourself. You're losing your appetite. I eat more'n you do now. Those long night drives will just bury you."

"But what can a man do? If people are sick the doctor must go."

"I suppose so, but if you die some one else'll take your place—that is, in the town, not in my house, though. Nobody'll ever take your place here, if you die."

"Very encouraging, surely," laughed the doctor, as he returned to his room.

But Mrs. Captain was nearly right in her prophecy, and that time came sooner than she expected. Heavy work and neglect of self had undermined the doctor's constitution, and the next morning found him unable to leave his bed. He bade Mrs. Captain enter his room when she came to call him as usual, and she looked at him with an "I-told-you-so" glance in her eye.

"Mrs. Pickering, I'm afraid it's pneumonia. Will you send over to Dr. Blake?"

"Dr. Blake? No, indeed. He'd only be too glad to see you leave town. I'll telephone to Dr. Bemis, to Pembroke. It won't take him long to get here."

The doctor laughed at her rejection of Dr. Blake.

"Very well, Dr. Bemis, then, and, by the way, you might send for Father Johnson. It won't hurt me to see him. I can make my confession, anyway."

"Confession, dear me, as if you had anything to confess. Very well, don't you stir and we'll have you all fixed up in a jiffy."

The doctor forgot his pains as he listened to her voice at the telephone. "Yes,

Father Johnson. That dear boy of mine is sick; pneumonia, just killed himself with charity. He's got something to confess, but I'm sure he never did a mean trick in his life. Right away? All right."

A few words to Dr. Bemis at the telephone, and she returned to the room to put things in readiness for the coming of the priest. She obeyed, minutely, the orders which her patient gave, and prepared the table with the daintiest linens which had been laboriously made years before, and never used since the day they were first put away.

"I wish the busybodies of this town could see Father Johnson coming here," she said, as she saw the priest coming up the front walk. "I'd be the talk of the town for a year."

"You might light one of those candles, and meet Father at the door, if you will, Mrs. Pickering. He may be bringing the Blessed Sacrament."

To Mrs. Captain it seemed almost like participating in idolatry, but she offered no objection. She descended the stairs with the candle in her hand, and without a word, conducted the priest to the doctor's room, and left him there.

As the doctor himself surmised it was a serious case. Dr. Bemis pronounced it double pneumonia. The greatest care was necessary, and he would send for a nurse immediately. But Dr. Marlowe objected. Mrs. Pickering was sufficiently skilled, and if she were willing, he preferred her to a stranger.

Of course Mrs. Captain was willing, yes, and delighted. It was preposterous to think of sending for a nurse, if Dr. Marlowe was satisfied with her care, and so she installed herself in his room, after having listened intently to Dr. Bemis' orders as to the treatment to be followed.

To Mrs. Captain it was a labor of love. The young man who had no relatives in the world received all the sympathy of her generous heart. During the long nights she watched untiringly, waiting till the morning dawned to steal a few hours of sleep, careful of his every want, uncomplaining of the hardship, indeed, not recognizing it as such. She got to yearn for the daily visit of the priest, seeing how much pleasure and new strength it gave her patient, and inwardly she blessed the kind face of the holy man who spread such unction about her house. But the hard days soon passed, and strength slowly returned to the sick man. It was a happy day when the doctor declared him strong enough to go South till the summer.

Mrs. Captain's heart was grieved as she heard the news. The thought of having her "boy" leave her was a bitter one, yet she uttered no word to show her real feelings, and only broke down when she heard the train that bore him away, whistling out of the station. The departure of the doctor was like tearing something from her life, and she prayed earnestly for the time when it would be restored.

That Friday night she went to meeting for the first time since her boarder had been stricken down. She felt that all eyes were upon her, and the minister's words on "Lack of Faith" seemed to be directed entirely at her head.

But she winced not, because she was oblivious of it all. She was thinking of things of faith, but of the things which up to now she had heard of as in a dream. The prayers she had read for the doctor out of his books; the litanies she had repeated for his responses every night during his illness; his patience in suffering, his pious ejaculations, came into her heart now with a convincing force. She could not see the minister. She saw instead the doctor's wan face, the face, too, of the priest who had come with what the doctor had told her was God Himself.

She saw herself again going before the priest, with the lighted candle in her hand, and immediately her heart cried out for it all, for something besides these bare walls, this lifeless form of religion, and, while the preacher continued his invectives, in her heart she knelt and begged for the coming of that God to her.

She did not wait for the service to be ended. There was a voice calling her, and she feared it might be silenced by delay. While the congregation sang a hymn which she had loved from childhood she left the meeting-house and crossed the street to the Church of St. Michael.

It did not take long for the great news to travel that Mrs. Captain was a frequent caller at Father Johnson's. The strangest stories began to be noised about. Mrs. Captain was to marry the doctor; Mrs. Captain was to become a nun; Mrs. Captain—but Mrs. Captain herself vouchsafed no information, and callers who relied on old acquaintance to obtain information were doomed to ring and ring without having the door opened. Even the minister was not admitted, which made him aware of the fact that the faith of his parishioner was in danger, and caused him to pray for her, with his congregation, in no uncertain terms.

It was true that Mrs. Captain was meditating a change of religion. Bravely she studied the little catechism which the priest had given her, day after day, week after week, and then one night when grace had prevailed she sat at the little table, which had come to her from past generations, and penned two letters, one to the doctor, begging him to be godfather to an old woman, the other to the minister sending in her resignation as a member of his church.

The next Sunday was eventful in the church circles of Corning. In one church a man was railing against the defection of a pillar of the old meeting-house, and in another a gray-haired woman was weeping tears of joy on the day of her First Communion.

ERIN'S FAITH.

BY THE LATE ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN OF HALIFAX.

The Faith on Erin's shore will never die;
All other nations may Christ's loving yoke
Cast off, and, by a demon-guided stroke,
The bond of union cut. But she,—tho' nigh
The icy regions of chill heresy,—
Unchilled, with youthful zeal shall e'er invoke
That God, Whose love, to her, great Patrick spoke,
And o'er her faith-forsaken sister sigh.
'Tis Faith that fans in her fair Freedom's love;
'Tis Hope that cheers her faith in every age;
Through these she bowed not to the mighty Dane;
Through these nor England's force her Church could move;
These are the secrets of her history's page;
These are her part on earth,—in Heaven, her gain.

THE FIRST SNOW.

SPANIARD'S INN, HAMPSTEAD, ENGLAND, WHERE MRS. BARDELL'S HOUSE STOOD.

SOME FAMOUS INNS.

BY J. E. BURTON.

The piazza-environed summer hotel and the many-storied city hostelry familiar to modern tourists bear little resemblance to the inn of coaching days which Dickens mentions so frequently. Even in his time the glory of the inn had begun to wane, but he made effective use of it. Leading his readers through London he points out queer, rambling places,—antiquated enough to supply material for a hundred ghost stories,—and pauses now and again to introduce a character that he deems necessary to the evolution of his plot. In this way he loiters in the yard of the White Hart to thoughtfully consider the appearance and occupation of a gentleman who is known all over the world—Sam Weller.

It was in the yard of one of these inns—of no less celebrated a one than the White Hart—that a man was busily employed in brushing the dirt off a pair of boots, early on the morning succeeding the events narrated in the last chapter. He was habited in a coarse striped waistcoat, with black calico sleeves, and blue glass buttons; drab breeches and leggings. A bright red handkerchief was wound in a very loose and unstudied style round his neck, and an old white hat was carelessly thrown on one side of his head. There were two rows of boots before him, one cleaned, and the other dirty, and at every addition he made to the clean row, he paused from his work, and contemplated its results with evident satisfaction.

"Sam!"

"Halloo," replied the man with the white hat.

"No. 22 wants his boots."

"Ask No. 22 whether he'll have 'em now, or wait till he gets 'em," was the reply.

"Come, don't be a fool, Sam," said the girl, coaxingly, "the gentleman wants his boots directly."

"Well, you are a nice young 'ooman for a musical party, you are," said the boot-cleaner. "Look at these here boots—eleven pair o' boots; and one shoe as b'longs to No. 6, with the wooden leg. The eleven boots is to be called at half-past eight, and the shoe

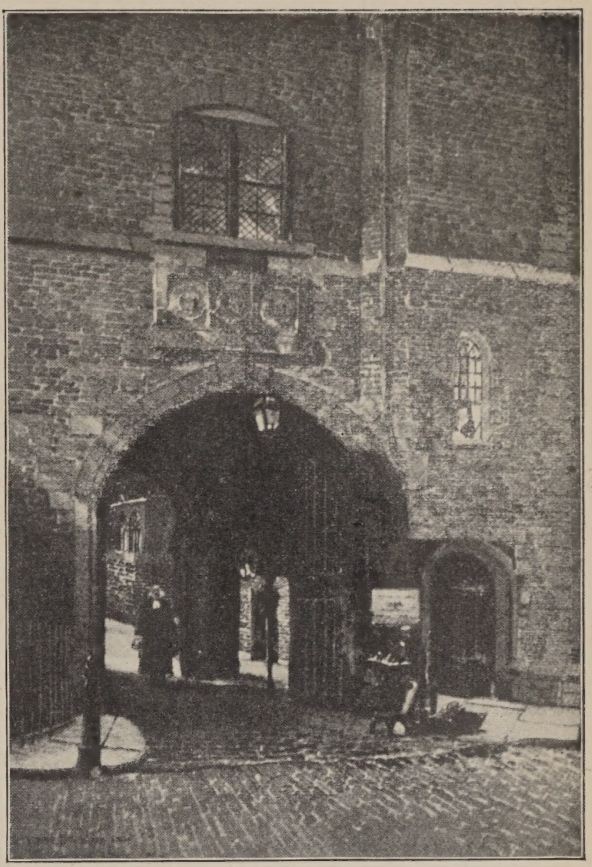
at nine. Who's No. 22, that's to put all the others out? No, no; reg'lar rotation, as Jack Ketch said wen he tied the men up. Sorry to keep you waitin', sir, but I'll attend to you directly."

Saying which, the man in the white hat set to work upon a top-boot with increased assiduity.

Pickwick and his boon companions coaching to Rochester in the "Commodore" seek the Bull, High Street, whose merits are extolled by a chance acquaintance.

"Good house," he says, "nice beds — Wright's — next house, dear—very dear—half a crown in the bill if you look at the waiter—charge you more if you dine at a friend's than they would if you dined in the coffee room—rum, fellows, very."

To which Pickwick courteously makes answer by inviting the stranger to dinner. A private sitting-room having been engaged, bedrooms inspected, and dinner ordered, the party walked out to view the city, and adjoining neighborhood.



LINCOLN'S INN GATEWAY.

Punctual to five o'clock came the stranger, and shortly afterwards the dinner. He had divested himself of his brown-paper parcel, but had made no alteration in his attire; and was, if possible, more loquacious than ever.

"What's that?" he inquired, as the waiter removed one of the covers.

"Soles, sir."

"Soles—ah! capital fish—all come from London—stage-coach proprietors get up political dinners—carriage of soles—dozens of baskets—cunning fellows. Glass of wine, sir?"

"With pleasure," said Mr. Pickwick—and the stranger took wine; first with him, and then with Mr. Snodgrass, and then with Mr. Tupman, and then with Mr. Winkle, and then with the whole party together, almost as rapidly as he talked.

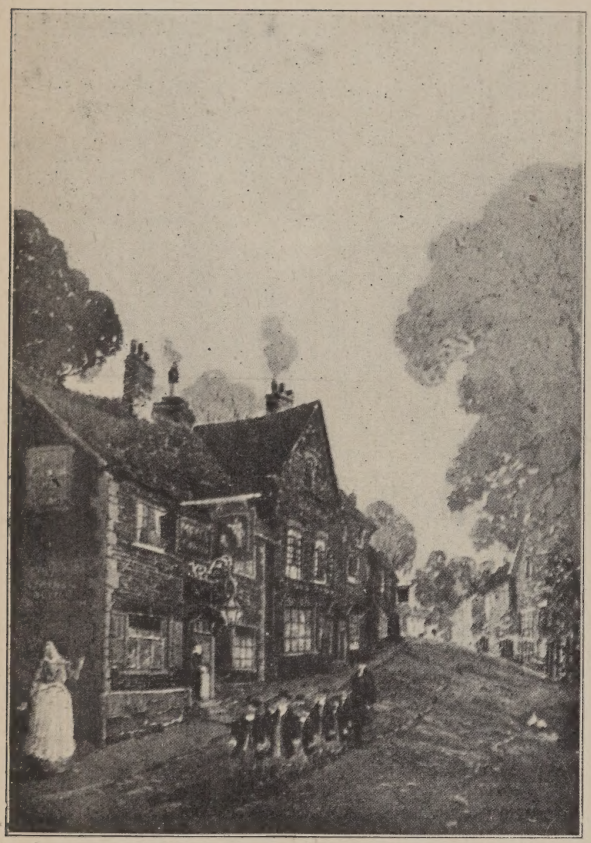
With equal alacrity the guest applied himself to the port and dessert; the waiter withdrew, and the friends were left to enjoy the cosy restfulness of the after-dinner hour.

"Beg your pardon," said the stranger, "the bottle stands—pass it round."

The wine was passed and a fresh supply ordered. Conversation flourished, and strains of music roused the guest and Mr. Tupman.

"They're beginning upstairs," said the stranger—"hear the company—fiddles tuning—now the harp—there they go."

Tupman and the stranger went, too, purchasing tickets for the ball held for charitable purposes, and uncharitably rousing the jealousy of the local doctor by their attentions to the Widow Budger. A duel is averted at the last moment,



THE LEATHER BOTTLE, COBHAM.

and amicable feeling established by another little party at the Bull.

The Blue Lion was the scene of an exciting event that led to the departure of the chivalrous Pickwick in post haste to aid in the rescue of Miss Rachel Wardle.

"How much are they ahead?" shouted Wardle, as they drove up to the door of the Blue Lion, round which a little crowd had collected, late as it was.

"Not above three-quarters of an hour," was everybody's reply.

"Chaise and four directly—out with 'em. Put up the gig afterwards."

"Now, boys!" cried the landlord, "chaise and four out—make haste—look alive there."

Away ran the hostlers and the boys. The lanterns glimmered as the men ran to and fro; the horses' hoofs clattered on the uneven paving of the yard; the chaise rumbled as it was drawn out of the coach-house; and all was noise and bustle.

And thus it came to pass that Mr. Pickwick made the acquaintance of Sam Weller, who was cleaning shoes in the yard of the White Hart when the pursuers arrived.

"Who is there in the house?" said Sam, echoing the question put to him:

"There's a wooden leg in number six; there's a pair of Hessians in thirteen; there's two pairs of halves in the commercial; there's these here painted tops in the snuggery inside the bar; and five more tops in the coffee-room."

The Leather Bottle, Cobham, described as "a clean and commodious ale house" figures in the fortunes of Tracy Tupman, whose letter sent his three friends in hot haste to Cobham. Arrived at the inn the three travelers entered, and enquired for a gentleman of the name of Tupman.

A stout country lad opened a door at the end of the passage, and the three friends entered a long, low-roofed room, furnished with a large number of high-backed, leather-cushioned chairs, of fantastic shapes, and embellished with a great variety of old portraits and roughly colored prints of some antiquity. At the upper end of the room was a table with a white cloth upon it, well covered with a roast fowl, bacon, ale and etceteras; and at the table sat Mr. Tupman, looking as unlike a man who has taken leave of the world as possible.

It was in the vicinity of the Leather Bottle that Mr. Pickwick discovered the stone bearing "a curious inscription of unquestionable antiquity." Accompanied by Mr. Tupman and the stone the searching party returned to London, and the chairman of the club was soon at home in his apartments on Goswell Street.

Although on a limited scale, they were not only of a very neat and comfortable description, but peculiarly adapted for the residence of a man of his genius and observation. His sitting-room was the first floor front, his bedroom was the second floor front; and thus, whether he were sitting at his desk in the parlor, or standing before the dressing-glass in his dormitory, he had an equal opportunity of contemplating human nature in all the numerous phases it exhibits, in that not more populous than popular thoroughfare.

The landlady, comely Mrs. Bardell, of bustling manners and with a genius for

THE OLD GEORGE INN, HIGH STREET BOROUGH, LONDON.

cooking, not only cared assiduously for the comfort of her guest, but even thought of giving him the place in her affections left vacant by the death of Mr. Bardell. Pickwick, suspicious of her intentions, and unable to cope with the danger single-handed, thinks of the quick-witted shoe-black at the White Hart, and summons him to Goswell Street.

"We want to know in the first place," said Mr. Pickwick, "whether you have any reason to be discontented with your present situation?"

"Afore I answers that 'ere question, gen-'lm'n," replied Mr. Weller, "I should like to know, in the first place, whether you're a-goin' to purwide me with a better?"

A sunbeam of placid benevolence played on Mr. Pickwick's features as he said: "I have half made up my mind to engage you myself."

"Have you, though?" said Sam.

Mr. Pickwick nodded in the affirmative.

"Wages?" inquired Sam.

"Twelve pounds a year," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Clothes?"

"Two suits."

"Work?"

"To attend upon me; and travel about with me and these gentleman here."

"Take the bill down," said Sam, emphatically. "I'm let to a single gentleman, and the terms is agreed upon."

"You accept the situation?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Cert'nly," replied Sam. "If the clothes fits me half as well as the place, they'll do."

"You can get a character, of course?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Ask the landlady o' the White Hart about that, sir," replied Sam.

"Can you come this evening?"

"I'll get into the clothes this minute if they're here," said Sam, with great alacrity.

"Call at eight this evening," said Mr. Pickwick, "and if the inquiries are satisfactory, they shall be provided."

The Town Arms, the Peacock, the Blue Lion, the hospitable George and Vulture in Lombard street; the Hop Pole at Tewkesbury where they stopped to dine; the Old Royal; the Saracen's Head, Towcester, where Bob Sawyer thrust his head in at the coach window; are among the inns Sam visits, the last-named winning from him this recommendation:

"There's beds here, sir," said Sam, addressing his master; "everything clean and comfortable. Wery good little dinner, sir, they can get ready in half an hour—pair of fowls, sir, and a weal cutlet; French beans, 'taturs, tart and tidiness. You'd better stop vere you are, sir, if I might recommend. Take adwice, sir, as the doctor said."

But best-known of all to admirers of Pickwick and his loyal servant is the Marquis of Granby in Dorking, conducted by Mrs. Tony Weller, and patronized all too well by Stiggins, the "shepherd" with the weakness for pine apple rum.

The Marquis of Granby, in Mrs. Weller's time, was quite a model of a roadside public-house of the better class—just large enough to be convenient, and small enough to be snug.

On the opposite side of the road was a large sign-board on a high post, representing the head and shoulders of a gentleman with an apoplectic countenance, in a red coat with deep blue facings, and a touch of the same blue over his three-corner hat, for a sky. Over that again were a pair of flags; beneath the last button of his coat were a couple of cannon; and the whole formed an expressive and undoubted likeness of the Marquis of Granby of glorious memory.

The bar window displayed a choice collection of geranium plants, and a well-dusted row of spirit phials. The open shutters bore a variety of golden inscriptions, eulogistic of good beds and neat wines; and the choice group of countrymen and hostlers lounging about the stable door and horse trough afforded presumptive proof of the excellent quality of the ale and spirits which were sold within. Sam Weller paused, when he dismounted from the coach, to note all these little indications of a thriving business, with the eye of an experienced traveler; and having done so, stepped in at once highly satisfied with everything he had observed.

"Now, then!" said a shrill female voice the instant Sam thrust in his head at the door, "what do you want, young man?"

. . . . . .

"Hush!" said Sam, "she's at home, old feller."

"She ain't vithin hearing," replied Mr. Weller; "she always goes and blows up down-stairs for a couple of hours arter tea; so we'll just give ourselves a damp, Sammy."

Saying this, Mr. Weller mixed two glasses of spirits and water, and produced a couple of pipes. The father and son sitting down opposite each other: Sam on one side the fire, in the high-backed chair, and Mr. Weller, Sr., on the other, in an easy ditto; they proceed to enjoy themselves with all due gravity.

"Goin', Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Off at once," replied Sam.

"I wish you could muffle that 'ere Stiggins, and take him with you," said Mr. Weller.

"I am ashamed on you!" said Sam reproachfully; "what do you let him show his red nose in the Markis o' Granby at all for?"

Mr. Weller, the elder, fixed on his son an earnest look, and replied: "'Cause I'm a married man, Samivel, 'cause I'm a married man. Wen you're a married man, Samivel, you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but vether it's worth while goin' through so much to learn so little, as the charity boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste. I rayther think it isn't."

"Well," said Sam, "good-by."

"Tar, tar, Sammy," replied his father.

"I've only got to say this here," said Sam, stopping short, "that if I was the properiator o' the Markis o' Granby, and that 'ere Stiggins came and made toast in my bar, I'd"—

"What?" interposed Mr. Weller, with great anxiety. "What?"

"Pison his rum and water," said Sam.

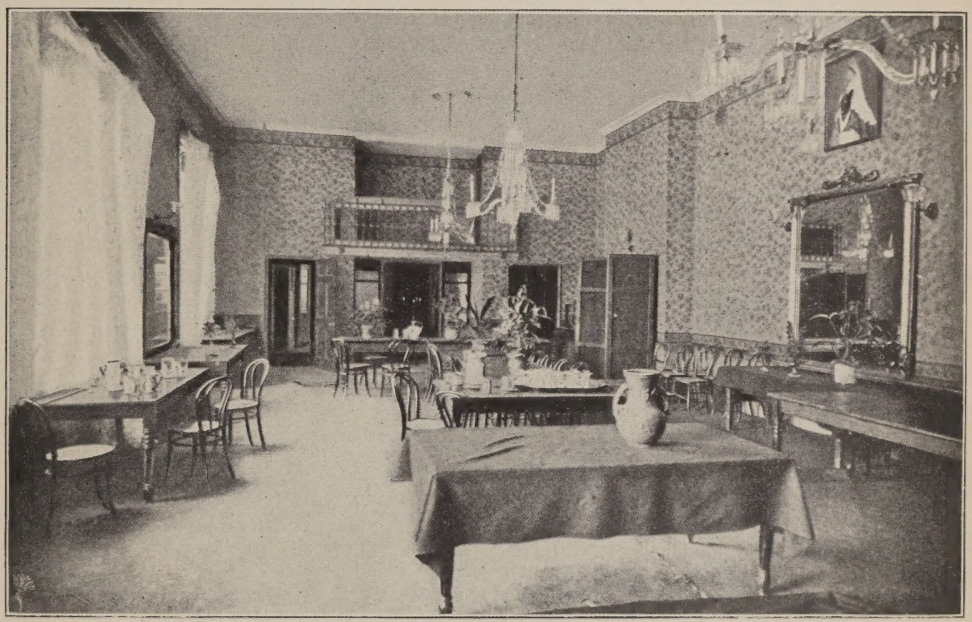
Sam is a type of the ignorant, astute, and devotedly loyal servant that Dickens delights in describing.

David Copperfield in the course of his travels calls attention to numerous inns—from the one at Yarmouth where a friendly waiter ate his dinner for him, to the coffee house of Gray's Inn where he met Dr. Chilip, after a delightful evening spent with Traddles, Mrs. Traddles, and five of the Misses Crewler.

The inn in the Whitechapel district where he waited to be claimed; the hostelry where Barkis met him on his re-

turn from school; the Lion, "a poor, cheap place;" the little inn at Canterbury where the Micawbers made one of their brief stays are familiar places to admirers of the master-novelist, who follow where he leads, even into the little room, partitioned from the commercial room, and flavored with tobacco smoke.

I think it was over the kitchen, because a warm greasy smell appeared to come up through the chinks in the floor, and there was a flabby perspiration on the walls. I knew it was near the bar, on account of the smell of spirits and jingling of glasses. Here, recumbent on a small sofa, underneath a picture of a race-horse, with her head close to the fire, and her feet pushing the mustard off the dumb-waiter at the other end of the room, was Mrs. Micawber, to whom Mr. Micawber entered first, saying: "My dear, allow me to introduce to you a pupil of Dr. Strong's."



BALL-ROOM, BULL INN, ROCHESTER.

And again, David makes reference to the unhappy plight of his friends, in connection with their environment:

The Micawber family were lodged in a little, dirty, tumble-down public-house, which in those days was close to the stairs, and whose protruding wooden rooms overhung the river. The family as emigrants being objects of some interest in and about Hungerford, attracted so many beholders, that we were glad to take refuge in their room. It was one of the wooden chambers up-stairs, with the tide flowing underneath.

The boy's life at Murdstone & Grimby's brought him in touch with the sordid problems of life, the chief of which was to satisfy his keen young appetite with the meagre food his few shillings could procure. The "stout, pale pudding, heavy and flabby, and with great flat raisins in it "made a lasting impression on his mind, if not on his stomach.

"It came up hot at about my time every day, and many a day did I dine off it. When I dined regularly and handsomely, I had a saveloy and a penny loaf, or a fourpenny plate of red beef from a cook's shop; or a plate of bread and cheese and a glass of beer from a miserable old public house opposite our place of business, called the Lion, or the Lion and something else that I have forgotten."

The bar of the Red Lion tempted the child to make an unusual investment.

"What is your best—your *very best*—ale a glass?" For it was a special occasion—I don't know what—it may have been my birthday.

"Twopence halfpenny," says the landlord, "is the price of the Genuine Stunning ale."

"Then," says I, producing the money, "just draw me a glass of the Genuine Stunning, if you please, with a good head to it."

. . . . . .

They served me with the ale, though I suspect it was not the Genuine Stunning; and the landlord's wife, opening the little half-door of the bar, and bending down, gave me my money back, and gave me a kiss that was half admiring and half compassionate, but all womanly and good I am sure.

Other places and scenes connected with the days of his adversity, are recalled in his account of his journey back to Yarmouth after he had completed his school course:

It was curious and interesting, nevertheless, to be sitting up there behind four horses, well educated, well dressed, and with plenty of money in my pocket, and to look out for the places where I had slept on my weary journey. I had abundant occupation for my thoughts in every conspicuous landmark on the road. When I looked down at the trampers whom we passed and saw that well-remembered style of face turned up, I felt as if the tinker's blackened hand were in the bosom of my shirt again. When we clattered through the narrow street of Chatham, and I caught a glimpse in passing of the lane where the old monster lived who had bought my jacket, I stretched my neck eagerly to look for the place where I had sat, in the sun and in the shade, waiting for my money. When we came at last within a

THE LITTLE INN, CANTERBURY, WHERE MICAWBER PUT UP.

stage of London, and passed the veritable Salem House where Mr. Creakle had laid about him with a heavy hand, I would have given all I had for lawful permission to get down and thrash him, and let all the boys out like so many caged sparrows.

We went to the Golden Cross at Charing Cross, then a mouldy sort of establishment in a close neighborhood. A waiter showed me into a coffee room, and a chambermaid introduced me to my small bedchamber, which smelt like a hackney coach, and was shut up like a family vault. I was still painfully conscious of my youth, for nobody stood in any awe of me at all, the chambermaid being utterly indifferent to my opinions on any subject, and the waiter being familiar with me, and offering advice to my inexperience.

Miss Betsey Trotwood awaited his return in a "kind of private hotel in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where there was a stone staircase, and a convenient door in the roof; my aunt being firmly persuaded that every house in London was going to be burnt down every night."

When we came to our journey's end he went home, engaging to call upon me next day but one; and I drove to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where I found my aunt up, and waiting supper.

If I had been round the world since we parted, we could hardly have been better pleased to meet again. My aunt cried outright as she embraced me, and said, pretending to laugh, that if my poor mother had been alive, the silly little creature would have shed tears, she had no doubt.

At an inn Mr. Boythorn meets Esther Summerson and Mr. Jarndyce, with an open carriage, and driving to his home points out Chesney Wold where live Sir Leicester and Lady Deadlock.

At an inn George Rouncewell and his brother "have a pleasant dinner and a pleasant breakfast, all in brotherly communion." Then they once more shake hands long and heartily, and part; the ironmaster turning his face to the smoke and fires, and the trooper to the green country.

These names are household words where Dickens is still read, and that he is read with undiminished regard is proved by the numerous editions of his works put forth every year. No novelist of the present provides such rare and varied entertainment, or combines with the art of story-telling the skill of the guide, making known even to the untraveled famous places in the great English city from which he drew in greater part the material for his matchless novels.

ON THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

BY "MAIRE."

Norah Varley was milking her cow, or, to speak strictly, her mother's cow, away up on Ard-na-Gaoithe, and was so intent on her work that she did not notice the man strolling across the fields towards her. As he came near the girl he paused, took a little book from his pocket, glanced rapidly to the front page, then closing it, walked closer and said: *"Baił ó Dhia ar an obair"* (God bless the work). Norah started and smiled slightly as she gave the customary answer.

"You are amused at my pronunciation," he remarked, smiling in sympathy.

"It must be born with you—must the Irish," said Norah, "but sure you are not bad for one that is only making a pastime of it."

Pastime! he almost gasped when he thought of the two evenings a week sitting in a stifling atmosphere, studying O'Growney, and the long hours he had struggled with the written exercises! Pastime, indeed! He glanced at Norah, who was serenely unconscious of his indignation. Her soft gray eye and gold brown hair pleased him. Norah recognized him as the stranger that was staying at the Widow Holleran's. The Widow's Mary had made the village girls acquainted with all his ways and doings. Norah knew he was a clerk,—that word carried but a vague meaning to her mind,—that he lived ordinarily in London, that his mother and father were Irish, and that he had come to Ireland hoping to acquire a better knowledge of the language. He tried to make friends with the country people around, hence Norah did not feel surprised when he spoke to her. She finished milking, and he turned with her.

"What a lovely place!" he exclaimed, "I must come here often again."

Surely Ard-na-Gaoithe looked lovely that midsummer eve. Out westward Lough Corrib seemed a sheet of shimmering gold, and the blue hills in the distance seemed to merge into the rosy sunset sky. There was scarce breeze enough to stir the bracken at their feet. A blackbird was singing somewhere in the little grove at the base of the hill. Sounds from the village became audible as they descended the winding path—the laughter and shouts of the children as they wheeled a barrow from door to door seeking contributions for the bonfire. Norah's cheek got redder as she heard another sound—a man's mellow voice whistling softly *Mo chailin deas donn* (My Pretty Brown Girl).

The owner of the voice came sauntering up the path toward them. He was a tall, dark young fellow, with face and hands tanned and roughened by toil. Tom Connor had long wooed Norah. Unlike most marriages, there seemed to be no obstacle in the way, save such as the girl herself chose to place between them. Tom had a tidy little farm, which pleased Norah's father and mother, and Norah being an only daughter, had a nice fortune, which pleased Tom's mother, who, to do her justice, loved the girl for herself. However, there was no hurry, Norah said to Tom, until her brother would be bringing home the wife, and then maybe she would be thinking of settling down, if she did not go to America. So Tom tried to be content and to possess his soul in patience, remembering with joy that he had an ally in old Billy, Norah's father.

Meanwhile it was his privilege to car-

ry Norah's can of milk every evening. Still he smiled good-naturedly as he saw it in "Mr. Byrne's" hand. It did not enter into his simple mind to get jealous of the gentleman from London. The said gentleman had a shrewd suspicion how matters stood between the pair, and he made some excuse for leaving them (he had dropped his little Irish phrase book, he said, and must return to look for it). Norah did not love Tom. She liked him in a placid way, but this evening she felt irritated with him without knowing why. The contrast between the two men forced itself on her mind. The white, firm hands, the low, broad brow, under the fair, crisp curls, the face stamped with that refinement which education sometimes gives, the blue eyes smiling so merrily, yet withal so kindly, into her own, stirred Norah's impressionable heart. Tom felt the jarring note in her manner towards himself, and made no effort to break the silence that followed Mr. Byrne's departure until they reached her father's door.

"Won't you be comin' in, Tom," Billy called from the hearth, where he sat smoking. A great politician was Billy, and very fond of hearing what was in the papers.

"I have a good bit to do yet," Tom answered, "and I'd be late for the bonfire if I delayed."

Nevertheless he shot a wistful look in Norah's direction to see if she would second her father's invitation. Norah did not heed it, and he turned and walked quickly off, whistling "Paudeen O'Rafferty" very loudly.

Meantime Norah hurried with the supper and hastened to deck herself for the bonfire and the dance. She knew from Mary Holleran that "the stranger" —as she called him still in her mind— would be there.

His coming there on the hill and speaking, and then escorting her halfway home, formed quite an exciting incident in her quiet life, and she was anxious to relate her adventures to the other girls, so she hurried with her toilet. A blue ribbon, a little necklace, and a clean white apron, were her contributions to the night's festivities. She looked twice at the white woolen shawl that was the gift of a friend in America, but with a "they'd all be wondherin'," she folded it away again and left the house. In Gortnaglar the bonfire was never made on a hill. A little way from the village the road widened near the chapel, and here was the favored spot. Thither Norah strolled. On her way she passed the ruins of the abbey; the walls were covered thickly with ivy, and out over the top hung a spray of white roses. Norah tried to reach for some, but they swayed softly just above the tips of her fingers.

Mr. Byrne was inside the wall, and vaulted lightly over it as he saw her. He had been strolling round the graveyard, feeling all the peace and none of the sadness of the spot. He pulled the spray within reach of Norah's outstretched hand, without speaking. "You should not pull flowers from a graveyard," he said, half gravely, half lightly, yet acknowledging to himself that there was some excuse for the profanation, if it could be called such,—as he inhaled the fragrance of the roses and admired the white pure petals.

"They don't belong to the abbey at all, sir," Norah hastened eagerly to explain, "they only hang out from the little corner that was a garden to Lambert, when he lived there," pointing to where the track of a house could still be seen.

"I see," he said absently. Her "sir" vaguely irritated him. It marked the distance between them, and for to-night at least, he felt that he would like to be one

with the people around him. He felt drawn, too, to Norah. She was the sweetest little girl he had seen in the village, he decided.

"Won't you give me one of your roses, child?" he asked.

Norah quietly chose a half-blown one and gave it to him. He thought of Mary Holleran's saucy smile when she had given him a scarlet geranium the day before. Yes, Norah was superior. He would tell his Ena all about her, and next year he would come—a flame from the heart of the bonfire arrested his thoughts. Norah quickened her steps, escaped from his side, and got in amongst the group of girls, but she was silent on the subject of the incidents of the evening.

The lighting of the fire was the signal for all the people to hurry from their homes, and soon they were standing round in groups. Billy was sitting on a stone relating to an admiring circle of old cronies various incidents of a certain stirring Parliamentary election, in which he had taken part in his youthful days, and his audience listened with as much attention as if they had not heard these stories at least fifty times, and the school-master whispered to his wife, who was the school-mistress, that if Tony Sullivan (a round-eyed urchin, who stood on the edge of the circle) would bestow the same amount of concentrated attention on the unitary method, he would have understood it long ago; and his wife nodded in sympathy, for the sad teachers ever carry about the burden of their profession. But the master's presence did not check the boys, who came along with wild whoops, bringing along their last and best contribution to the fire, a big barrel. Gortnaglar was a poor place, and a barrel for its bonfire was unheard of in its annals, and there were many blessings called down on the head of the "dacent" man who gave it.

John Byrne was delighted with the whole scene. He felt close to the heart of Ireland. Poverty he saw in plenty, but clean, cheerful poverty; want in many a pinched face, but trust and resignation, too; sorrow he saw on many a woman's seamed forehead, but hope shining from her eyes.

He thought of the city, the rush, the worry, the sordidness of poverty, the grimy want, and he felt as if he never wished to experience it again. He wondered where lay the charm of the present scene.

"Erin still keeps Beltaine Eve, but lights her fires at Slane," he murmured, as he saw the elder women walking round and round the fire telling their beads, followed, half shyly, by the younger girls and sheepishly by the boys. So the evening wore on; the stars came out one by one in the June sky, the fire burned lower, and threw lurid shadows and lights on the faces around, and athwart the sighing ivy on the abbey walls. The elders went home, each with a live coal for the garden, and some of them returned when they heard Paddy Flynn playing his flute, for Paddy could bring youth back to the aged toil-worn feet. Billy, amid great laughter, led out Tom Connor's mother, and Tom took occasion to whisper to Norah that they would make a fine couple dancing at the wedding. "Stop that now, Tom, and have sense," was Norah's answer, given in a tone that surprised him into silence for fully five minutes. Norah gave him the next reel. John Byrne watched them.

"They are a fine couple," he acknowledged, as he watched Norah's graceful gliding motions, and the manly, erect bearing of Tom as he followed his partner through the dance. John knew three

steps of a reel, which he had acquired after long and painful practice, but he did not feel at all equal to airing them for the benefit of the Gortnaglar population. Still, later on, when he had manfully restrained a desire to join in the quadrilles, and when Tom had relieved Paddy at the flute, he found himself dancing with Norah, and acquitting himself fairly well. His knowledge of a reel won the hearts of the people around, and many a hearty, horny hand gripped his own when the dance was over and Norah was sitting again by her mother's side with Tom Connor not far off playing softly "The Coolin." So the night wore on, with dance and joke and story and a little singing, but at midnight everything was still. And Norah put away her roses in the box that held her few treasures, but John Byrne flung his carelessly away, as he noted it fading on his breast.

He came many an evening after to the house of Norah's father to talk politics with him, and Norah on such occasions stayed quietly by listening; and there were evenings up on Ard-na-Gaoithe when she helped him with his Irish pronunciation, and he sang snatches of song to her, or told her stories, and he found her an intelligent and appreciative listener. He told her, too, of his own family—his hopes and prospects for the future—everything but the fact that in far-off London a girl wore his ring. Sometimes in the night his conscience smote him when he remembered Norah's rapt look, the love that she did not try to conceal, because she was unaware of its existence yet.

He argued with his conscience; he loved his Ena, he told it, and next year he hoped to make her his wife; and for Norah—she was as good as married to Connor—what harm was he doing her? Was he not educating her mind? So conscience was silenced if not convinced, and the meetings with Norah were of daily occurrence, while Tom, working hard at the bog from dawn till long after milking time in the evenings, had no suspicion of the truth. Norah was kinder and sweeter to him than ever, and Norah's brother was to bring home a wife soon, so his hopes ran high, and he whistled more than ever. The long roads home from the bog seemed short, for he could think of his *stoirin ban,* his *cailin deas donn.* To Norah the days went by as a happy dream. She felt, without understanding, that some new glad experience had come into her life. Hers was a simple mind, and her emotion was very simple. It was an entire worshiping of John Byrne.

Over and over again she said to herself the words he had spoken or the songs he had sung. His face seemed the last thing that she saw at night; his voice seemed to wake her in the dawn. John had no idea of the passionate nature that lay hidden beneath the quiet exterior, or he would have shrunk from awakening it. So the month wore on, till the June roses were fading, when one evening just at the corner of the churchyard where the white roses grew they two met for the last time. He was going up to say good-by, but Norah had seen him and came out so far.

"You are very good to me, Norah," he said looking down at the face where the white flash of pain had left its mark, "and I want you to take this." "This" was a little Irish prayer book. Norah smiled with delight, as she took it and opened it. Then her countenance fell.

"It isn't any use to me," she said, "sure I could only speak the Irish. I can't read it at all."

"Well, you'll learn," he answered, carelessly enough, "and anyhow it will remind you of me."

"Yes, it will," she answered, and her heart told her that she could never forget him. "But won't you ever be comin' back again?"

"Yes, oh, yes, next year," he answered cheerfully, "but later on, in the autumn." Then it rose to his mind that he ought to tell her, "I won't be alone, Norah, when I come again," he added.

She misunderstood him. "There'll be welcome for all you bring," she said, "if they are all like you." All like him! indeed, he hoped not. Conscience clamored again and would not be silenced.

"Look at all you do for us," said Norah, "you made us throw away the melodeon, and take up the flute again, to the jigs and reels that we were always pretendin' we didn't like, an' look how lovely the cross roads are now on Sunday evenin's besides havin' the boys playin' cards in at the shebeens and the girls doin' nothin' only wishin' for their passage to America—and we aren't ashamed o' our Irish either, an' we're proud o' our songs and stories. Oh! we'll all miss you, Mr. Byrne."

Some instinct it was that made the girl speak so. She spoke to convince herself just as much as to convince him, that her sorrow was not personal. With him she half succeeded. "All these things are nothing if I have hurt her," he said to himself. Norah stretched up her hands and busied herself plucking away the last white roses. Silently he took one from her and fastened it in his coat. Then together they turned up to Norah's house, and he sat for half an hour with her father, and the boys and girls came in, and drew him out with them to where the remains of the bonfire were to be seen still blackened and charred, and there was a dance, a "send-off" to the "dacint man" that came among them. John danced with all the girls in turn, but the last reel he kept for Norah. Then blessings and good-bys were showered on his head. He clasped Norah's hand, and her parents gave him their *mile beanacht* and a safe journey, little dreaming that he would take with him the heart of their only *cailin*. And John did not throw away the white rose she had given him, but laid it away carefully in his folio.

With dawn he was hastening to the railway station, fourteen long miles away, and soon he was speeding eastwards toward London, where his work and his love awaited him, and where there was no time to dream of the June sunsets in the Irish skies, or the love of a little Irish girl, who had only a heart to give him.

II.

For a long time after he had left Norah did not discover the truth with regard to her own feelings. She felt his presence round her still warm and tender. The songs he had sung kept echoing through her brain. When August was past, she gave a sigh of relief. One month was gone, and in twelve more she would see him again. She expected no letter from him. Why should he write to the likes of her? She kept out of Tom's way. He was too unlike her idol not to jar on her, and she wanted silence to dream her dreams. But one day she woke. Tom came up Ard-na-Gaoithe, where she sat, looking westwards at the little white billows rolling in to the base of the hill. He stretched himself down without speaking on the grass beside her. Norah smiled a welcome, but in her heart she wished him away.

"'Tis cold for you now out here," he began awkwardly. His love for Norah always made him feel awkward in her presence.

"Ah, no, 'tisn't," was the laconic reply.

Tom paused. He had an idea that his next communication might not be so pleasant.

"You are always dhramin' things lately, Norah," he returned, "maybe you didn't notice the way Mike is carryin' on lately."

Norah was roused. Mike was her brother, and she loved him dearly.

"I didn't, then," she remarked, after a pause, yet at the same time she remembered little things. Mike staying out every evening, the three new ties she found in his box and wondered at, the long pink ribbon that was in his pocket only last night, yet was not for her,—oh, yes, Mike was courting—she felt sure of it. Tom's next words confirmed it.

"The Widow Holleran thinks 'twould be a nice place for Mary to get into your house, and I'm thinkin' that Mike himsel' would like to be bringin' in the wife soon."

Mary Holleran! Norah never liked her as much as she liked the other girls. What was to become of her? She must clear the house for Mike's wife. It was expected of her. What should she do? —marry Tom Connor? No—no a thousand times. Why? The answer came so sharply and suddenly that her heart seemed to stand still. She loved another. The knowledge stunned her, filled her brain, and made her quite deaf to the voice of the man by her side, who, attributing her emotion to a wrong cause, was eagerly and anxiously offering her the shelter of his heart and home, telling her she need not wait longer, "he would not mind the fortune." At length his voice reached Norah, and in a confused way she understood what he was saying. She turned sharply round.

"Don't be talking about marriages to me, Tom, now or any other time," she said, and fled down the hill. Tom followed slowly.

"I knew her to be fond of Mike," he said musingly, "but I didn't think she'd take id like this, the craythur."

Before Advent Mike brought home his wife, and as the winter wore on, people noted Norah's hollow cheeks and listless air, and gave their opinion that the sisters-in-law were not pulling well. Norah encouraged the idea. Anything rather than the bitter truth. Yet, Hope whispered, he would come again. It was not long till the summer. Reason told her to banish him from her heart; that her love would never win a return.

Christmas came, and with it a letter from John Byrne. It was kind and friendly like himself. In the summer he hoped to meet them all again. He would be married then, and would bring his wife with him. Norah might be married then, too, or perhaps he would be in time to dance at her wedding. So the letter ran on with kind wishes for all the Gortnaglar folk, and Norah's face got white and whiter as she read. A letter was an uncommon event in the household, so Norah handed it over to her sister-in-law of the sharp glance and the keen tongue, with a request for her to read it out for the family. Then she hastened out and up Ard-na-Gaoithe. It did not seem to matter that the wind and the rain were blowing and beating in her face, nor that the grass was damp and sodden where she finally crouched down, facing the misty lake.

She wanted space and silence to face this new misery,—to bring his wife! Maybe 'twould be bonfire night—no, 'twould be later in the year; she could be gone to America. Ay, she could easy go now. But Tom—a shudder passed through her. No, she could not marry him.

Then she stifled her regrets and

prayed for strength, and by-and-by she became calmer and went quietly down the hill, smoothing back her damp locks.

"Musha, where wor you at all out in the rain," said her mother, grumblingly, as she appeared at the doorway.

"Oh, there abroad," said Norah, evasively, "I ain't much wet," though she could feel her clothes soaked through. In the morning her head was burning, and a cough racked her frame, but she struggled out of bed, and went round her daily duties as usual. The cough remained, spite of syrups and doses, even when the days lengthened and her proposal to go to America was laughed at by her people. A good America she had at home, and Tom's mother put her arms round the girl one day, and asked her when she was coming to be the light of their eyes,—sure Tom was tired waiting. Norah, looking into the faded eyes, was fain to make an evasive reply. Maybe after Lent. Many a one Tom could get now.

"He has his heart stuck on you, alannah," said the old woman, "an' he couldn't change it to anywan' else. God direct ye, 'lanna machree."

God direct her indeed! Norah echoed the prayer from her heart. Dimly her untutored mind grasped the idea of sacrifice. She found herself picturing the life she would lead as Tom's wife, the joy of the old woman. Tom's happiness and the shelter of his love for her own bruised affections. It would be right to tell Tom first, she thought.

Tom meantime made up his mind that he would formally ask for Norah at Easter. The suspense was wearing him out. She was odd in her way of goin' on these times, he thought. Maybe somebody else was after. A cold hand seemed to grip his heart at the thought. But she wasn't that kind of a girl, he decided finally, and then he shook his head, by way of giving up the problem. But the problem refused to be given up, and one day he met Norah accidentally crossing the fields, and he decided to "put it one way or the other."

"Norah," he said, when she would have passed on, "I think I'm long enough now waitin' for you, an' Easter is comin' on, an' I was gettin' ready to go down to your father wan o' these days."

Norah shrank from him. She saw that he was determined not to be put off. Her own courage began to ebb away. She could not tell him that she had given her heart to another. He saw the pain in her face, and his own became gentler and softer as he said:

"Norah, acushla, sure I didn't frighten you? 'Tisn't news what I'm tellin' you."

"No, 'tisn't, Tom," said Norah, sorrowfully, "but indeed I can never marry you."

Tom's look changed to one of amazement. Slowly, as he saw the earnestness and deep sorrow of Norah, the white look of pain flashed from her face to his.

"Is it any dislike you have to me?" he asked. "But never mind," he added, noting the tears in her eyes. "Sure I'll go to America."

America, and for him an only son! His mother, too, would die of a broken heart.

"Don't say that, Tom, for God's sake!" she burst out. "Sure it would kill your mother. Wait, wait anyway," she said falteringly, hesitatingly, calling up to her mind her resolution on the day that Tom's mother kissed her and asked her to be her daughter. "Wait till—wait till after the bonfire night anyway, Tom. Maybe I'd be more settled in my mind then."

"No, I won't," said Tom shortly, "you are putting me off long enough, as I said before. If ye'll promise to marry

me after bonfire night good an' well (though it's a long time to be waitin'), I'll stay at home. But if you don't"—

"I will promise, Tom," Norah said bravely and calmly. Tom did not attempt to kiss her. He put out his hand and let it fall softly on her head.

"The Lord bless you for them words," he said huskily, and so the promise was sealed.

III.

Bonfire night came again, and with it John Byrne—alone.

Financial causes had made him postpone his marriage, and an illness, produced by overwork, had made him hurry far from London. He felt nervous, weak and irritable. He could not stop thinking of Norah, yet the thought of her made him frown. He would be more careful on this occasion. There should be no more meetings on Ard-na-Gaoithe. Then the scent of the white roses came back to him, and he remembered how shyly and sweetly she had given him the rose that last night. He roused himself as he entered the station. Then, as he drove along, he felt sorry that he had not written to the Widow Holleran. He called himself a fool when they reached the door and found it locked. He sent away the driver, and stood waiting for a little while. Gradually the peace of the evening stole into his heart, and he looked on the familiar scene. Yonder, a quarter of a mile away, the ruins stood out against the sky, beyond it the village; farther still the lake, and away on the horizon misty blue hills with gold streaks on them, from the dying sun.

Slowly he descended the hill, meeting no one. He stopped at the abbey. The white rose bush was swaying over the wall, and, as he reached it, the sound of digging came to his ears.

The wall was low, and he raised himself to glance across. He knew Tom Connor, though his back was turned. In a flash it seemed as if he knew all. Mechanically he walked on, on straight to Norah's cottage, past where the bonfire was blazing unheeded. The light was streaming brightly through the open door. He entered, and the people stood up and gathered round him, with subdued welcomes.

"I'm sorry for your trouble," he said, as he grasped the hand of Norah's father. "How did it happen?"

"She got a cold and it settled on her," said the old man, huskily; "she thought it would wear away with the summer, but sure she's on her bed these six weeks. 'Twas the will o' God sure."

"An' the docther thought, too, there was somethin' on her mind," put in Norah's sister-in-law, quietly, "but hersel' said sorra thing was troublin' her an' she was glad to go."

He turned from the keen glance and entered the room where she lay at rest. The face was peaceful and lovely. Round the hands were twined her rosary beads, and round her were strewn white roses and their fragrance filled the air.

"She asked me to bury that bit of flower wid her," said the sister-in-law, pointing to a withered rose that lay on her breast, dead and scentless mid its fairer companions. Mary alone suspected the truth.

The withered flower told her secret to him. Reverently he bent down and kissed her forehead, and turning he quitted the house.

. . . . .

It happened many summers ago. John is happily married, and he is very proud of his wife. She is comrade and friend to him. But sometimes the scent of a white rose makes him see the sweet

dead face of the girl whose love he had won so lightly, and a strain of song reminds him of the golden summer evenings on the heights of Ard-na-Gaoithe.

Tom is married, too, but Gortnaglar knows him no more. He waited to smooth the sod on his mother's grave, and he carried his sorrow to a smoky city in the states. He is a good husband to the little Irish girl, and by-and-by perhaps he will take her back home, and they will kneel together where the white roses are growing over the grave of Norah.

ELFIN MARY.

BY JOSEPH NUNAN.

Thou art a winsome maid, my fairy,
  Flitting from chair to chair,
No creature of light is ever more airy
Than my blue-eyed, laughing little Mary
  My Mary with sun-kissed hair.

When musing in my cosy study,
  Or delving in some book,
In steals my darling busy-body,
With face, from play, bedaubed and ruddy,
  And with her sweet arch look.

She climbs and climbs until full seated,
  On my knee she rests awhile,
Nor stirs until she's kindly greeted,
Nor speaks until to her is meted
  A whole-souled, welcome smile.

Ah! bonnie wee maid, what untold pleasure
  You stir within my breast;
With joy supreme—joy without measure,
You thrill me, dimpled little treasure—
  Treasure priceless and best.

May heaven shield the child, forever,
  From grief's unsightly mien;
May it shower on her true joy that never
Ceases, like an eternal river
  That winds thro' banks of green.

THE RACE OF THE SPECIAL.

BY MARION L. EVANS.

In the latter part of the month of October, in the year 189—, I was working as telegraph operator in the division office of the B. & R. G. R.R., in the town of Newton.

The division office was located in Newton because there was a branch line extending south from the main line at this point; and, owing to the natural situation, Newton was the terminal for the two divisions of the main line, and for the branch line.

This branch, while it did not have much passenger traffic, was a good paying part of the road, as there were several large coal mines located on it, and valuable timber, that was rapidly being converted into lumber by the saw mills located at different points. All this traffic came over the branch to Newton, thence, via the main line, to Pittsburg, New York and other large Eastern markets.

The other end of the branch connected with the N. Y. C. & H. N., at a thriving little town by the name of Auburn.

The branch altogether was about eighty-five miles long, and had a number of mining and lumber towns located on it; but no place of importance.

As there was no important connections with the N. Y. C. & H. N. at Auburn, no fast passenger trains were run; but we had two local passenger trains each way daily, and one mail train at night, which always had a passenger coach on, more for the accommodation of chance passengers than for the revenue accruing to the company, as it was not very well patronized.

Because Newton was a division point for three divisions, the train dispatcher's office was located here, for both main-line and branch divisions; consequently, we had three dispatchers on duty all the time, and two operators, beside myself.

The work of moving trains over the branch was not very exacting, and the train dispatcher on that line was required to copy his own orders as the operators repeated them.

It was my duty to send and receive messages, details, and train reports for the different divisions, and I was busy continually, with the exception of rare intervals, when there was a blockade at some point on the road that necessitated holding back some of the loads, and requiring less trains to move business.

The country traversed by the branch was just in the edge of the mountain range. The road was a series of grades, more or less sharp, for forty miles from Newton, until the town of Troy was reached. Here the track was comparatively level for the next five miles, where the mountain proper began.

About one and one-half miles from the foot of the mountain was a small settlement, Boone. It consisted principally of coal mines, saw-mill, coal-chutes, water-tank and a small box depot.

There was quite a drop in the track, leaving Boone, for about one-half mile; this depression gave the heavy trains, of empty coal and lumber cars, quite a run, that enabled them to make the first sharp raise, and, for this reason, all trains stopped at Boone before starting on the long, hard climb up the mountain.

Nearly all trains got orders at Boone, and day and night telegraph operators were employed, keeping the office open all the time.

Harry Brown was working the third trick (12 midnight until 8 A.M.) on the branch, and as my hours on duty were

from 7 P.M. to 7 A.M., I was there during most of his trick. We became fast friends.

He was a cool, clear-headed young fellow, and I never knew him to get "rattled," even under some very trying circumstances. The State Fair had been in progress at Newton for three days, and this had been the last and biggest day of the occasion. There were passengers from Auburn, and all the towns along the line, at the Fair that day.

The evening mail had been held until 11 P.M. for the accommodation of the returning passengers. Two extra coaches had been found necessary to handle the business. Consequently, the train was too heavy for one of our passenger engines to haul; and a heavy passenger engine, borrowed from one of the main-line divisions, was put on, in place of the usual engine.

Owing to the frequent stops to unload passengers, and the heavy train, a great deal of delay occurred; and No. 21 was not over twenty miles from Newton when Brown sat down at the table, at twelve o'clock.

"You'll get the circus train," remarked Smith, the dispatcher he had just relieved, "and I'm glad of it. I don't care about the pleasure of working them down Campbell's Hill, and No. 21 will get there in time to make a bad meeting-point."

"Oh, some one had to fix them up," said Harry, "and I may as well do it as any one else."

The circus train was "Forepaugh's Combined Shows," which had given a performance that day at a place some fifty miles west of Auburn, on the N. Y. C. & H. N., and was to show at Newton the next day.

After the evening show was over, all speed was made to pack the heavy vans, animal cages, tents and other belongings of the great circus, in order to get to Newton and unpack in time for the next day's performance.

The season had been a prosperous one, and Newton was to be the last stand before going into winter quarters. The largest part of the employees would be paid off there, and return to their respective homes, until the spring season began.

Every one was in high spirits, and the work of loading the heavy vans went on with a rush. At twelve o'clock everything was snug and secure, and the tired workers "turned in" to get a few hours' sleep before the work of unloading began at Newton.

Just one hour later, the N. Y. C. & H. N. delivered the train to us at Auburn, and the crew, from engineer to rear brakeman, breathed a sigh of relief as they backed the heavy train in on the "Y," where we were to take possession.

The conductor on the incoming train remarked to our conductor: "You had better keep an eye on the first car of vans, just behind the last car of elephants; it's a 'high draw bar' and may cause you trouble. Hope you have good luck with the train."

One of our heaviest freight engines had been selected to pull the circus train out of Auburn, particularly on account of the bad track on Carpenter's Hill.

This hill was fifteen miles long on the northern side, and ten miles on the opposite side, including the gradual ascent from Auburn for about five miles, before the hill properly began.

The hill was the worst part of the road, consisting of numerous curves and short grades about two-thirds of the way down the northern side. At this point was a sharp curve around the angle of the mountain, one side of the track hugging close against the rock, with a drop of five hundred feet, or more, into the abyss, on the other.

This particular spot was called "Dead

Man's Curve," a name given it because of two or three disastrous wrecks resulting from trains getting beyond control and jumping the track at the curve.

Just below the track was nearly level for perhaps a quarter of a mile, and then stretched out in an almost unbroken descent to the foot of the mountain, with no curve to speak of.

About three miles from Boone, up the mountain, was Smith's siding; consisting of a short spur, for empty lumber cars, and a day telegraph office.

After checking the train, the conductor walked back and forth by the engine, fuming over the delay, and wondering what was the cause.

At the last moment, the engineer who was to pull the circus train reported sick; the only other man competent to run an engine was a young freight engineer, who had been running an engine six months. It was necessary that the train go, and at once, so Jones was ordered to back the engine down, couple on, and get out without further delay.

By the time the train was well in motion, they were just fifteen minutes late, with a steady uphill climb.

Jones was a determined young man, and, as he thought of the wife and baby at home, and the new cottage they were trying so hard to pay for, he told himself that they would make up some of that lost time if it were possible to do so, and perhaps his prospects for a passenger engine, with increased pay, would brighten.

By the time they came in sight of Walker, near the top of the climb, five minutes had been made up.

The operator saw them coming, and calling Newton, said: "Special coming." Brown replied: "Copy a 19 train order." (This form of train order could be handed to the conductor and engineer while the train was passing, and save making a stop.) He then sent the following order: "Special, engine 566 north, will meet No. 21, engine 810, at Desoto. No. 21 take side track."

The operator repeated the order, and, as the circus train was close, hurried out to hand the engineer his copy as he passed.

When Jones read the order, he remarked to his fireman: "Good old Brown, he's putting No. 21 in side track for us at Desoto, so we can fly going by there. If we don't go in on time, I'll miss my guess."

When No. 21 reached Boone, the engine pulled up to the tank to get water, and the conductor hurried into the little office to see if there were any orders for his train.

When he read the order to side-track at Desoto for the circus train, he grumbled: "Ain't we late enough now without holding us twenty or thirty minutes more for that outfit? Ask him if we can't go to Walker for them?"

But the operator replied: "They're out of Walker ten minutes ago, and you'll have to hustle to get clear."

The conductor hurried over to the engine, gave the engineer his orders, and, giving a signal with his lantern, jumped onto the rear coach and was gone.

The operator went back into the office, and heard Desoto calling Newton as fast as the instrument would work. Newton answered: "Circus train just went by, about forty-five miles per hour; must be running away. N." Brown opened the key and began rapidly calling Boone. When the operator answered him, he quickly asked: "Has No. 21 gone yet?" "Yes, just gone," was the reply.

"Great Heavens!" cried Brown, jumping up from the table, "the circus train's running away, and No. 21 out of Boone! They're sure to meet on Dead Man's Curve, and No. 21 is loaded down with passengers!"

When the special reached the top of

the hill, Jones shouted, over the boiler, to his fireman: "We've had good luck so far, and she is running good."

One minute later, as the full length of the train struck the drop, Jones reached over to the air-brake valve intending to apply the air-brakes gently, and keep the speed of the train down to safety.

As he pushed the small brass lever around a fraction, his heart warmed as he felt the engine respond a very little to the check; but the speed, instead of reducing, seemed to be getting faster. He pushed the lever farther and farther, until the whole force of the brake was on.

His face turned white as the truth dawned on him. "My God!" he exclaimed, "they have forgotten to connect the air-brakes, and we're running away. No. 21 will never make Desoto; we'll hit 'em about Dead Man's Curve."

His heart sickened within him; he reversed the engine with no perceptible difference; he kept the air-brake applied on the engine until the compressed air in the reservoir was exhausted, and it was necessary to release it to renew the supply. By this time they were flying past Desoto—and the passenger not there!

In the dispatcher's office we could do nothing but wait for the crash. Smithville had an operator during the day only and there was no possible hope of his being up at this time of night; still, the chance was worth trying, so Brown sat down again and began rapidly calling Smithville.

Our hearts almost stopped beating as the little brass sounder stopped and then began again, replying. "Quick, flag No. 21, and get them into clear, special north running away," ordered Brown. "There is a possible hope," he said, "if No. 21 can only get into siding at Smithville."

When No. 21 approached Smithville, a few seconds later, the engineer, seeing a red lantern swinging violently across the track, whistled sharply for brakes. By the time the engine was opposite the telegram office, the conductor had reached the front end of the train, and, before it had fully stopped, he swung lightly to the ground.

"Special running away, back up to Boone quick. I'll tell the operator to have the switch open."

Before he had finished speaking, the engineer had reversed the engine, the conductor swung onto the step, and the heavy passenger train started back down the hill. The conductor thought of the crowded coaches behind them, and breathed a prayer that they might reach the switch in time.

On and on, faster and faster, until the speed was terrific. Suddenly the white signal on the switch-stand shot into view, less than a mile away. The engineer could see the rapid swinging of a lantern moving towards the switch. Above the noise of the train, the awful roar of the run-away could be plainly heard.

Now the signal on the switch-stand flashes to red, and the engineer checks the terrible speed, in order to get safely into the switch. The glare of the approaching head-light flashes up, and the distance between the two trains is rapidly lessening, when the violent swerve of the engine tells him that they are safe in the switch, and he sees the light shine white again.

Instantly the heavy circus train shot by.

The passenger train was quickly brought to a stand-still near the depot, and the frightened passengers poured out to learn the danger. As they saw the train flying madly down the track, and realized what an awful death had barely been averted, some of them burst

into sobs, and others fell on their knees and thanked God for their deliverance.

When the circus train flew past Desoto, Jones realized that he could do nothing more than to check the speed of the train a little, and perhaps prevent them from leaving the track before they struck.

"Tom," he shouted to the fireman, "if you get a chance, jump."

But Tom shook his head.

A renewed application of the air-brake to the engine was hardly noticed. Even if the passenger train should, providentially, get out of the way, they could never round Dead Man's Curve at this terrible speed.

Faster and faster, until the dreaded curve was right in front of them. The engine reeled and rocked like a drunken man, gave a sickening lurch, and, righting herself, sped on.

At the time they struck the worst of the curve, the brake on the engine was grinding on all the wheels, and the engine had been pushed around by the train. This was the only reason the train stayed on the track.

The head-light on No. 21 showed dimly in the distance, and Jones gave a groan of despair, as he thought of the results of the next few seconds. While the danger of jumping the track had lessened, the speed increased sickeningly, and the roar of the train was appalling.

The engineer looked again and noted, with hope, that the head-light did not grow larger as rapidly as it should on an approaching train.

Hope suggested that perhaps they had been alarmed and were running to escape; his heart bounded at the thought.

They were rapidly nearing the foot of the mountain now, and a few seconds later he saw the switch-light flare red, and then white, and he knew the passenger was saved by a bare few seconds of time.

Jones caught a glimpse of the white face of the engineer, as they dashed by the passenger.

Nothing more could be done to stop the train; although they were running on level track, it seemed to go as fast as ever. It was only when they were coming into Troy that Jones was able to get control of the engine, and the train pulling up to the depot stopped.

Knowing that he could expect little consideration at the hands of the thoroughly frightened and infuriated circus attendants, he hastily slipped off his overalls, donned hat and coat, and jumping down to the ground, started towards the rear of the train.

The train had not stopped before a crowd of enraged men, carrying a tent rope, climbed from one of the rear cars and started towards the engine as fast as they could run.

Meeting Jones, they asked: "Had he seen anything of that engineer?" "No," was the reply, "and if I do, you won't need that rope. I rode down on this train, and I want to get a chance at that engineer."

The men rushed to the engine, where the operator was talking to the fireman. On asking him if he knew where the engineer was, he answered: "You'll not get him. Train hadn't stopped running, when he jumped off and took to the hills. Last I saw of him, he went by the office on a dead run."

The crowd scattered, and went to searching for Jones in the immediate neighborhood of the train; but soon gave it up, and went back to examine the train and learn what was necessary to be done to make things secure again.

A quick investigation of each car showed the animals in good condition, although considerably shaken up; but when they came to the long flat cars loaded with heavy vans, things were more serious. All the wagons were

more or less out of place, and two of the smaller vehicles had disappeared entirely.

After an hour's delay, the train was pronounced safe. Jones quietly climbed back into the cab, and resumed his place at the throttle; the air-brakes were connected the full length of the train, and the run into Newton was finished without further accident.

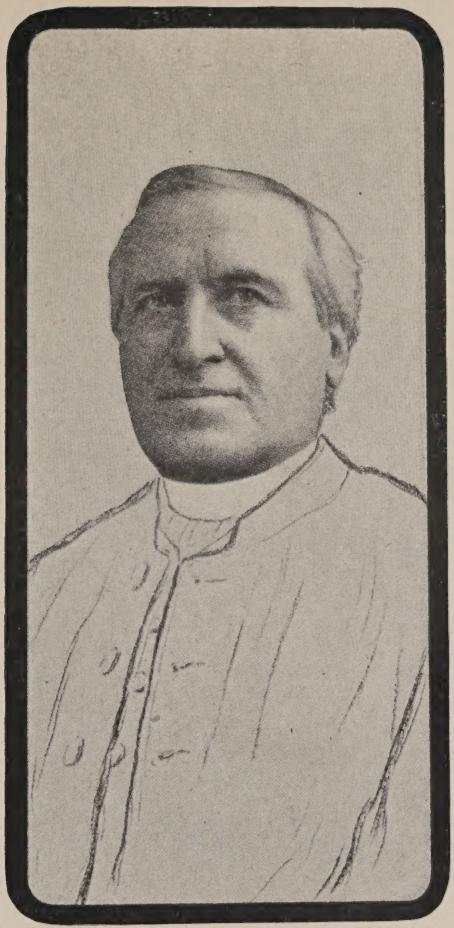
Next day the operator at Smithville received a brief note from the superintendent asking him how he came to be on duty at such an hour of the night?

In his reply, the operator stated that his wife had gone to the Fair at Newton and was returning on No. 21. He was sitting half asleep in his chair, and heard No. 21 get the order to meet the circus train at Desoto; and later, heard Desoto report special running away; he had lighted his red lantern and was waiting to flag No. 21 as soon as they came. This was the reason he had acted so promptly.

In a week's time both he and the operator at Boone received a personal letter from the superintendent, which read: "The company desires to thank you for your bravery and prompt action in emergency, and have decided to give you positions in the general offices at New York. You will arrange to begin your duties there with the new month."

Harry Brown is now superintendent on a big Eastern road, and I frequently drop into his office to smoke a cigar and talk over our old telegraphing days; but, if I refer to the way the special made up the lost fifteen minutes of time on that memorable night, a shudder invariably runs over him, and he remarks: "That is the closest I ever came to getting two trains together."

To this day Forepaugh's Show will not travel over the B. & R. G. between Auburn and Newton. They prefer to take the longer way round, although it lacks the excitement of the shorter course.



MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, D.D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The election of Archbishop Ireland as Chaplain-in-Chief to the Grand Army of the Republic is the latest proof of the regard in which His Grace is held by the veteran comrades. And that he has a warm spot in his heart for the G. A. R. was evinced by his sermon at the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Minneapolis. He was greeted by a congregation that filled the large auditorium and the gallery to the doors, occupying every seat.

The Archbishop's address teemed with patriotism. He recalled the spirit which prompted the hundreds of thousands of noble men to leave their homes and their duties in response to the call sent out by Lincoln for volunteers to stamp out the rebellion; spoke of the hardships which they underwent and of the reverence which should be paid by the men and women of the country to those who are rapidly passing into the great beyond.

"Chaplain Ireland was a man among men," says one of the old soldiers of his regiment, the Fifth Minnesota. He never asked you if you believed in God, but if you were brave and honest he presumed that you did. I don't know much about creeds, but I'd be quite satisfied to be a John Ireland sort of a Christian. No matter how tough a man was, he had only to go to the chaplain in his difficulties, and it was man to man. We fought all the better when he was about. He hadn't much use for cowards. He was a powerful force in shielding his soldiers, of all creeds, from the temptations of army life."

The Archbishop's earnest exhortation to Catholics to uphold religion in education must be fruitful alike in its effect on thoughtful minds, alert to the dangers of the age, and in rousing the thoughtless to a sense of duty.

"The peril of the age, the peril of Ameri-

ca," says Archbishop Ireland, "is secularism in schools and colleges. I signalize the peril; how it is to be removed the people of the land will some day declare when the harsh lessons of facts have forced them to realize the gravity of the situation.

"To Catholics I can speak with special insistence of the necessity of religion in education. With Catholics, all hopes for weal and happiness, in time and eternity, are wrapped up in religion—in religion as expounded and practiced by the Catholic Church. The religious faith is the treasure, precious above all others, which they covet for themselves; the legacy, precious above all others, with which they wish to dower their children.

"For this reason they should bend their energies to give their children a thoroughly Catholic education. There is no room for argument—experience teaches too clearly the lesson—nothing but the daily drill in the teachings of the faith, and assiduously breathings of an atmosphere permeated with the spirit of faith will sink religion so deeply into the soul of the child that it must remain there through life unaltered and unwavering.

"We cannot but look with alarm on the future of religion in America, when we recall what a large fraction of children are excluded from Catholic schools, and how little is done for the religious instruction of such children. The losses to the faith will be immense unless much more is done for our little ones than is being actually done. Heretofore we have not been made to feel, as we feel to-day, how vitally important it

Photograph by Conlin.

RT. REV. LOUIS S. WALSH, D.D.

is to attend to the religious instruction of childhood. Heretofore Catholics lived very largely in a strong inherited faith, nor were they heretofore exposed to the perils which now confront them. Conditions and circumstances are altered; our plans and methods of work must be altered accordingly. If, in the past, we labored for our children and youth, we must, in the future, labor for them with energy and zeal increased a hundredfold. As never before, we must exhort parents to send their children to Catholic schools and colleges. The hope of the Catholic Church in America is in Catholic schools and colleges."

The newly-appointed Bishop of Portland, Me., the Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D.D., has been known to the Catholic people of New England for many years as one of the clergymen most interested in the education of the young and for his defense of parochial schools in public when occasion demanded it.

His office of supervisor of parochial schools of the archdiocese of Boston has brought him into close connection with every parish, and his connection with St. John's Seminary, Brighton, for many years previous, brought him in direct communication with many of the students of that institution who are now among the pastors all over the New England states.

Bishop Walsh was born in Salem, in 1859, and attended the public schools in that city. On completing the course he entered Holy Cross College, Worcester, to study for the priesthood. He spent two years at Montreal in the Grand Seminary, and was later sent by Archbishop Williams to finish his ecclesiastical studies at the Grand Seminary in Paris, From Paris Father Walsh went to Rome, where he was ordained to the priesthood in December, 1882. On his return to his own diocese he was appointed assistant to Rev. William Daly, then pastor of St. Joseph's, Boston. He remained at St. Joseph's with Father Daly and Very Rev. William Byrne, V.G., his successor in the pastorate of the church, until the opening of St. John's Seminary in Brighton. Abbe Hogan, who had taken so much interest in Father Walsh as a student in Paris, later asked and obtained permission to have with him Father Walsh. For several years he taught as professor of rubrics and church history, and then as professor of canon law, resigning the latter position to act as treasurer of the seminary. In 1897 Archbishop Williams instituted the office of supervisor of parochial schools, and chose Father Walsh for the office.

REV. A. A. NOTEBAERT.

The Rev. A. A. Notebaert, of Rochester, N. Y., lecturing at the Catholic Summer School, on "Conditions in the Congo Free State," pointed out the falsity of the charges of cruelty made against the Belgians. Father Notebaert has been signally honored by the Belgian King, being made a Knight of the Order of Leopold, and Knight of the Order of the Crown. He has a thorough knowledge of the state of affairs existing in the Congo Free State.

"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST." ACT I.

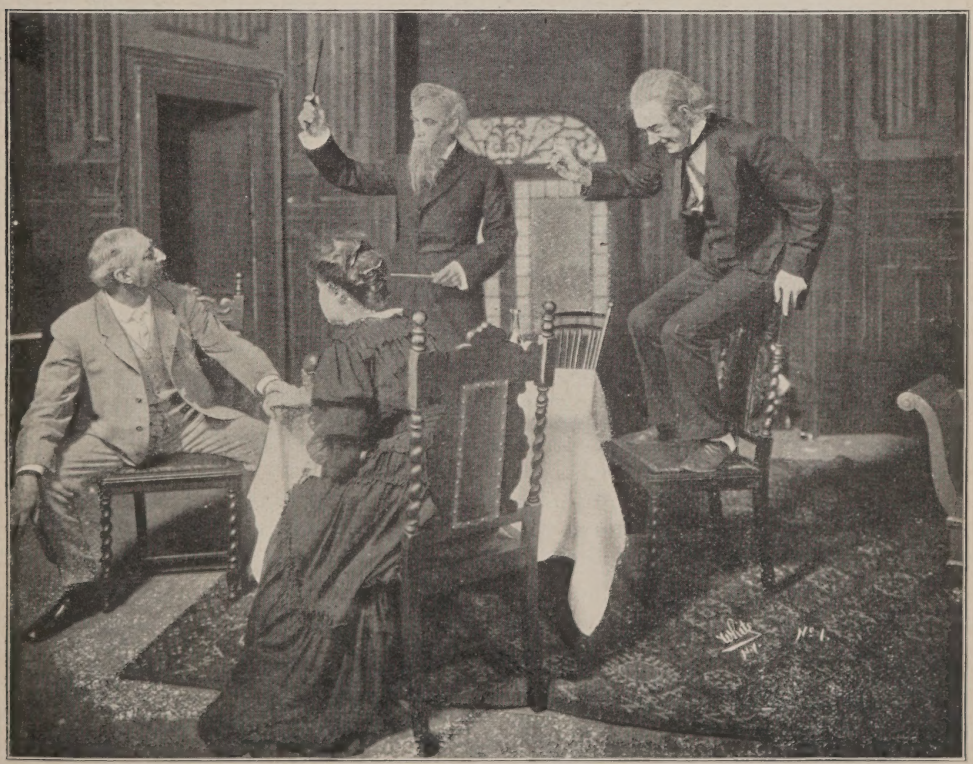
THE STARS AND FRANK KEENAN.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

In the stage firmament he only is named a star who has shone and may again shine on the horizon of Broadway. To act in a first-class theatre of New York is like a presentation at the Court of St. James, a place in the social scale is at once fixed for you. Impossible to tell how such a law obtains in the community, for no one had any particular hand in the making of it. Actors desired Broadway acclaim because it had an effect on managers; managers liked to get Broadway stars because the advertisement helped to fill provincial theatres; Augustine Daly and Lester Wallack and A. M. Palmer gave Broadway international fame; and now the tradition prevails that no star shines like the star whose horizon takes in the favored and irregular street of the metropolis. Of course the real stars are shining out in the wild regions. A lover of nature never looks at the stars or the moon in a city sky. The poor things have the sickly look and shifty movements of jailbirds in the murk of the town. Out on the plains, on the shore of a wild lake, from the side of a mountain, from a clearing in the forest, stars and planets actually swing and blaze in the blue vault, living, splendid; and the jocund moon rises among them like Venus rising from the foam of the sea into the colors of the earthly day. The true stars of the stage are working out their destiny amid the solitude and hardships of the

wild road, testing their own qualities, growing strong on sorrow and disappointment, preparing for the glorious first night when their light will penetrate the Broadway horizon and dazzle the blear-eyed critics into stuttering praise and classic profanity.

The particular lights of Broadway are rarely stars in the proper sense of the word. They ape the thing they would be, but it is all calcium and pasteboard. The season opened with quite an array of them. John Drew presented himself once more in the dear, familiar guise, surrounded but not overwhelmed by a play from Pinero. John is a fixed star. He reached his highest development under Daly, and is now on his decline, if not making progress may be so called. He will never fulfil the promise of his youth or his qualities, nor add any laurels to those of the past. It is quite useless for criticism to waste space on him, as he must now be each succeeding year what he has been for ten preceding years. William H. Crane did his usual best in a Sutro play, and the same thing may be said of him as was said of Mr. Drew. Blanche Walsh tried a new idea in *The Kreutzer Sonata* and made a feeble impression, because the play is foolish and the actress weaker than in *Resurrection*. Madame M. Kalich tried another version of the same watery drama and earned a little distinction through her art. Grace George presented a nondescript play with the unlucky title of *Clothes* and earned no applause. All the rest of the stars were of the shooting order, which flit into Broadway on the wings of angels and trot out on their uppers, the angels having lost their aërial quality. It might



FRANK KEENAN IN "THE SYSTEM OF DR. TARR."

be said, under correction of William Winter, that there are just now three stars on Broadway: Blanche Bates, David Warfield and Frank Keenan.

Miss Bates is not doing the best work of her life in *The Girl of the Golden West,* but she is demonstrating her quality. David Warfield moves each successive audience to copious tears with his presentation of *The Music Master,* an ordinary play with a single effective

FRANK KEENAN AS JACK RANCE IN "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST."

character. Frank Keenan acts the Sheriff, Jack Rance, opposite to Miss Bates, with singular impressiveness. Mr. Warfield has been connected with the metropolitan stage from his boyhood days, and had golden opportunities close to his hand; Miss Bates arrived early from the West and impressed Augustine Daly on her first appearance; Frank Keenan fought his way up inch by inch through all the degrees of the profession, actor, manager, lead and star, until he won an impressive success in the Belasco play. He has the right temperament and the solid training to stand the very highest success, for trial and trouble have seasoned him thoroughly. Each step upward and onward has been dearly paid for. We had him and his family at the Summer School this season, which gave a fair opportunity to see him at close range, far from the artificial atmosphere of the New York Rialto. It is worth while stating that opinion was divided about him. The majority voted him a genial, natural, jolly citizen; the minority fervently maintained that his naturalness was fine acting, his jollity mere pose, and his geniality a professional bait. Thus does the world pass judgment on every man who stands in the circle of success. The acute observer who is content to play the part of spectator in the circus of life, keeping himself remote and apart, is condemned as a clam; but with this description he is dropped and may then study the motives of his detractors in their daily actions.

The portrayal of Jack Rance in *The Girl of the Golden West* is a fine, delicate, strong piece of simulation. His personal appearance has an emphatic suggestion of Poe. The sombreness of the character, its peculiar dignity, the elegant dress, the ferocity hidden by a sensible manner and shrewd speech, the human feeling which bursts through the layer of sin at times, so effectively disguise the real man who plays the part that it is impossible to connect them in real life. The terrible qualities, good and bad, suggested by the acting of Jack Rance, and summed up in the story of the play, have no existence in the personality of Keenan. Meeting him casually off and on for weeks one would take him for a business man on his vacation. He rode horseback a good deal, attended the lectures each morning, played golf and entertained the ladies of the cottage

where he lived. He gave a benefit entertainment for the laundry girls who lost their little belongings by fire, and netted nearly three hundred dollars with a vaudeville sketch in which his wife and elder daughter were his assistants. One thing appeared very clearly within a day after his arrival: that he was a character. People grouped themselves about him promptly, no matter what was the occasion. He was the life of every party, droll, courteous, suggestive, without self-assertion; and when he departed there was left a blank space that nothing filled up.

He showed himself a man of tremendous energy. In figure he is spare but muscular and well-fashioned; his voice is powerful and musical; his eye is full of fire. He revealed himself twice in a fashion that naturally excited surprise. It is a custom at the Catholic Summer School to hold a family gathering in the auditorium on Sunday nights after benediction. The President holds the chair, and around him are seated the lecturers of the coming week with other distinguished persons. Theodore Roosevelt and President McKinley, Cardinal Satolli and Cardinal Martinelli, Cardinal Gibbons and Sir Charles Hingston, have sat on that platform in past times. The guests and lecturers make short speeches to the audience. These audiences are rather clever, shrewd, critical, and occasionally captious, and somewhat daunt the speakers. As one nervous but eloquet gentleman naïvely expressed it; the hardship is equal to the honor. Mr. Keenan accepted the usual invitation to address the family gathering, and sat calmly among the speakers, as if he were the great Bryan himself. Actors are as a rule poor impromptu speakers. They must memorize a speech and then practise the expression of emotion. Mr. Keenan was introduced with this fact in the mind of his sponsor, but to the general astonishment he made the speech of the evening, with fluent utterance and pointed phrase, witty allusion and felicitous story. Several times he repeated this success, and then it was remembered that he had been actor-manager for many years, had as much experience in stump-speaking as a New York spellbinder, and knew the impressionable nature of the average audience.

FRANK KEENAN AND GRACE FILKINS IN "THE LADY ACROSS THE HALL."

Of his own career and profession he spoke little except to the few in private. What glimpses of an actor's career he gave showed chiefly the hard struggle and the bitter temptation, particularly

for those who cherish lofty ambition. The natural obstacles are very great, chance and favor play an important part in achieving anything, and even when the prize seems near a mere trifle may snatch it away. It would seem that the society of Freemasons still exerts considerable influence in various departments. Many an actor just missed success by his unwillingness to join the society, and many another won it by his temporary desertion of the faith at the critical moment. I was a trifle astonished to learn the same thing from a railroad man with regard to his avocation. He informed me that all the Catholics in the employ of a great railroad corporation knew that promotion for them ceased at a certain point; to get any higher they would have to become Freemasons, or in their own expressive phrase, "to give up their guts." Not elegant perhaps, but as expressive of fidelity and scorn as a man could wish. On the whole the impression left by Keenan on his intimates of the summer was that of a personality, charged with resolute energy, too much in love with the ideal to be insincere, too engrossed with the real thing to be content with mere pose.

"THE LAST NIGHT."

He has been an actor over twenty years, and like all his kind played everything that came his way from Macbeth down. He broke into New York with a Klein play, *Hon. John Grigsby,* which

presented Abraham Lincoln as its chief character, but the play did not succeed with all its charm and power. The turning-point in his career came when Sol Smith Russell died and when Keenan was invited to take up his parts, which he did with great success. Russell was almost a contradictory of Keenan, slight in build, delicate in health, with a light but penetrating voice, where Keenan is robust in each detail. Russell had been an impersonator in his earlier days, taking up the drama when the other form of entertainment failed. His characters were usually nervous, affectionate, shrewd peddlers and cobblers and minor folk, whose oddities had been strengthened by habit. Keenan had to come down to a low pitch of voice and method in order to play such parts; but as there are many interpretations to every human character his new one rendered the Russell plays as great a success on the road as they had ever been. Their chief character was pathos with a mild humor added, which in Russell became deliciously droll and quaint. Keenan added a Celtic flavor to the characters, and imparted a force which raised them to dignity.

The average critic would hardly admit that Keenan could improve on Russell, for the average critic can only repeat of notables what he has heard said or thought out himself in the past. The newspaper notices, therefore, cordially agreed that Russell had a good imitator. It took an independent and capable writer like the dramatic critic of the *Cincinnati Tribune* to tell the true story of his success. He wrote in substance that at first there were many misgivings, not as to Keenan's ability, but as to his fitness for the part of Noah Vale in *The Poor Relation*. In the first act he did not succeed in brushing away the haunting remembrance of Russell; but at the same time he made it manifest that he had thoughts of his own, and that in matters of finesse and detail he was Russell's master. In the second act all the Russell mannerisms and oddities vanished, and not an individual present but recognized that a new star had risen, one greater and brighter than the now dimming one of the past had ever been, and that his light was of the enduring kind, sure to gain greater brilliancy as it ascended in the theatrical heavens. The criticism was correct and the prophecy justified in later years.

The part of the Hon. John Grigsby in the play of the same name had its first night in the Manhattan Theatre and attracted much attention both for the author and the actor. It was an attempt to introduce the character of Lincoln to the stage at the period of his career in Illinois. No one can explain just why it failed to win popular applause, although many reasons were offered. The story was interesting, the characterization good, and the part played by Keenan captivating. As it was his metropolitan appearance as a star he made every effort to secure its success, and threw around the character of the young lawyer destined to a romantic and tragic career all the charm of which his temperament and training were capable. Very attractive is the face of the actor made up for the part. There was no attempt to present a likeness of Lincoln, as did Mr. Chapin recently in a very successful fashion, but rather to put forth the powerful personality of Lincoln in his green and vigorous youth. It revealed Keenan as an actor of originality and power, able to produce legitimate effects in a legitimate manner; but he had still to wait for the opportunity which would convince the general public that his qualities were superior.

He undertook to create the opportunity. Paris has a remarkable man with a remarkable theatre, M. Antoine of the

Theatre Libre, which he has made famous by the careful presentation of one-act plays. Keenan attempted to establish a similar theatre in the city of New York, arguing that the growth of the dramatic idea in the metropolis warranted the success of the scheme. He secured a small theatre used by amateurs, the Berkeley Lyceum, and gave a six weeks' season of one-act plays, aided by the best actors of the city. As an experiment it had already been tried by Charles Frohman and Arnold Daly. It failed in both cases, although for Daly and George Bernard Shaw it proved the stepping-stone to fame and fortune. The Shaw plays became a vogue and Daly showed the stuff that was in him. Keenan went the others one better and boldly launched the Parisian idea. Undoubtedly such a venture will yet succeed in New York, whose huge dramatic circus must sooner or later develop specialism. At present there are very few one-act plays. The continuous performance stage introduced a few, of too peculiar a character to serve anywhere else. The chief difficulty of the new enterprise was to get plays to suit its audiences. Keenan opened with three oddities. The first dealt with a burglar engaged in his calling, who encounters a woman eloping with a gay Lothario, drives both back into the house, tells his own story to them, expels the man and persuades the woman, and finally learns that the erring female is his own daughter. The mere statement of the theme shows its unfitness for a one-act play. There is enough in it for an entire melodrama. The second was called *The Strolling Players,* in which a dreadful tragedy among a cheap crowd formed the powerful theme. The third was adapted from a gruesome story by Poe, *The System of Dr. Tarr,* exploiting the sad humors of an insane asylum.

The selection of plays could hardly be called happy, if their value depended on the above description. Happily good acting and good management can overcome the illogical and the tasteless in plays, and these little dramas proved interesting. The Poe drama aroused laughter, owing to the troubles of the State officials who fell into the clutches of the insane Dr. Tarr and his associate in mischief. One thing, however, was made very clear: that Keenan was a remarkably versatile actor. Versatility is not an admirable quality when applied to people in general. The versatile rarely achieve great success. In an actor it is of some merit, because nowadays actors are not often called upon to show versatility. As the burglar, Keenan portrayed that powerful, rude, volcanic moral strength which so often displays itself in natures once good now sinful and vicious. As the strolling player he struck the tragic note too hard, but with power. As the insane physician his personality entirely vanished for the time. The tragic note was struck again in the play called *A Passion in a Suburb,* with less vehemence but more terror. Each play demanded of him a new quality, and the impression made was flattering.

After an interval he made his reappearance as Jack Rance, the Sheriff, in *The Girl of the Golden West,* and established his title to the compliment of being the best actor at present on Broadway. Let it be understood that this compliment is not of the highest, for Broadway rarely sees the best actors. It does not desire them. The most successful actors alone appear there. So Keenan may be put down as a success. Opinions differ as to his actual ability and its range. His nature is intense, but also humorous; therefore, he is at his best in scenes of white heat and of humorous delicacy. He ought to make a fine Cardinal Richelieu. His acting appears to be of the romantic school, but in our day romance is

tempered with remarkable realism. His bent is towards characteristic parts, such as he is now playing, in which he sinks himself out of sight. He would make profound impression in plays of the same mould as Richelieu, simply because he would be the character, he would not merely play it. The last word to be said in his favor is that the faith has not lost its strength in him. His ambition is strong but subordinate to better things. If he cannot attain it without the sacrifice of his ideals, he will never attain it. And to such men, from that very fidelity, which is a great quality itself, fortune often brings by circuitous ways the prize which they look for by the high road and the front door.

AN AUTUMN PASTORAL.

BY REV. JOHN H. DOOLEY.

What a silence in the woods as you walk their leaf-paved floor!
So majestic are the trees that one ponders more and more
Had the forests' growth sublime thus erected their tall spires
To arouse man's dormant faith to more heavenly desires,
And point upward as "the way" that uncertain steps should tread,
That their silence teach our hearts how much sorrow may be shed
When the calm of reason comes after passion dies away,
Like the golden beams of light that succeed the stormy day?

What a peace one may well find as one views the silent trees!
Sees the joy in ev'ry thing, where no tyrant lives to please!
It is there the squirrel leaps in an ecstasy of glee
As he chatters to his mate, running off from tree to tree:
There, you watch the lizard creep with contented blink of eyes,
There you'll see the timid birds who would hide from burning skies,
There the mighty oak tree holds,—as a father would embrace,—
Younger trees and tender sprigs that are grown up near its base.

When the seasons change around, what a charm in varying hue!
As the light in broken streams from the latticed limbs peeps through,
When the crackle and the snap of the rotting twigs are heard,
When the frightened things run off to the thickets dim and blurred,
There to hide themselves away from all danger of the clan
Personated and developed in that greatest creature,—man!
Who cares naught about them all as he walks his lordly way,
Yet who needs His Master's care far much more intense than they.

Oh! that each of us could see in this grandeur and repose,
Proofs of our Creator's love, and the debts a creature owes
For the gifts that are so close, yet unseen and welcomed not,
Where upon the earth in places He has formed each favored spot.
Where they hide in mounts and glens, in gigantic wood and stream,
Where His creatures haunt the skies and in lakes and rivers teem.
May our eyes not fail to see, nor our heart beats ever cease,
Till we join His other flocks in their songs of praise and peace.

THE DEATH OF OSGAR, SON OF OISIN.

From the original Gaelic.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

But now the hovering shadows settled down,—
The glory-torches of the Fianna
Flickered in smoke obscure;—the end was nigh,
Nor could a desperate valor 'vert the doom
The fates had ordered.

Gabhra's dreadful day
Raced through the imminent future like some orb
Of deadliest menace thro' the fields of space.

On the high hill of Teamhair, the Ard-Righ
Wearied of tithe and tribute took resolve
To break the Finian power and destroy
By might of arms their Order that so long
Had mocked his sceptre. Swift command he gave
And gathered round his hall an armament
Of all the men of Erin, and his plans
Unfolded to their kings. Then word he sent
To comely Osgar, asking would he come
Unto a feast of welcome to be held
At Royal Teamhair. And because he feared
No living man, the valiant Osgar came
With scarce three hundred of his body-guard
To bear him company. Now as they passed
By a lone ford, a Woman of the *Sidhe*
Was washing clothes that bloodied all the stream!

And Osgar: "Red your washing,—dread your task
Washing red garments for the gory dead!"
And answer made the Woman of the *Sidhe*:—
"Haughty your head, but soon shall ravens croak
(When the fierce fight is done), above your corse."

On fared the Finians then and never stopped
Till Teamhair opened them her massive gates,
And welcome good was theirs, and lordly feast
Till three days passed, but then the King in pride
Demanded Osgar's spear, which he refused,
Whereat the King was wroth and threatened him,
And words grew hot and angry twixt the twain,
Till Osgar rose and in high dudgeon left
The kingly halls, and journeyed back to Finn.

Nor long was he arrived when message came
From the Ard-Righ that now no longer he
Would tribute pay to Finn, or recognize
The Finian power thenceforward in the land.

Then Finn sent challenge back, and mustering
His swift battalions, marched to meet the foe.

Now fails my pen to tell of Gabhra's Field,
That hell of slaughter where red ravens croaked
O'er mangled corses. Fearful was the clash
Of shield 'gainst shield,—the brandishing of swords—
The serpent hissing of ten thousand spears
Hurtled thro' air. For every man with Finn
Full twenty fought with Ireland's monarch there,
Mighty the feats performed, and ne'er before
Raged such a battle on the Irish soil
Nor ever shall again! 'Twere hard to tell
What slaughter Osgar made. By him there fell
Five twenties from the Country of the Snow;
Four hundred from the Country of the Lion!
Of the Green Swords fell seven times twenty there!
And five score of the Sons of warlike Kings!
Right weak was he with wounding when he spied
The great Ard-Righ before him, yet he rushed

Like raging billow on his foe, who wheeled,
And hurled a greedy spear that through and through
Pierced Osgar's bosom, bringing him to knee.
Yet as he knelt he cast his fatal lance
That pierced the High King's brain and gave him death.
Then in a faintness Osgar low reclined;
The battle ceased, for few were left to fight,
And the spent Finians raised a mournful *keen.*
And Caoilte came and asked, "Oh, darling heart
How fares it with you now?" And Osgar said:
"I only die as you would have me die!"
Then lifting him upon their ample shields,
Caoilte and Oisin took the wounded man,
And brought him to a round and verdant hill,
To strip his armor. Scarce a hand's breadth space
Of his white body was without its wound,
And the sad Finians wailed for Osgar brave,
Cursing the day;—till far across the plain
Finn's banner flashed and Finn came silent there,
Whom Osgar saw and made salute, and said:
"Oh! mighty Finn, I hold my wish in death."
And Finn cried out, "Oh, would that I were there
To fall in Osgar's place,—black grief is mine!"
Then Osgar, to assuage their bitter woe
Spoke words he meant not, and 'tis what he said:
"Indeed, oh Finn, if you were dead to-day
No one would hear me keening,—for no man
Ever found any heart in me at all,
But heart of twisted horn with iron bound.
And that which vexes me full sore is this:—
The howling of the dogs around me here,
The keening cries of tough old fighting-men
And wailing of the women, one by one!"
Then Finn made moan: "Oh, child of my own child,

Slender and white, my sorrow 'tis that thou
Art stricken low! My heart is starting now
Like hunted deer! Oh, weak am I and sad
For thee, and for our vanquished heroes all,
For glory of the Finians passed away
Like mists of morning. Farewell all renown,
And farewell feasting now, and war and spoils,
For every happiness was ever mine
Has left my hands—I grasp at empty air,
My life is void."

Then Osgar, as he heard
These hopeless words, stretched out his wounded hands,
Closed his grey eyes, and died. And Finn went off
Some distance from the rest and wept aloud
And the few Finians left gave three great cries
Of haunting sorrow on the lonely hill!

BAILE AND AILLINN.

BY MYLES J. MURPHY.

Baile, the sweet-voiced, the honey-tongued son of Buain, King of Ulladh, swept the chords of his harp, and the strings gave forth a rushing song of joy, for Baile sang of the Princess Aillinn, the daughter of King Lughaidh, son of Fergus Fairge. Around him drew his kinsmen, listening with enraptured hearts, for in all Ulladh there was none so beloved as Baile; beloved by those who knew him and by those whose ears had drunk in the fame of his beauty, his gentleness, and his wondrous powers in the telling of tales.

And none loved Baile more than the Princess Aillinn, daughter of Leinster's king. At her feet were the noblest youths of her father's court, but the palace knew not her choice. From the window of her grianan she looked over the plains to the north, and while she dreamed the red wind from the south kissed her cheek with its breath of roses, and knew her secret. Bearing on its wings the incense of love the red south wind swept on to Ulladh where it whispered the secret in the ear of Baile. And when it was passing the red field lilies,

the drowsy poppies, and the daisies, all pointed the way to Ulladh, the home of Baile Mac Buain.

So thought Aillinn, as she leaned her cheek upon her hand at the window of her sunny chamber, and whether it was the mere fancy of the wind being her messenger that was in it, or merely that it so happened, is not for my telling of it, but as she sighed for the sight of the Prince of Ulladh there came a youth, strange in face, but of most comely mien and noble bearing; and he knelt before her at the door of her grianan.

"I come, fair lady," said he, "from the noble Baile Mac Buain, and bear a message to the Princess Aillinn."

Mead, fresh made from the nectar brought by the drowsing, humming bees of the garden of Aillinn, and cakes made by her own hands, were placed before the messenger of Baile, who thereupon begged for his noble master the boon of an interview with Aillinn.

Delight sat in the heart of the maiden, for her love of Baile had raised him almost to a god before her. Sweet was the thought of gazing on him, and good was the hope of hearing from that golden tongue the songs and stories which had made him the beloved of all who saw or heard him.

"Go to the gentle Baile," replied Aillinn, "and bid him meet me at Ros-na-ree, on the banks of the Boyne, as the sun rises full in his strength in the south," and with joy in his soul the youth turned towards Ulladh.

The yellow spears of the son of day had hardly been sheathed within the green waters of the western sea, when the noble messenger poured Aillinn's words into the thirsting ear of Baile.

Ecstasy sat upon the brow of the prince.

Within the royal dun that night there was feasting, and there was brought forth the golden harp of Baile, in whose frame there dwelt a spirit of the invisible people of the forest; a spirit with a heart of hidden flame, who sang into all men's souls when the hands of Baile touched the strings.

Deep as was the yearning of the prince to behold Aillinn at the time he sent the youth to her with his message, it was a hundred times more so when the messenger returned, bringing accounts of her beauty and her gentle bearing. Darkness brought none of the oblivion of sleep, for the south wind kissed his lips with her breath, and the night bird sang her name a thousand times before the roses peeped through the pearl grey eastern sky, and the moon sank, pale and weak, into the fading curtains of the night.

Baile arose from his couch of unrest, and soon there issued from the gates of Emania a cavalcade, half of which was before him and half of which was behind him, and they turned the breasts of their horses toward Ros-na-ree. With the swiftness of the wild blast of the north, they passed over Slieve Fuadh and Muirthuimhne, and came to Traigh Baile (Dundalk) as the sun god leveled his lances of red gold at them from his *lios* in the clouds of the south.

Here they rested. The high stepping arch-necked steeds were taken from the yokes of the chariots and allowed to roam in the pastures of sweet-smelling grasses. The knights and soldiers feasted and gave themselves up to pleasure and happiness.

Suddenly there loomed up before them a weird, spectral figure, coming toward them from the dunes of the south, with vehement steps and rapid progress. His course was beside the shore, and the manner in which he sped along might be

compared to the darting of a hawk down the cliff, or to the wind which whirls into white froth the swelling billows of the green ocean.

"Go meet him," said Baile, "and ask him whence he comes, or what is the cause of his haste."

though the gods themselves were at war, he said to Baile:

"My course is laid from the Mount of Leinster to the waters of the pleasant Bann in the north; and the news I have is only of the Princess Aillinn, the daughter of Fergus, who was on her

BAILE'S MESSENGER AND AILLINN.

Swift as were the messengers of Baile, they could not move until the awful spectre was before the prince, and in a voice, whose tones were caught up by the sons of the cliffs and shouted from one to the other until it seemed as

way to Ros-na-ree to meet her beloved one, Baile Mac Buain. Rage rested upon the hearts of the youths of Leinster, and pursuing, they overtook her and detained her by force. Filled with shame at being unable to keep her tryst, the

ANCIENT CROMLECH MARKING A BURIAL PLACE AT DUNDALK, "BAILE'S STRAND."

princess poured forth her life, thus fulfilling the prophecy of the druids, for they foretold that Baile and Aillinn should never meet in life, but after death they would meet, never more to separate. Such is my news," and he vanished from their sight, so that none knew in what direction he went.

When Baile heard the news of the spectre, he fell to the earth and his life left him. And there, within sound of the heavy footsteps of Manannan, the god of the ocean, they raised his tomb and his rath. And the funeral rites were performed there by the men of Ulladh.

From out of the tomb in later years a stately yew tree reared its head and on the top of it could be seen the form and shape of the head of Baile,—so that the place has since been given the name of Baile's Strand.

When the strange spectral being left the strand of Baile, he faced to the south, and not quicker could the fierce red wind of the north pass along, than he sped upon his course, until he reached the dun wherein dwelt Aillinn, and he went into her grianan, or sunny chamber.

"Whence comes this man whom we do not know?" asked the princess.

"From the far northern part of Eirinn, where flows the pleasant Bann, I have come, and I go from this to Mount Leinster."

"You have news?" asked Aillinn.

"I have no news that is worth the telling now, but when I passed the Strand of Baile, I saw the men of Ulladh performing the funeral rites and digging the rath, and setting up the stone, and writing on it the name of Baile Mac Buain, the royal heir to the throne of Ulster, who died while on his way to meet a woman of the south, for it was not fated for them to meet in this life, or for one of them to see the other living," and he darted out from the grianan, after telling the evil news, and went so fast from the dun that none could follow him.

And giving a great cry of anguish, Aillinn fell to the ground without life, and they raised her tomb and her rath.

The great stone was placed above her grave and her name inscribed thereon in ogham, and the funeral rites were performed by the people of Leinster. An apple tree of rare beauty arose from her grave and became a great tree in seven years, and the shape of the head of the lovely Aillinn was on the top.

And it came to pass that at the end of seven years, there came to the grave of Baile a great concourse of poets, prophets, and seers, and they cut down the green yew tree out of which they made a poet's tablet. In ogham then was written upon the yew of the gentle Baile the story of the visions, the espousals, and the loves and courtships of Ulster. At the same time, the apple tree of Aillinn was cut down and a poet's tablet made of the wood, upon which was written the espousals, and the loves and courtships of Leinster.

Long afterward there came a November eve and a great feast was prepared in honor of the day by Art, the valiant son of Conn of the Hundred Battles, and the High King of Ireland. At his command the professors of every art and science came to the feast and each brought his tablets with him as was the custom. And amongst the tablets placed before the King were the tablets made from the yew of Baile and the apple tree of Aillinn. When Art beheld them, he asked that they be given to him. Holding them in his hands, he turned them face to face, when suddenly one of the tablets sprang upon the other with such force that no power could restrain it, and the two tablets became united as a woodbine around a twig, and it was not possible to separate them. The knowledge of the sorrowful story of Baile and Aillinn being with Art, he ordered the tablets placed among the most prized jewels in the treasury of Tara, and there they remained until it was burned by Dunlang, son of Enna, at the time when he burned the princesses at Tara.

The legend of Baile and Aillinn is the earliest Irish legend extant. It is recorded in the Annals of Ulster.

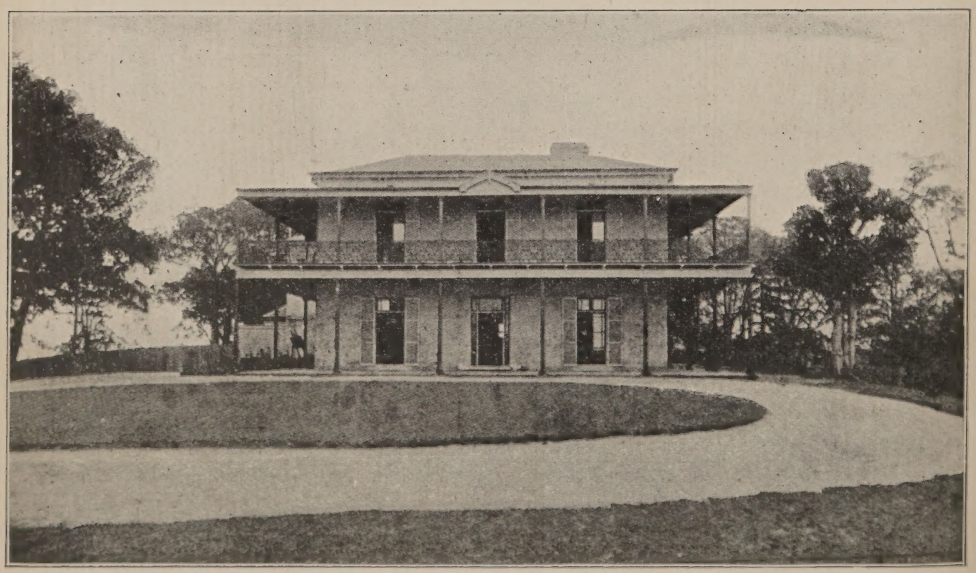
BLACKROCK, DUNDALK, FORMERLY BAILE'S STRAND.

IRELAND'S DAUGHTERS IN AUSTRALIA.

BY BEN HURST.

One of the greatest benefits of modern civilization is the privilege given to the more tender sex to work actively in the Lord's Vineyard. Their apostleship now spreads to every corner of the globe where men's missions penetrate; and their labors form an important factor in the history of the Church. What Irish missionaries did for Europe in the Middle Ages, is being repeated on a more extensive scale in the twentieth century by their compatriots of both sexes. More especially in far Australia has their work been crowned. Foremost among the Irish settlers are the Brigidine nuns, who, from the little nucleus at Coonamble, have spread with such rapidity over the southern regions that their success may be styled marvelous. To the little group of six who left their home at Mountrath in 1883, we may now trace five convents in New South Wales, one in New Zealand, and six in Victoria. The "History of Australia," by His Eminence, Cardinal Moran, contains the best record of this energetic little band of Irish pioneers. From the Mother-House of Coonamble alone were founded the convents of Cooma, Conra, Masterton, Randwick and Piatua.

The Coonamble institution had been scarcely well started when Cardinal Moran offered the important schools of Paddington, Sydney, to these energetic daughters of St. Brigid. In spite of their restricted numbers, this weighty charge was accepted, and help soon came in the shape of English and Irish novices of Australian birth. Unfortunately, however, these recruits were frequently of weak health. Strange to say, they proved more susceptible to the hardships of the Australian climate than the immigrants themselves. The early deaths



MOUNT ST. BRIGID CONVENT, RANDWICK.

IRISH PIONEERS IN AUSTRALIA.

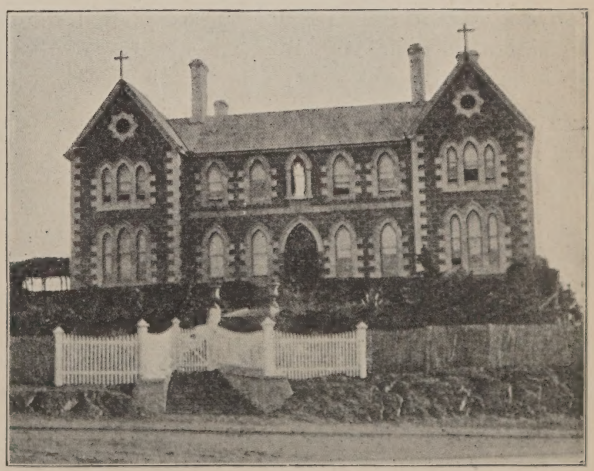
Mother Mary John Synan in middle, with Mothers Ignatius and Gertrude at each side. Standing, from left to right, Mother Stanislaus, now Rev. Mother in Cooma, Mother de Sales, now Rev. Mother in Cundletown, and Sister Catherine.

of many Australian-born members of the community were its sorest losses.

Nevertheless the little colony continued to prosper, and soon it sent off branches which, in their turn, bore fruit —not that grave obstacles were wanting to impede a continuous course. Pecuniary difficulties, the sharp contrast of a merciless climate, violent epidemics, have all done their share to make the nuns' onward path a thorny one.

On one occasion, Mother Mary John, after a tour of inspection among the struggling offshoots, returned to Coonamble to find typhoid raging in the town, and the schools on which she had counted for the subsistence of her own, and help for the new convents, indefinitely closed. The prolonged drought of another year almost ruined the sheep-farming industry, otherwise a fruitful source of wealth to the colonists, on whom the community mainly relied.

Cardinal Moran, that indefatigable apostle so revered by men of all creeds in Australia, was a generous friend to

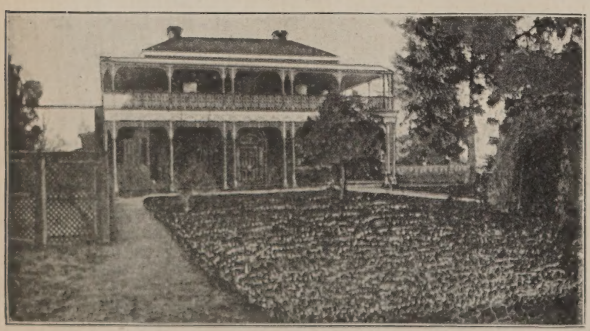


ST. BRIGID'S CONVENT, COOMA.

ST. BRIDE'S CONVENT, MASTERTON, N. Z.

the nuns, in critical moments. He has a particular esteem for the disciples of St. Brigid, and proved it on more than one occasion. On his return from Ireland he postponed a mass meeting prepared to do him honor as soon as he landed, in order to assist at the opening of Mount St. Brigid schools, Randwick. The clerical and secular celebrities who had assembled in Sydney to greet him were invited to accompany him to the convent bazaar, and, needless to say, a considerable sum was realized for the new foundation.

People in the British Isles make the mistake of thinking that mediocrity will do for Australia when it is a question of recruiting teachers. The Australians are quick to note deficiency; and, whatever their own shortcomings, are determined to secure the best training for their children. Music of the highest order is in special request. We know that Australia has given to the world many gifted public singers, and her prestige in this respect is likely to continue. Australian parents mean to have efficient instructors from Europe, in all the domains of art, and they are prepared to pay handsomely. A magnificent and costly harp was recently shipped from Ireland to the Brigidine convent of Masterton, New Zealand; and, characteristically enough, a life-size statue of St. Columba accompanied it. Munificent gifts from more than one Irishman who has reached material prosperity while preserving his lively faith enable the monastic orders to thrive and extend. The example of Irish parents in placing



BRIGIDINE CONVENT, WANGARATTA, VICTORIA.

their children under the tuition of monks and nuns hailing from the Old Land has been followed largely by English people of various creeds. Education at a convent school is admittedly the most select to be had, as well as the soundest in principle.

The six followers of the great Irish saint who planted her banner in Australia were women of exceptional talent. Mother Mary John Synan, of the Limerick Synan family, which has given such a number of talented and devoted members to the priesthood and the cloister, is possessed of rare organizing capacity. Her clever insight and comprehensive views, as well as her religious zeal, marked her out among the nuns of Mountrath as the natural leader of the little band that went to carry the best products of Irish faith to the Antipodes. Her intellectual culture had been of the widest; and her gifts, poetical and literary, were known, in spite of all precautions, beyond the convent walls. Thus the hymns written for the sisters and their pupils echoed in an extensive circle, who reluctantly saw this gifted woman depart for a distant, cruder land, whose social conditions were yet almost

MOTHER MARY JOHN SYNAN, FOUNDRESS OF THE AUSTRALIAN BRIGIDINES.

unformed. Those who cherished her at home, however, were not outdone in appreciation by the people to whom she had elected to devote herself.

Mother Mary John recently celebrated her jubilee of fifty years' religious profession. On glancing back at her long and fruitful life, we remark that depth of feeling often led her to heights only attained by others after years of profound and systematic study. "A great heart," said Goethe, "is equivalent to genius." We would like to add that a great heart *implies* genius. And who needs to be told that love works wonders? The motive power of the missionary is Divine Love, and Divine Love has lured many an Irish girl to far Australia.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MORAN.

The present Superioress of Coonam-

ble convent was a Miss Crowe of County Limerick. Of the group which accompanied Mother Mary John in the first instance, most are now at the heads of convents of their own: Mother De Sales in Cundletown and Mother Stanislaus in Cooma, with Mother Mary Gertrude—the gayest and most energetic little lady that ever took the veil in Mountrath, to the astonishment of her legion friends and admirers—installed in staid authority at Masterton, New Zealand. Mother Mary Alacoque Miller, sister of the Provincial of the Oblate Fathers and of the present Bishop of Johannesburg, Transvaal, is Reverend Mother at Randwick. Two of the six pioneers, owing to failing health, were summoned home,—Mother Ignatius to Ireland and Sister Catherine to Heaven. Mother Mary John toils on undeterred by the weak eyesight which has long been her sad cross. Her care for souls is undiminished.

While triumphs of ecclesiastical architecture point to the zeal of Australian Catholics for Divine worship, more lasting monuments of Irish fervor are the "temples not built with hands," which will endear the daughters of St. Brigid, among so many other noble missionaries, to the future generations of Australia.

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN.

(Continued from page 336.)

by the problems which had so early arose to vex her. Throughout her future, when what she dreaded had come upon her, Sarah never quite forgot the lesson of the morning-glories.

The dinner was a culinary success, and it put even Mildred in good humor.

"Look at her eating! Would you think she came into the house in an almost dying condition?" whispered Nettie to Sarah. "I do hate a hypocrite!" and she attacked her dessert with righteous wrath. Sarah made no reply, partly because she was not quick enough to catch the meaning of the low words, wholly because her mouth was filled with the delicious pudding, which represented the crowning effort of the day's repast. Afterward, when the dishes were washed and the hostesses were once more with their guests, Mrs. Niel suggested that Mrs. Kenny should show her quilts to the company. Sarah's heart leaped at the proposal, and she directed appealing eyes toward her aunt. Mrs. Kenny rose instantly, and bidding Alice to accompany her, went to the large press which stood in her bedroom to take down the treasures.

"Sarah!" called Grace, softly. Sarah started violently, and turning to her cousin saw her eyes fixed on her with a laugh in their blue depths. She beckoned the child to come to her and said, whisperingly: "I promised you a front seat at the exhibition, you know!"

"What makes you laugh, Cousin Grace?" asked Sarah.

"Why, I am not laughing!" returned Grace. "Indeed, Sarah, I am not! I feel more like crying. You don't know what I would give to be eight years old and looking forward to seeing mother's quilts!"

There was something in the low voice which silenced Sarah's doubts and then she felt herself drawn to look across the room where Miss Dane sat. Her eyes

were fixed on Grace, and there was such venom in them and in her long smile, that the child could not withdraw her gaze. Finally, Miss Dane chanced to look from the unconscious girl to Sarah, and meeting the wondering stare of the violet eyes, she started guiltily. Instantly, however, she turned to Mildred and spoke to her in a low voice. Mildred lifted her face and looked toward Sarah somewhat surprised; then, she nodded her head and said something in answer to her friend's words.

"They are talking about me!" cried Sarah to herself, and she understood readily why Nettie despised Mildred and Mildred's friend.

Mrs. Kenny and Alice had returned with the folded quilts in their arms. These they laid on a chair, and together they opened them and spread them before the admiring women.

"This," said Mrs. Kenny, as she opened a quilt in which there was a profusion of green, "is the 'Irish Ivy.'"

Sarah bent her eyes fixedly upon it. She admired it immensely but she inwardly decided that it was evident the Irish ivy bore no resemblance to the Kentucky ivy which used to run over the ground at home in the springtime and later showed pretty blue flowers. After it had been duly praised, it was carefully refolded by the mother and daughter and the next one was placed on exhibition.

"This is the 'Humming-bird,'" said Mrs. Kenny.

Four sharply pointed diamond-shaped pieces of muslin bore the resemblance to the tiny bird that the tangle of stars does to the Hair of Bernice; but Sarah had expected to see a living representation of the bird and was disappointed.

"This is called the 'Giant's Causeway,'" announced Mrs. Kenny.

Sarah leaned forward expectantly as before her mind rose the picture of that wonder of nature, as shown in the big geography into which she was sometimes permitted to look by the teacher. There were more tiny blocks of various colors sewed together, evincing great neatness; but where was the Causeway? As it was being refolded, she lifted her troubled face to Grace. Her cousin was looking at her, without seeming to see her, while on the countenance was something of the expression which Sarah had observed after the departure of the fortune-teller.

"The next is the 'Children at Play,'" said Grace, finally becoming aware of the eyes bent on her. Sarah turned quickly. She felt there would be no disappointment here. As she leaned forward, she saw more tiny pieces of muslin set in white; that was all. A strange heaviness came into the childish heart. She rose wearily from the stool and standing before Grace, said,

"I don't believe I care to see any more quilts."

Grace's eyes were unfamiliar in their dreaminess, but something in the quivering little face before her, caused the girl to shake off the spell of memory or anticipation which had come upon her.

"Yes, I believe playing in the trough is much better for little girls than looking at quilts," she observed, with a tender light on her brow. Sarah stepped back a few paces and leaning on her cousin's chair began to feel more comfortable. Grace could have great understanding at times, Sarah concluded. After a while she remembered Nettie, and to her surprise, she saw her seated near her sister-in-law, listening eagerly to the conversation which was passing between her and one of the women. The quilts had now been restored to their place of safety in the press. Some of the women brought forth their knitting and the talk became general.

The affairs of the neighborhood were

discussed, and then, by common bent, the stream of conversation flowed toward the Ransleys. Theirs was one of the few old houses in the vicinity which, after the war, had not passed from the hands of their owners. But the remnant of the family which then held it, had fallen from their former greatness. Instead of the herds of Shorthorn cattle and fine sheep that had occupied the attention of their fathers, the sons had turned their thoughts to race horses. Not content with breeding racers for the turf, they had become interested in it themselves; and the old home saw them only at those seasons of the year when the tracks were closed. On their return to the farm they were generally accompanied by the friends they had made in their new environment. These changed with the seasons, and it proved a matter of comment when young Dr. Hayward came back this summer to spend his vacation in the hospitable house. His father had lost all by the war, and returning to his ruined home had set woefully to work to support his motherless son and lay by something each year for the boy's education. The young man had chosen the medical profession, and, so gossip from Lexington said, bade fair to succeed in it, when Fate had thrown him under the influence of the Ransleys and their merry-making occupation.

"I think it is a crying shame," declared Mildred, "the way the Doctor is neglecting his work to run around with the Ransleys. They say he is dead in love with Florence, Mrs. Ransley's niece, and that is the reason he is following them up in this fashion. But she wouldn't have him. He's too poor."

"But he's handsome," observed Mrs. Niel, "and women put up with a sight of other inconveniences for a handsome face."

"Some women, you mean, Mrs. Niel," said Miss Dane, and her smile was like a stream of molasses. Mr. Niel was a magnificent specimen of manhood, but the close of life was leaving him, financially, where it had found him, and that was in a most undesirable condition.

"And there are some women who don't get the chance to marry even a poor, handsome man," said Mrs. Niel.

"I never imagined Dr. Hayward thought anything of Florence." Alice's voice flowed easily between the two women and diverted the too personal tone of the conversation. "They seem to be good friends, nothing more."

"You wouldn't say that, if they passed your door as often as they pass mine," commented Mrs. Bailey. "There is seldom a morning that they don't go out riding or driving together, and if they are not sweethearts, then they have no business to act the way they do. Why, I've seen him with my own eyes lean over on the horn of her saddle and look up at her in the way of lovers. And she is not indifferent to him. You may believe me in that!"

"If she isn't in love with him, it is because she knows him too well," said Mildred. "My husband says it would take him all his life, if he were to begin now, to harvest his crop of wild oats. And he so young!"

"It shows, my dear, what evil associates will do," said Mrs. Kenny, sadly. "I have heard in Lexington that there was no nicer young man than the Doctor."

"That was before he began to study medicine and lost his faith," said Mrs. Niel.

"But there are many good Catholic doctors, Mrs. Niel," said Miss Dane, who appeared to take special pleasure in following up Mrs. Niel's remarks, with opposing arguments.

"I did not say anything to the contrary," she rejoined. "But Dr. Hayward's case is different. He did not

have much faith to start with, being the child of a mixed marriage, and losing his Catholic mother in his infancy. I believe his father tried to be faithful to his promise, but—this is the result!"

"He certainly does say the most blasphemous things," said Mildred, "if reports are true. Mr. Anderson was telling at our house one evening that he himself had heard Dr. Hayward say that Negroes had no souls."

"Dr. Hayward," interrupted Nettie, hastily, "knows of his mistake now, for a—"

"Nettie!"

Few could believe that the voice which spoke the name was Grace's, so full was it of stern, inflexible command. Nettie turned quickly toward her elder sister, and something on the pale, tense face seemed to lay a finger of silence upon her lips. She stared at the unfamiliar countenance for an instant, then becoming conscious of the intense stillness of the room, she glanced quickly around and saw that every eye was fastened on Grace. A wild desire to rush between those questioning eyes and the unprotected face which was their target, seized the child; yet she made no movement, uttered no word, although suffering all the painfulness of the moment, without being aware of its cause. If Grace would only speak again, even if to scold her, it would be more bearable than this silence.

(To be continued.)

AT FORTY-SIX

YOUR STOMACH BEGINS TO "TALK BACK" TO YOU.

At forty-six your stomach begins to "talk back" to you. It is at first displeased, then irritable, then "sassy." It will not stand abuse without protest. It agrees to disagree with you on many subjects, and if you press your point too far it will rage and bellow like a wounded bull. Perhaps it begins "talking back" before you are forty-six—perhaps a little later in life. You didn't know you had a stomach before.

The reason your stomach doesn't "talk back" when you eat Shredded Whole Wheat is because it is Nature's food. It is not only the cleanest and purest cereal food in the world, but the most easily digested. Of course, there's a reason for this. The whole wheat is cleaned, steam cooked, and then drawn out into fine, porous shreds and baked. These shreds, being porous, are quickly permeated by the saliva and the gastric juices of the stomach, and are digested and assimilated when the stomach rejects all other foods. Moreover, these shreds are rich in the phosphates that make bone and brain and the nitrates that make muscle and healthy tissue. It is an ideal summer food, especially for those who cannot eat everything their appetites crave. Shredded Wheat Biscuit for breakfast every morning will keep the stomach sweet and clean and the bowels healthy and active. All grocers sell it.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Sebastian Ralé. A Maine tragedy of the Eighteenth Century. By John Francis Sprague. Boston. Heintzmann Press. 1906.

The memory of the well-known Jesuit missionary, Sebastian Rale or Ralé, although held in the warmest veneration by Catholics, has been bitterly assailed by unbelievers. He was born on the 20th of January, 1654, at Franche-Comté and he entered the Society of Jesus on the 24th of September, 1675. He came to the missions in America in 1689 and he labored first at the Abnaki mission of St. Francis and afterwards among the Illinois. In 1695 he was sent to the Kennebec mission at Norridgewalk, Maine, and here his apostolic zeal led him to the performance of wonderfully heroic deeds. In the disastrous war of 1703 between England and France, the colonies became involved and Father Rale was accused of winning the Abnaki Indians over to the side of the French. This accusation led a party of New Englanders under Captain Hilton in 1705 to pillage the settlement and to burn down the church, and to strive to capture the missionary. The Indians, however, loyally guarded their spiritual chieftain, and when, after the peace of Utrecht, matters assumed their normal aspect, a new church was built in 1721. The colonists, however, still retained a deep feeling of resentment against Father Rale, and a new plan to arrest him was made in 1722 when a party of 230 men under Colonel Westbrook was despatched against Norridgewalk. The project failed in its principal aim, but the party seized the missionary's papers and personal goods, carrying away with them his famous but incomplete Abnaki dictionary.

Another attempt upon the life of the valiant missionary was made on the 23rd of August, 1724, when a force of English, strengthened by some Mohawks, swooped down upon the defenceless settlement. Knowing that he was the object of this fresh attack, Father Rale went forth to meet his enemies, and as he reached the mission cross a shower of bullets laid him low at the foot of the symbol of redemption. Not content with murdering their victim, they hacked, mangled, and otherwise ill-treated his corpse. The Indians who had rushed forward to serve as his body-guard were pitilessly slain; the whole village was plundered, while the church was set fire to, after every species of indignity had been heaped upon the Blessed Sacrament and the sacred vessels. Thus perished one of the greatest of Abnaki missionaries. He has always been regarded by Catholics as a martyr, while hostile non-Catholics have assailed him as an inciter of Indian war. It is undoubtedly true that, for reasons evident to all, his natural sympathies were with France, but there is not the slightest shred of evidence to show that he was in any degree lacking in loyalty to the government under which he was so cruelly persecuted. His life and deeds ought to be preserved in detailed form for the benefit of future generations, and we regret that Mr. Sprague has marred his sketch of this illustrious spiritual guide by the exhibition of narrow views and of partisan treatment. "I believe," says Sprague, "that (Ralé) was a natural, although perhaps a ripely developed product of the times of blood and bigotry, cruelty and tyranny in which he lived" Such a verdict is in no way borne out by documentary evidence. How different the opinion of the impartial Shea who writes: "Among our Indian missionaries, Father Rale will always rank as one of the greatest; learned, zealous, and laborious, careful of the religious progress of his own flock, careless of his own comfort and life, desirous even of martyrdom. Tried on the Illinois mission, he spent most of his life in Maine, and dying at an advanced age, when most men seek rest and quiet, he was still, though a cripple, an earnest laborer."

"Voices From Erin." By Denis A. McCarthy. Angel Guardian Press. Boston. 1906. $1.00.

Lovers of Celtic melody and word magic will welcome this new book by a writer whose name as a poet is familiar to a multitude of readers, and whose first volume of verses, published a few years ago under the modest title "A Round of Rimes," was received with great favor by press and public.

In that first volume Mr. McCarthy established his name as a singer of musical and patriotic lyrics. The press of the United States and of Ireland gave ready testimony to the freshness and melody of his poems, and the general verdict of the reviewers was that better and nobler work in the field of poetry might be expected in the future from such a promising writer.

In this new volume of poems, "Voices From Erin," Mr. McCarthy does not belie the promise of his earlier work. "For here," as one who has read the poems expresses it, "we have the same Irish patriotism, the same ardent love, the same delicate spirituality, the same felicity of expression, the same deftness in the use of rime and rhythm, the same under-tone of melancholy sounding even through the expression of the most op-

timistic philosophy. All these are here—only the years have broadened and deepened the poetic thought, have ripened and rounded the poetic fancy, have mellowed and softened the poetic mood, and have polished and perfected the poetic method."

"Voices From Erin" is attractively printed and bound, and contains a portrait of the author, and several excellent half-tone illustrations of the Golden Valley of Tipperary where the poet was born, and of which he sings so sweetly.

Sir John Thompson. By the late Archbishop O'Brien, Halifax, N. S. E. P. Meagher, publisher. 1906. 25 cents.

The sermon delivered by the Most Rev. C. O'Brien, D.D., on the occasion of the funeral of Sir John Thompson, Prime Minister of Canada, has been issued in pamphlet form, in compliance with repeated requests. The publishers have appended the speeches on the same subject delivered in Parliament by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Foster, acknowledged orators of wide reputation.

Thoughtfully considering Sir John Thompson's claims to be called "great," His Grace thus defines the constituents of greatness:

"What elements go to compose that special manifestation of a faculty or faculties which we call great? Many seem to imagine that greatness cannot exist in an everyday dress. Unless it is presented to them booted and spurred, they fail to recognize its face. As the vulgar confound bigness with greatness, so they make this latter synonymous with pomposity of manner and aggressive self-assertion. The ability to meet emergencies and to attain legitimately the special end in view without any apparent effort, proves the possession of resources which merit the designation of greatness."

And after proving that the late Prime Minister possessed these elements in marked degree, Archbishop O'Brien thus refers to his life as a Catholic:

"But there is another and a higher aspect of the life of the Premier, which on an occasion and in a place of this kind, is deserving of serious consideration. Splendid as were his intellectual gifts and endowments of mind, of themselves they would never have enabled him to win and to retain the esteem and admiration of so many. It was the spiritual element in his nature which developed and expanded his intellectual attainments, gave consistency to his actions, strength and vigor to his reasoning, and won the confidence of those with whom he had to deal. Material as is our age, and set though the hearts of the multitude may be on the good things of life, still men can admire and appreciate a line of action which is moulded by a standard more noble than any to which they can dream of aspiring. The words of the book of Wisdom,—

'Love justice, you that are judges of the earth. Think of the Lord in goodness, and seek Him in simplicity of heart,'

had sunk early and deeply into the heart of Sir John Thompson. To the justice of his dealings with all men, both as a private citizen and as a public official, we have already alluded, and the public voice fully endorses it. The way he sought the Lord in goodness and simplicity of heart is known to his friends. He recognized it to be the first duty of a Christian to follow the dictates of conscience, and to make his life an outward expression of his inward convictions. We shall not insult his memory, nor seem to think so poorly of the enlightened citizens of this Dominion, as to offer any excuse for, or vindication of the change of his religious belief, made after due deliberation, in the strength of his young manhood. He who follows conscience needs no vindication in the eyes of posterity, nor excuse before the bar of contemporary opinion. We shall merely say that his manner of life, from the date of that change until the day of his death, was that of a thoroughly practical, consistent Catholic. Both in public and in private, at all times and under all circumstances, he fulfilled with regularity and exactness, not merely the essential duties of his religion, but likewise many of those which a busy man might well be excused for thinking supererogatory. This faithful discharge of religious duties brought him into daily and close intercourse with his Creator, detaching his mind from the love of material things, causing him to see the emptiness of worldly honor and applause, and making him realize that a good name is better than riches, and the fear of God preferable to the acquirement of unjust triumphs. How faithful he was to the practices of devotion which he deemed profitable to the soul, can be gathered in an unmistakable manner from what was found on him after death. Amongst other things were a small picture of his Saviour, a crucifix, and a set of rosary beads. Be it borne in mind that he could not have foreseen his death at Windsor Castle; consequently, even his most bitter adversary cannot accuse him of posing for the occasion. Such tokens of pious practices, of the utility of which we shall not here treat, but in which he fully believed, were ever on his person."

Saint John and the Close of the Apostolic Age. By the Abbé Constant Fouard. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

Few recent apologetic writers have deserved more from the Christian public than the Abbé Fouard. The "Life of Our Lord,"

"St. Peter and the First Years of Christianity," "St. Paul and his Missions," and "The last Years of St. Paul," are works which command the admiration of all sincere Christians for their thorough scholarship, their well-balanced criticisms, and their reverent spirit of faith.

His latest work, published after he had been summoned from the trials of time to the unfading joys of eternity, is fully up to the standard of his former productions.

For reasons which are apparent to those who know the many vexatious questions connected with the writings of the "beloved disciple," Fouard was obliged in this volume to depart from his well-known policy of avoiding controversy and to enter into a discussion of the "Johannine Problem." In the treatment of this thorny subject the author is calm, clear and convincing. It would, indeed, be difficult to find anywhere so broad, so concise and withal so satisfactory a presentation of a matter beset with difficulties which claim the most delicate handling and the most comprehensive scholarship. The author's success in this point merits the deepest praise.

Historical details are depicted both thoroughly and vividly so that the scenes of St. John's life and of his banishment, and the social activities of the Jewish colonies during this period both at Rome and in Asia Minor stand out in unmistakable colors and in an absolutely correct setting. It has been aptly remarked that "in the author's six volumes the student will find not only a coherent history of the first century of Christianity, embracing the life and literature of the times, but the handiest work of reference as well, for all controverted questions concerning this most critical period."

There are one or two misprints in the Table of Contents. Thus, Corinthus is twice printed for Cerinthus. In general, however, the work is singularly free from typographical inaccuracies. The translation is splendidly done; true to the original, it yet moves along in crisp, idiomatic English, without the slightest trace of those foreign peculiarities which are so apt to mar English translations of French works. Neither has the translator neglected those graces of style which make a valuable book doubly acceptable, because together with its claim upon our loyalty to historical truth and to our faith, it also strongly appeals to our keen appreciation of literary excellence.

Excerpta ex Rituali Romano pro Administratione Sacramentorum ad commodiorem Usum Missionariorum, in Septentrionalis Americæ Fœderatæ Provinciis. Novis Curis Novoque Ordine Disposita. Editio Decima Quarta. New York and Cincinnati. Pustet & Co. 1906.

This clearly printed, compact and well-bound selection of prayers and ceremonies for the administration of the Sacraments will prove a great boon to the priest engaged in parish duties. It is certainly the handiest of its kind upon the market.

Purgatory. By Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, S.J. Chicago. Catholic Truth Society. 1906.

An exposition of the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, told in Father Sherman's interesting and trenchant style.

QUESTION BOX.

Kindly inform me whether a non-Catholic may be buried in *consecrated* ground?

The Roman Ritual, speaking of Christian burial, has the following remark bearing upon the proposed question: ("According to the decrees of the sacred Canons) Ecclesiastical burial is to be denied to pagans, Jews, infidels, heretics and their supporters, to apostates and schismatics, to those who have been publicly excommunicated under a *major* excommunication, to those who have been placed under an interdict by name, and to those who die in a place under interdict, during the time of the said interdict." Moreover, the Canons also include the following: "those who have committed suicide, those who die in a duel, public sinners who die without repentance, those who have not performed their Easter duty, and who die without any sign of contrition, and infants who pass away without baptism." Commenting upon these regulations the learned Father Lehmkuhl remarks: "Christian burial must not be refused those members of the Church who, although they have been great sinners, nevertheless have given proof before death of sincere repentance. Consequently from Christian burial are not excluded: (1) prisoners condemned to death, provided they receive the sacraments, (2) they who have been engaged in unlawful occupations, provided they have shown signs of conversion before death, (3) they who have lived a long time without approaching the sacraments, provided that before death they expressed a desire to receive the sacraments or summoned a priest, and (4) they who were in other respects a scandal to the faith-

ful, but who before death removed the cause of scandal and performed satisfactory penance."

This is the law of the Church concerning cemeteries which have been consecrated for the exclusive use of Catholics who die in communion with the Church. If a cemetery is not consecrated, the question would become a practical one and could only be settled by referring it to the Bishop of the place. It is, however, worthy of note that the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore (n. 390) declares that adults under instruction for entrance into the Church who die before the actual reception of Baptism are not to be deprived of burial in consecrated ground, because they die with the baptism of desire in their hearts. The general law of the Church rests upon the principle that in consecrating a cemetery, the Church sets aside, as far as possible, that particular plot of land for the resting place of the bodies of those Christians who have died in actual communion with the See of Saint Peter. In case of doubt, the Church always leans to the side of clemency, and hence if any one has departed this life in *probable* union with the Church, it is permitted, when there is no danger of scandal, to grant them ecclesiastical interment.

What has been the custom of the Church with regard to the number of Masses that a priest may say upon the same day?

This question which has been proposed under various forms by more than one subscriber may be best answered in the words of the gifted Father O'Brien, whose History of the Mass is a perfect store-house of interesting information. "During the very early days it was entirely at the discretion of every priest whether he said daily a plurality of Masses or not. It was quite usual to say two Masses, one of the occurring feast, the other for the benefit of the faithful departed. A plurality of Masses, however, was soon restricted to occasions upon which a greater concourse of people than ordinary was gathered by reason of some solemnity. Then, in order to afford all an opportunity of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice, as many Masses as were deemed necessary could be said, and these even by the same priest. Pope Leo III., (ninth century), we are told, said as many as nine Masses on a single day to meet an exigency of this kind. This practice, however, kept gradually falling into desuetude until the time of Pope Alexander II., (from A.D. 1061 to 1073), when that Pontiff decreed that no priest should say more than one Mass on the same day. The decree was thus worded: "It is sufficient for a priest to say one Mass the same day, because Christ suffered once and redeemed the whole world. The celebration of one Mass is no small matter, and very happy is the man who can celebrate one Mass worthily." This is the present discipline of the Church in the matter. Faculties, however, are granted to priests in charge of two churches to say Mass in each church on Sunday, in order to give the people an opportunity of complying with the precept requiring them to assist on that day at the Holy Sacrifice. But under no circumstances can more than two Masses be said by the same priest on these occasions. Permission to *duplicate* may be also had for one church where two Masses are required. (There is, however, an exception to this general law.) Christmas day is now the only day of the year upon which a plurality of Masses may be said. On this great feast the Church extends to every priest the privilege of celebrating the Holy Sacrifice three times the same morning, without, however, binding him to celebrate any more than one, if he does not wish to do so. According to Durandus this privilege was granted by Pope Telesphorus, A.D. 142. Liturgical writers assign to these three Masses the following mystic meaning: first, the eternal birth of the Son of God in the bosom of his Father; secondly, his birth in time in the womb of his Immaculate Mother; thirdly, his spiritual birth in the hearts of the faithful by a worthy reception of his sacraments, but, above all, by the reception of himself in the adorable sacrament of the altar."

In some parts of Spain and in Majorca, it is allowed each secular priest to say two Masses on the second of November, the Commemoration of all the Faithful Departed, and each regular priest three Masses. A movement has been started in some places to petition the Holy Father for an extension of this privilege to the universal Church, in order that as much aid as possible may be given to the suffering souls in Purgatory.

How careful the Church is with regard to the privilege of celebrating two Masses on Sunday where there is a necessity for the same is made evident from the following words of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore: "The Ordinary must scrupulously see to it that this privilege be safeguarded by strict conditions, as it is an exception to the general law (of the Church). Let him take care that this dispensation be used only in rare instances and for very serious reasons. In this matter a serious obligation is placed upon his conscience."

What is the meaning of the oft-quoted Latin saying: Possunt quia posse videntur?

It is the equivalent of our English Proverb: "Where there's a will there's a way." Everything depends upon a strong will. People succeed, because they think they can. They will not submit to defeat.

AFRICA
Scale of English Miles
Geographical Miles 60 = one Degree
REFERENCE
Explanation of Colours,
Possessions of European Countries outlined thus.
British
German
Portuguese
French
Italian
ATLANTIC
OCEAN
INDIAN
OCEAN
CONGO STATE
German East African Company
British Central Africa
British South African Company
SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC
ORANGE FREE STATE
CAPE COLONY
Mozambique Channel
MADAGASCAR
MADEIRA
Longitude W. 17 of Greenwich

See page 421.

THE CELESTIAL BARQUE. (*Dante, Purgatory,* Canto II.)

How gently the ripples around thee are breaking
As light to the breeze springs the silvery spray;
The voice of the waters sweet music is making,
And, daylight advancing, the mists fade away.

Oh! wondrous the light o'er the ocean reflecting
The beauty eternal of regions above;
And wondrously fair is the pilot directing
The bodyless souls to the prison of love.

May mine be the lot to unite with that number,
To sail o'er the sea in a shallop so fair,
By waking the thoughts of the spirit—which slumber—
To deeds that will prove as advocates there.

Joseph J. O'Sullivan.

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THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.

BY RT. REV. JOHN S. VAUGHAN, D.D.

The prisoner chafes in his
Dungeon drear,
And sighs through the live-long day
For the hills and vales
Of his own bright home
In a country far away.

In vain he presses his
Iron bars
And drags at his massive chain;
They hold him fast
In their iron grasp,
Though thews and muscles strain.

To the eagles that shriek,
On the rocks above,
In his wild despair he calls;
But the eagles' strength
Cannot break the locks
Nor shatter his prison walls.

He hears the tread of
Some passer-by,
He implores him to break his chains;
But the strongest arm
Cannot force the door
Nor bring ease to his racking pains.

At last, there whispers a
Soft, low voice—
Far sweeter than all the rest—
And it cries:—"Be patient,
Brave, and wait;
And I will your pains arrest.

"I'll force your chains and
Your cruel bars,
And set you free indeed.
No king, however
Mighty he,
Can enslave whom I have freed.

"I'll rescue you from a
Thousand foes,
Fling wide the stubbornest door;
For none can hold
Whom I will free,
So be downcast and sad no more."

"Your name? Your name?" the
Prisoner cried,
"Oh! pray, what may it be?"
"My name is *DEATH*,"
Said the silvery voice.
Death set the prisoner free.

KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM.

ACTUAL CONDITIONS IN THE CONGO FREE STATE.

BY THE REV. A. A. NOTEBAERT.

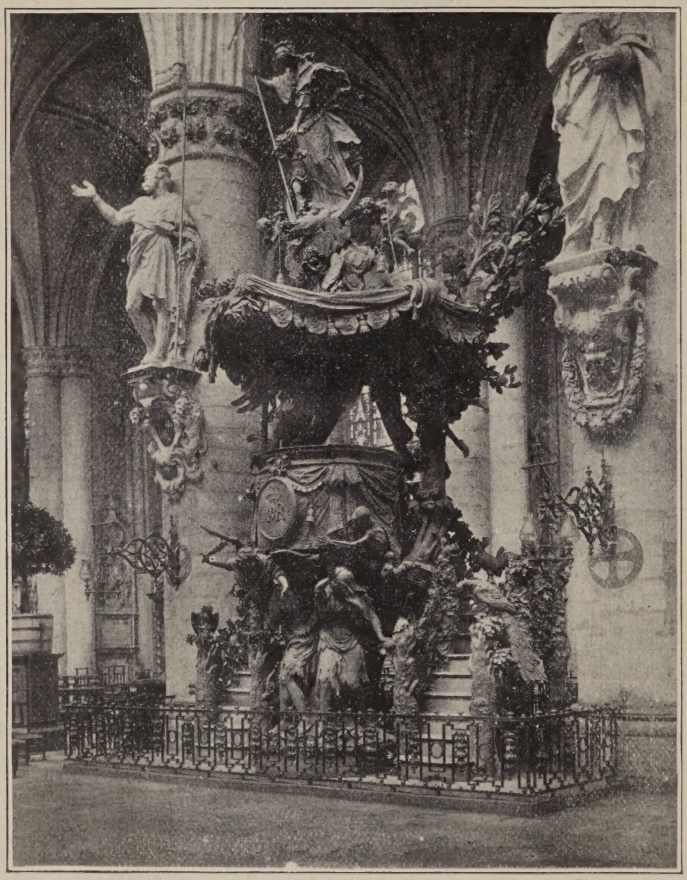
The Congo question is one of the great questions of the day, because it deals with a problem of the greatest importance, Christian civilization. The fact that great efforts have been made to misrepresent everything connected with the foundation of the Congo Free State clearly indicates unfairness and malice. A strange feature is that the opposition to the Congo has found its warmest supporters almost exclusively among Protestant clergymen. We owe a debt of gratitude to the English missionaries, who, in their indiscreet zeal, have betrayed the true purpose of the enemies of the Congo, namely, the partition of this newly-discovered country among the neighboring Powers, with the understanding that Protestant England shall have the lion's share.

The Congo Free State occupies the centre of Africa and comprises the basin of the Congo River and its affluents. It extends between the twelfth degree south of the Equator to the fifth degree north of the Equator, and from the tenth degree longitude east to the thirtieth degree longitude west. The Congo River starts in the southern part of Africa, runs northerly to the third degree latitude north, thence easterly for about 600 miles and then south east as far as the Atlantic Ocean, six degrees above the Equator. The Congo has an area of about 1,000,000 square miles, and is inhabited by 20,000,000 of savages.

It sounds like a paradox to say that Belgium, the smallest country in Europe, has attempted to colonize that immense tract of territory located in the centre of Africa. Belgium occupies only a small space on the map of Europe. It is bounded by Holland on the north, Germany on the east, France on the south and the North Sea on the west.

Its early history dates back to the time

of Julius Cæsar, who paid a brilliant tribute to the military virtues of the Belgians when he said: "Of all the Gauls the Belgians are the most courageous." Ever since, Belgium has had a distinct national character and almost a complete autonomy. It was composed of many small independent states, governed by chiefs. The nine provinces of to-day bear the very names of those independent states of old, and form the present kingdom of Belgium. Since 1830, Belgium has been governed by a king under a constitutional government. Its population is 7,000,000, to an area of only 11,500 square miles. It is the most thickly populated country in the world, having 460 inhabitants to the square mile. The existence of Belgium as a kingdom was solemnly acknowledged in 1831 by all the Powers of Europe who proclaimed and guaranteed perpetual neutrality and the independence of the new kingdom. As a matter of fact Belgium stands as a check to the Powers of Europe, and is a security of peace for them.



PULPIT OF CHURCH OF ST. GUDULE WHERE CARDINAL LAVIGERIE BEGAN HIS CAMPAIGN AGAINST SLAVERY.

The natural advantages of the country are decidedly exceptional, and are wonderfully adapted to make it of great strategetic importance. It has now two seaports; Antwerp, a natural inlet from the sea, with thirty-six miles of docks,

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.

is well-nigh the largest port in Europe; and Sea Brugge, the second port, is the only artificial seaport in the world with unlimited space for docks and able to receive steamers drawing thirty-six feet of water. This wonderful innovation is due to the genius of King Leopold II. Belgium has always had a disposition to expand. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, although without a navy of its own, and under a foreign flag, Belgium contributed most effectively to the spreading of civilization and science. While the Belgians marked on the map, —south of the Straits of Magellan,—the name of South Belgium, they wrote the name of New Belgium on the eastern shores of America.

Strange as it may seem, the Belgians were among the pioneers of New York City. History bears me out when I say that the early foundation of New York is mainly due to the persevering efforts of the Belgians. Fennimore Cooper, one of our novelists, speaking of the population of New York City states on good

POPE LEO XIII.

authority that a greater number came from Flanders, which is a province of Belgium, than from Holland. Malte-brun, another writer of note, is of the same opinion. Henry Hudson sailed under the flag of Holland, and received his commission from the Dutch East India Company of Holland. Antwerp, always in the foremost rank, was greatly interested in this extensive business enterprise, and sent a large number of its citizens with the Holland expedition. Hoboken was named in their honor. Their number became so great that they were obliged to look up new territory, and settled southwest of Albany, which was known as New Belgium, and so recorded on the map made in 1623, by John Janssonius.

At that time England had colonies north of New Belgium, and on general principles considered it her privilege to take possession, by force, of the newly-established colony. Mr. De Vergennes, a brilliant writer, commenting on this unscrupulous method of acquiring property, says "I cannot help comparing the pretentions of England to those of the traveler who notices a purse on his way, and is unwilling to pick it up, but when he learns that the purse contains valuables and has been secured by a fellow traveler, demands possession of the purse on the ground that he was the first to see it." The tendencies of England in that direction have not been modified, as we will have ample opportunity to show in this Congo question. Faithful to their early history, the Belgians were looking for expansion. Leopold II., the present king, inherited from his father, Leopold I., a well-organized and solidly constituted kingdom. He was destined not only to maintain the glory and prosperity of the country at home, but to give to his ambitious subjects golden opportunities of expansion in other parts of the world.

Belgium, with about three million and a half of inhabitants in 1830, has now more than doubled its population. Leopold II., saw the need of new outlets for the increase in manufactured products, and of colonies for the constantly growing population. Even before he was called to the throne he outlined his foreign policy, when in February, 1860, he said in the Senate "The possession of a sea-coast and of a magnificent port, with incalculable possibilities, are elements of wealth that cannot be over-estimated. I claim for Belgium her share of the sea." Leopold II. had been a close observer and student of events and was most particularly interested in the discoveries then in progress in Africa. Thoroughly appreciating the national reputation of Henry Stanley as an explorer, he inspired the learned traveler with his great views, and mapped out the gigantic scheme that had been in his mind for years,—namely, to open Central Africa to civilization and Christianity. To establish a Belgian colony whose independence should be guaranteed by the neighboring Powers, and thus create in the centre of Africa a country neutral and independent, able to hold in balance the powers of the colonial governments of Africa, and destined to be a guarantee of peace and harmony among them on the dark continent, was the noble aim of Leopold. Even the greatest admirers of the Belgian king looked upon that far-reaching enterprise as a mere dream, and some styled it a royal plaything.

In the summer of 1876, Leopold addressed a letter to the most eminent geographical authorities of the world, inviting them to take part in a geographical conference whose mission it would be to make known to the scientific world the centre of Africa, that had been thus far shrouded in mystery. The six great Powers of Europe accepted the King's invitation, and delegated their leading

scientific men to attend the Brussels conference,—which is considered as the laying of the corner-stone of the new Congo State. The International Association, also due to the initiative of King Leopold, and founded in 1883, was the outcome of the Brussels conference, and resulted later in the foundation of the Congo. The International Association of philanthropists, explorers, and men of commerce, became a political organization, neutral and independent, with the same inspiring genius at its head, Leopold II., in the capacity of a Sovereign. The efforts of the members were directed toward the exploration of the Congo River and its tributaries. This association, while international in name, was indeed almost exclusively national, and its executive power, its seat of influence, was centered in the person of the king. The magnitude of the undertaking had discouraged the original promoters and Leopold was the only man who grasped the situation correctly and clearly, and as a consequence he expressed his determination to carry alone the burden that had become distasteful to others.

In 1884, April 22d, the United States recognized the International Association as a properly constituted state. In Europe, France was first to sign, and was soon followed by the other Powers. Bismarck, in the spring of 1884, declared that Germany was in sympathy with the Belgium enterprise, aiming at the founding of an independent state in the Congo; and sent an invitation to all the Powers to take part in an international conference to be held in Berlin. As the International Association had already succeeded in having its flag recognized by all the Powers, and had established its status as a friendly and sovereign state, the Berlin conference was merely required to give a tangible and definite form to the idea formulated at Brussels eight years previous: to decide on various regulations concerning the Congo Free State already established; to frame its constitution, and decide on its actual boundaries.

Thus, in 1885, for the first time in the history of the world, a new state was created through the unanimous action of the nations, not by conquest or by sanguinary revolution, but as a gage of peace, civilization, and progress. Today the Congo independent state is invested with all the authority required for self-government, on the same grounds as all the other colonies of Africa. It is a state free and independent from the other states, having power to govern its internal affairs according to the best judgment of its sovereign, allowing no other colonial power the right to interfere. This is in brief the succession of events that gave to the Congo its standing among the Powers. While these extraordinary achievements seem to be the natural outcome of events, it is well to note that the plan of action had been carefully studied, outlined, and successfully carried out through the foresight, wisdom and diplomacy of King Leopold II.

To judge intelligently the extent of this gigantic task one has only to consider the tremendous difficulties the king had to contend against. In 1876 the geographical knowledge of Central Africa was as yet an unknown factor. To penetrate a tropical country of 1,000,000 square miles, covered with thick forests, traversed by high mountains and all kinds of waterways, and inhabited by 20,000,000 savages, was an undertaking of immense magnitude. To defray the expenses of the explorers—all men of the highest intellectual attainments—to provide for their equipment, their stores, their carriers, steamers and other means of transportation, the carving out of routes, the establishment of stations, purchases of land from native kings,—

all this called for considerable resources. From 1877 to 1882 four expeditions left Belgium, some starting from the east, others west, ascending the River Congo. Each one established stations as a basis for further operations, and as a means to find the extent of the Congo Basin. The black man had been taught that the white man was his friend and would soon deliver him from his tyrants. It had also been established beyond a doubt that life, although exposed to many uncertainties, could be thoroughly enjoyed on the Equator.

To describe the sufferings of these courageous explorers is next to impossible. The official records chronicle on every page the names of many noble men who fell martyrs to disease, to treachery, accidents by flood and field; other courageous officers took their places, and the attempt to found a colony was not abandoned in despair because of either public or private obstacles. The king was confident that his great work would bear fruit, and that ere long the words of Stanley, his trusted and intelligent lieutenant, would be realized: "The power that makes itself mistress of the Congo will absorb all the commerce of the immense basin, which expands itself behind that river. This waterway is, and will remain, the great commercial route toward the west of Central Africa."

The glory due to the Belgian pioneers during this first period cannot be overestimated. Despite hardships and privations, the flag of the International Association floated in Stanley Falls in 1885.

The obstacles met with in a wild and unexplored country had been almost unsurmountable, yet they could not be compared with the obstacles encountered at the hands of the desperate Arabian slave traders, who made their horrible *razzias* in the region of the Congo. Every year thousands of unfortunates were driven to the coast, chained one to another in small groups. Those unable to proceed were brutally murdered, so that often their number was reduced to one-half before they reached their destination. Those who survived were to supply the foreign markets. It was the cry of outraged humanity, the appeal from those in distress, that first drew Leopold's attention to Central Africa. Long before the Congo was named, or trade or empire could have been thought of, he set the example of attacking the slave trade from the side of Zanzibar and Tanganyika. It was in consequence of the king's efforts that the Pope, in 1888, sanctioned the commencement of the anti-slavery campaign, and,—after asking the governments of Europe to combine in putting an end to the hideous traffic called the slave trade, and to remove this plague spot so that it would no longer dishonor the human race,—entrusted the project to Cardinal Lavigerie, the apostle of anti-slavery.

The clear and emphatic language of Leo XIII., shows that the information brought back by the missionaries and travelers had not fallen on deaf ears.

"This ignoble traffic in men is no longer carried on on sea, but on land it is still prosecuted, and in the most barbarous fashion. It is a horrible thing to see with what perfidy and cruelty they treat the Negroes.

"Falling suddenly on them like brigands, at the moment they are least expected, they destroy all they possess, villages, hamlets, huts,—ravaging and pillaging everything; they take men, women and children, chain and lead them off to the most infamous markets. Egypt, Zanzibar and part of the Soudan are the districts from which these abominable expeditions are fitted out. The men loaded with chains, with scarcely anything to eat, are forced to make long marches, under blows. Those who have not strength to make the march are killed. The survivors are put up for sale like beasts and exposed before the impudent purchaser. As each is sold he or she is torn from children, wife, husband, or parent."

Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Algier, who had devoted his life for many

years to the cause of the Negro race of Africa, and to whose eloquence Leo XIII. trusted for a movement that should emulate that of Peter the Hermit, began his campaign at Brussels at the national cathedral of St. Gudule.

The outcome of this appeal was the founding of the anti-slavery Society of Belgium, with branches in France, Spain, and England.

It will require no very great inventive imagination to appreciate the magnitude of the difficulties confronting the Belgian pioneers in their efforts to suppress slavery, carried on with such ferocious brutality over an area so vast as Central Africa, yet that was one of the several tasks enjoined upon them by their king. It was first in order and importance, and until it was accomplished little or no progress in other respects could be hoped for.

Some one said, "Crime is not punished as an offence against God, but as a prejudice to Society." King Leopold seeing in the crime of slavery both the offence against God and a prejudice to man, was prepared to exert his utmost energy and, if necessary, to lose the last franc of his private fortune in the effort to stamp out the evil.

In this great enterprise the King of the Belgians had the sympathy and the moral support of his people. One of his ministers, Baron Lanbermont, recorded his opinion of slavery, in these words: "This slave trade is the very denial of every law of all social order. Man-hunting constitutes a crime of high treason against humanity. It ought to be suppressed wherever it can be reached, on land as well as on sea."

General Gordon, who had been successful in putting down, with the hand of a master, the slave trade in Egyptian territory, declared—before the Congo State was founded—that; "No such efficacious means of getting at the root of the slave trade ever was presented as that which God has, I trust, opened up to us through the kind disinterestedness of His Majesty, King Leopold."

The advent of the Belgians in Central Africa, with the avowed intention of suppressing the slave trade, meant a direct conflict between them and the Arabs, and this conflict also meant the extinction of one or the other of the belligerents.

The Belgians in establishing posts throughout the country were chiefly guided in their selection of sites by a desire to obstruct the natural routes of the slave-traders, and as a consequence were often brought in collision with the enemy.

After the Belgian operations on the Uelle and Lualaba, two rivers on the northeast of the Congo,—the Arabs were convinced that their nefarious method of livelihood was seriously threatened and they resolved to take the offensive. On March 15th, 1892, they murdered a Belgian merchant and ten of his white companions, on the river Lomani, burned the factories belonging to the Belgian societies of the Upper Congo, and killed all the operatives. The collapse of the Belgian power in that section was complete. Besides, the Arabian Governor of Stanley Falls secretly upheld the murderers, whom he refused to punish. Meanwhile, two Belgian officers united their forces and attacked the Negro chief, Lutete, who was in league with the Arabs, and a most formidable enemy. Three fierce battles took place, April 23d, May 5th, and May 9th, at which terrible loss of life was inflicted on the Arabs. Lutete surrendered unconditionally, and placed his men at the disposal of Lieutenant Dhanis, the Belgian commander-in-chief. The Arabs lost no time, and increased their force to 16,000 men. The Belgian staff consisted of only seven Europeans, 350 regular troops, and those acquired through Lutete's surrender.

On Nov. 23d, 1892, a horrible fight took place and the Arabs lost 2,000 men, and a thousand prisoners, with a large quantity of munitions of war.

Dec. 30th, Dhanis inflicted severe losses on the enemy. On Jan. 9th, 1893, the Arabian Chief, Moharra, with many of his soldiers, was slain in battle.

On March 4, 1893, the Arabs lost 1,000 men, and on April 22d of the same year, Commander Dhanis with 300 regular troops, and 2,000 auxiliaries, attacked 60,000 Arabs. The Belgians displayed great courage under extraordinary difficulties, and continued to fight until they defeated the Arabs, and put them to flight. As a result of their splendid victory the post of Kossongo became a possession of the Congo State, with vast quantities of valuable spoils. Several skirmishes took place, but January 9th, 1894, the final battle was fought and the Arabs' power was officially broken. It was an arduous task, expensive both in life and money. The sufferings of the Europeans were fully as great as those of their enemies. More succumbed to disease and hardship than were killed by the enemy's bullets.

The chief honors of the Belgian campaign against the Arabs undoubtedly rested upon Dhanis, who had exhibited foresight, patience, skill, and wonderful bravery. His ability and success were recognized by the King, who conferred upon him the title of Baron.

In his final report to the King, December 20th, 1894, Baron Dhanis summed up the results of that memorable struggle.

"The annihilation of the Arabs' power has brought about the complete suppression of the devastating bands which, in order to procure slaves, have been ravaging the country with fire and sword, from the Uelle in the north to the Sankura in the south. With them the slave trade disappears from the regions they exploit, and very soon we may hope it will no longer exist in the Congo State.

"The native chiefs who have submitted have been reinstated in authority—others who have disappeared have been replaced by intelligent soldiers of the State, and some of the Arabs who have made their submission have been left in the enjoyment of their possessions. All have been disarmed and warned that their authority must be exercised under the direction of the State agents, who are charged with pacific settlement of any differences that may arise."

No country can boast of more valiant deeds than those accomplished by the Belgians in the Congo.

Through this long and terrible struggle against the Arabian slave-traders Leopold was single-handed. He had to depend on his own resources and on the skill and bravery of his Belgian soldiers to accomplish a purpose that the crowned heads of Europe looked upon as an empty dream.

At the Berlin Conference the Congo Free State had accepted a two-fold obligation,—the protection of the natives and the betterment of their material and moral condition.

A few words on the origin of the Congo tribes will be of interest. The Central African tribe as they exist to-day exhibit marked differences in height, shape, language, habits, customs, and even in color, some being of an intense black, some of a chocolate hue, some reddish-brown and some of a bronze complexion. The reason for this variety is to be found in the fact that the Negro type of Central Africa originated in southern Asia; from there they wandered across the peninsula of Arabia to eastern Africa, and mingled with the Caucasians from the north, thus evolving the Negroid race known as Hamite. The Egyptians, the Abyssinians, and the Nubians, owe their origin to the Hamite race. From Eastern Africa these primitive people spread over all Central Africa, and penetrated the southern and western coast of Africa, changing their physical type according to their environ-

ment, and again modifying that type by subsequent inter-mixture.

They can be divided into five classes: (1) the Forest Pigmy; (2) Vantu; (3) the Nile Negro; (4) Massai; (5) the Hamite. While differing in personal appearance, prowess, habits, and customs, —clearly denoting that they do not descend from a common stock,—they have certain traits in common. All are polygamists, nearly all cannibals, and the morals of the most advanced among them are such as to shock the average civilized man. Cannibalism has long been suppressed by the Congo government, just as murder is suppressed among civilized communities. This horrible practice is now seldom indulged in, and nowhere does any tribe dare acknowledge that its people ever were victims to it. Until lately it was necessary to maintain a constant guard at the cemetery of Leopoldville, the chief station of the Upper Congo, to prevent the Bangalies from unearthing the dead and carrying them off to feast upon. All the cannibal tribes are not so repulsive and cruel. Most of them eat no human flesh other than that of their enemies slain in battle. Some make up their deficiency with prisoners and slaves on whom they first inflict all sorts of tortures. After their ghastly repast, the teeth are extracted and made into necklaces for women, and often the skin is used for drum-heads. This horrible subject is sickening to contemplate, but we refer to it as one of the tremendous difficulties that civilization has to overcome. The administration directs that capital punishment be meted out to those guilty of cannibalism.

Another barbarous practice is that of mutilating the dead bodies of their enemies. They cut off the hands, and carry them off as trophies, just as our Indians used to exhibit the scalps of their victims. They also show the hand of a dead person as an evidence of death, just as we would produce a death certificate. Mutilation is practiced upon the living, and it is common among them to punish their children or slaves by cutting off the right hand, the nose, ears, or some other member of the body. This explains the fact that quite a number of them are disfigured. The officials of the State who have been unjustly charged with these cruelties are the very ones who protect the natives, and, today, instances of such cruelties are rare exceptions.

Polygamy is still more inveterate than cannibalism. Nothing but the spirit of Christianity will overcome the evil. The native man cannot be induced by ordinary arguments to see why a man should not have as many wives as he can afford to buy and keep. The price of a wife is ordinarily one or two goats or a cow. She becomes the mother of his children, and works and cooks for her husband. That is her career, and she shares it with as many other wives as her husband's inclination or resources permit him to buy. From two to three wives is the average number for the ordinary Central African, and between thirty and forty for the chief.

After their prodigious efforts and expenses in suppressing the slave trade, the Belgians set to work to weld into a homogeneous civilized State a vast region full of warring tribes, utterly oblivious of all sense of right and truth, as we understand these words.

Looking at the Congolese as they were in 1876, and again as they are today, no one can deny that Leopold has displayed a rare energy, great wisdom, and unceasing activity, in the performance of his arduous mission. He established a State administration admirably adapted to promote the welfare and prosperity of the natives. He divided the country into fifteen districts, and

created 240 government posts and stations under the supervision and command of 1,400 white government officials, mostly Belgians, with the assistance of 20,000 natives. To these men are intrusted the different departments of justice, of public safety, of public works, of science and agriculture. The King is represented by a Governor General, who rules the country. Thirty-two magistrates and twenty-five judicial agents inquire with vigilance and impartiality into breaches of the law, and leave no offence unpunished.

The Department of Justice is greatly and ably assisted by the Public Force. This State Military organization raises recruits among the natives between the ages of sixteen and thirty. It numbers 8,000 militia men, and 4,000 volunteers, under the command of white officers. Their term of service is seven years. This period is a training school for the native, where he learns respect for authority, and acquires the notion of right and wrong. He is taught to read and write, and under strict discipline he becomes a splendid soldier. Great pains are taken to give practical illustrations of agriculture. They are allowed to marry and are given special quarters for themselves and children, but they are allowed only one wife. Polygamy is thus not only officially discountenanced, but the natives are made to understand that no polygamist is eligible for employment by the State, either military or civil.

Ten years ago Christian marriages numbered eighty-four. They are now registered by the thousands.

When their term of service has expired these recruits are taken home at the expense of the government, and become the object of special protection. Moreover, they receive concessions of land in the station of their own choice.

The results obtained through the efficiency of the Public Force is simply marvelous. There are about 14,500 soldiers for a million square miles of territory, which means that there are about seven soldiers for every 625 square miles. What civilized community could maintain its authority with such a meagre force?

The Department of Public Works has also accomplished remarkably good results. Formerly, through its efficient agency, steamers were carried in sections to the upper part of the Congo. Between Matadi and Leopoldville, a distance of 260 miles, the water of the Congo runs with a wild rush over thirty-two cataracts, with a fall of 1,000 feet, making navigation impossible. This interruption was the greatest obstacle to the communication with the interior of the country. The only remedy was to build a railway over fearful precipices, through immense valleys, and over mountains 1,700 feet high. Nine years were spent in this gigantic struggle with Nature, and this masterpiece of engineering, which cost sixty million of francs, was solemnly inaugurated in 1898.

The great barrier to civilization was now removed and new life infused into Central Africa. Twelve hundred miles of railway were constructed, telegraph and telephone lines connected the principal localities, and a regular postal service was put in operation; nine hundred miles of automobile roads were built through the interior, and a hundred steamers were launched on the upper and lower Congo. Beautiful cities were erected, not only on the Congo River, but at different points of interest, thus developing commerce. In and far around each of the numerous stations and posts, life and property are as secure now as in any part of Europe. The soil is being turned by the plough and devoted to the growing of rubber plantations, coffee, cocoa, tea, and all sorts of condiments.

The establishments for the breeding of cattle, horses, and other domestic animals, are numerous and on the increase. In following agricultural employment the natives receive liberal encouragement from the State, which supplies the necessary seeds; an indemnity is paid for each shrub on its attaining two feet in height; and a native is paid liberally for any product that is prepared for exportation.

The State, solicitous for the health of the natives, has established scientific stations at various points throughout its territory. The observations of these professional men have proved especially valuable. Their recommendations as to regime, dress, habitation, etc., for travelers and settlers, have reduced the death rate to six per cent., proving Central Africa as healthful as India, and far healthier than the German and French colonies. Besides there is a commission of sixteen State doctors to watch over and report upon the health of the various stations. Until the Belgians came in the Congo Free State small-pox from time to time was prevalent among the natives, and was as disastrous to the population as the slave trade or their own inter-tribal wars. Thanks to the vaccine-producing institutions and the watchful care of the State, this terrible disease claims very few victims.

There is in the Congo another contagious disease which thus far has been invariably fatal. At first it was confined to the Negro race, but of late there have been a few isolated cases among the white people, with the same fatal termination. This dreaded sickness is rapidly spreading over the whole country, and has become a serious menace to the natives, who die by thousands every year. Whole villages have been wiped out of existence.

King Leopold has made an appeal to the intelligent medical authorities, not only of Belgium, but of France, Germany and England. His Majesty has offered a premium of 200,000 francs for the discovery of a remedy and has placed large sums of money at the disposal of the administration to better the condition of those afflicted with the terrible malady. The sickness presents most singular symptoms. It affects the spine and the brain and results in agonizing pains, which gradually emaciate the body. To gaze upon those walking skeletons fills one with gloom, sadness, and sympathy. This dreadful calamity has brought the Catholic missionary closer to the heart of the native. In the districts afflicted with the disease the missionaries have established hospitals for the treatment of the unfortunate sufferers.

In order to prevent the spreading of the disease Father Cambier, now Prefect Apostolic of the Haut-Kassai, has selected an island for those afflicted with sleeping disease. It is called "Louvain-Alma-Mater." Father Cambier has inaugurated the cottage system in which the unfortunates are housed and looked after. It is situated about four miles from the mission of Luluabourg. The patients are visited every day by the Sisters, who administer to their bodily wants, and bring them the necessary food and remedies. It is a vast undertaking that calls for a great outlay of money, and a great deal of courage and devotion on the part of the missionaries; but they feel amply rewarded, as it affords them an opportunity of saving the souls of those hopeless sufferers. Last year Father Cambier baptized one thousand of the inmates.

The perilous undertakings of the Belgian pioneers and their subsequent wonderful achievements, of which I have given but a brief sketch, had paved the way for more pacific conquerors, the ministers of the Gospel. King Leopold knew full well that civilization to be pro-

ductive of durable and practical results should be developed under the soothing influence of religion, and to insure the result of his national enterprise, he wanted Belgian missionaries to bring the good tidings to the savage tribes of Central Africa. Leo XIII., in answer to the king's wishes, created the Congo mission, and entrusted it to the African Seminary of Scheut, erected at Louvain under the direction of the Belgian episcopate. It was then that Belgium gave to the world a new proof of its apostolic spirit. This fresh field of labor was a new call for volunteers, and twelve religious Orders cheerfully sent men and women to Central Africa to save the immortal souls of its savage inhabitants. Thus far 160 missionaries and fifty-two nuns have died in the performance of their duty of love. Nevertheless, in the last seven years the number of missionaries has more than doubled, and to-day 282 priests and brothers and ninety-two nuns are devoting their best efforts to the conversion of the Congolese.

The country is divided into six religious districts in charge of different religious Orders, Belgian. They attend 1,252 churches and chapels and are constantly extending the field of their apostolic zeal. They teach elementary subjects in 440 schools. They have seventy-five primary schools and three grammar schools. They take care of seven hospitals, and have founded seventy-one Christian villages, and have on their register 75,000 Christians and catechumens.

That you may have a fair idea of the work of these heroic laborers in the Lord's Vineyard I will give the description of one of the missions erected by the Jesuit Fathers, in the district of the cataracts between Matadi and Leopoldville. It is called Kisantu. This locality presents the aspect of a European village. The church is a beautiful building of pure Gothic architecture, and has a seating capacity of 1,500. There are several other brick buildings,—the residence of the Fathers, the Sisters' convent and its annexes; a normal school for catechists; the buildings for the children —consisting of school rooms, dormitories and infirmaries;—work-shops for carpenters, masons, blacksmiths; brickyards, shoe factories and soap factories. They have also a printing office that has published several works in the Congolese tongue, among others a monthly review for the natives. All around the mission are extensive gardens, orchards, and immense farms, cultivated by the natives, with a wonderful success.

This mission fairly illustrates the radical transformation effected in these savage countries through the strenuous efforts of the Belgian missionaries, and gives an estimate of the generosity of the Belgian people, who, though having many works of charity at home, are cheerfully contributing towards the support of that noble work in Africa.

King Leopold feels justly proud of the work accomplished by these Belgian missionaries. In a letter of January, last, addressed to Bishop Van Ronsle, His Majesty paid a glowing tribute to the spirit of devotion, zeal, and self-sacrifice of the religious Orders in the Congo. He praised them for their earnest endeavors and for their successful co-operation, which he considers essential toward the material and moral amelioration of the natives. He speaks lovingly of those who have sacrificed their lives, and assures their successors of his high appreciation of their meritorious efforts, in spite of many and great difficulties; and expresses his willingness to assist them, and in every possible way to further their work of conversion. This unrestricted praise and mark of well-deserved confidence from King Leopold took a more tangible form in a royal decree of June 3d, 1906, granting to the

Belgian missionaries a perpetual concession of land from 200 to 400 acres around their mission, to build churches and schools. The decree further states that a yearly salary shall be paid to resident missionaries.

The work of King Leopold has been the object of severe and most unjust criticism. The opposition organized in Liverpool had no other apology than self-interest and bigotry; lucre and gain on the part of the Liverpool rubber merchants, jealousy and narrow mindedness on the part of the Protestant ministers. Liverpool had long since boasted of the monoply of the rubber industry, and the prospects of the successful rubber plantations in the Congo clearly indicated that Antwerp would soon become the successful rival of Liverpool, in the rubber trade. It was then a question of life and death with the Liverpool merchants, who in despair decided upon a drastic measure, namely,—to inaugurate a systematic campaign of slander and to antagonize public opinion against the Congo Free State, thus accomplishing its ruin. They selected as their official organ the "West African Mail," whose chief editor was E. Deville, who, for reasons best known to himself, had changed his name to E. D. Morel. This man was a clever writer, but his honesty was not on a par with his literary talents. For several weeks he served his readers with a series of false accusations taken from a book entitled "The Curse of Africa," which he knew had been ordered suppressed by Justice Ridley of London, who condemned the writer, Captain Burrows, for defamation of character. This officer, a disappointed Englishman, had been in the service of the Congo Free State, and, being unable to obtain another engagement, made false accusations against four Belgian officers of the Congo Free State.

This was just the kind of reading matter that Morel looked for. He carefully omitted the objectionable names, and filled the columns of his paper with all sorts of alleged atrocities mentioned in Captain Burrows' condemned book.

The chief editor of the "West African Mail" soon gave another instance of his want of fairness. In his over-anxiety to wipe out of existence the Congo Free State,—he offered, in conjunction with John Holt, Vice-President of the Chamber of Commerce of Liverpool,—a bribe of $250.00 in cash, to Benedetti, Chief Commissary of Boma, with promise of larger sums if he would only consent to divulge atrocities alleged to have been committed by the Congo officials. After the written agreement had been signed by the parties concerned, Benedetti surrendered the original document to the officials of Brussels, and thus exposed the unscrupulous editor of the "West African Mail."

All the books and pamphlets published by E. D. Morel are written in the same spirit of unfairness, and betray underlying motives far different from humanitarian views. His statements cannot be relied upon, and must not be accepted by any fair-minded reader. He has enlisted the Congo Reform Association, composed mostly of Baptist missionaries. As a result we have witnessed here in the United States the sad spectacle of so-called ministers of the Gospel going from city to city reciting to unsuspecting hearers tales of alleged atrocities committed in the Congo, and demanding that an international commission be appointed to investigate those horrible conditions, and decree the suppression of the Congo Free State. In his reply to the petitions addressed to Congress, Secretary Root gave the keynote of the situation when he said that the United States had no more right to interfere in the internal affairs of the Congo,—a duly established and recognized State,—than in the affairs of any other African colony. With regard to

the Protestant missionaries the situation is very simple. Those reverend gentlemen accept the hospitality of the Congo Free State, enjoy its protection, and accept its liberality, and in return agree to preach to the natives submission to the laws of the Gospel and to those of the State. Whenever they feel that these obligations become a burden the fair thing to do is to look for another field for their apostolic zeal.

I regret to state that many Protestant missionaries have misunderstood their calling, and so far forgot themselves as to incite the natives to disobey the laws of the State, making wilful misrepresentations and positively stating that the Belgians are no longer in power and that the English are the present rulers of the country. These intentional mis-statements have caused the uprising and rebellion of whole districts, which, until then, were peaceful and contented.

In Rochester I have publicly charged Rev. Mr. Harris, an English missionary of the Congo, the star witness of the Congo Reform Association, with being an apostle of discord among the natives, and challenged him, while he was in this city, but in vain, to clear himself of those serious accusations. His associate, Rev. Mr. Stannard, who has pursued the same course in the Congo, has recently paid a fine of 1,000 francs for unjustly accusing a public official.

The "Tribune Congolaise" in a recent issue cites four affidavits sworn before Mr. Hagstrom, Commander of the Public Force, accusing by name four missionaries, three men and one woman, of having incited the natives to rebellion and of having caused one man to be killed, another to be seriously injured, and one village to be destroyed by fire. The paper commenting on this incident says: "This throws a singular light on the manner in which the missionaries fulfil their mission of peace and mercy in Africa."

It is painful to note the absolute want of professional etiquette on the part of the Protestant missionaries. Rev. Mr. Bentley, the veteran Protestant missionary, has published a book called "Pioneering" that can be summarized in these two points: The Catholic priests have thus far accomplished nothing in the Congo; while the Protestant ministers, and Rev. Bentley in particular, are the only successful civilizers of that country.

Furthermore, Rev. Mr. Bentley, in the "Missionary Herald of the Baptist Missions," a Protestant monthly, of London, makes the sweeping assertion that the priests are doing a great deal of harm in the Congo, and that they preach a most detestable doctrine,—namely, that Catholics are privileged to commit all sorts of bad sins, provided they confess them.

The reverend gentleman charges a certain Catholic missionary with having preached this immoral doctrine, and states that his informant is one of the natives, but that for obvious reasons he refrains from giving any name. Slander is always considered as a weak argument of a desperate cause, and in this particular case it comes with poor grace from the pen of Mr. Bentley, who, in the Congo, always professed friendship for the Catholic missionaries.

It may be interesting to hear Mr. Bentley sound his own praise, and that of his associates. In a book published by him in 1900 he gives the following figures for the Baptist Missions:

Number of Central Stations	10
Number of Missionaries on duty	55
Number of Missionaries either dead or not on duty	60
Number of Christians baptized	244

Thus on an average *two* Christians have been brought in the church by *one* missionary; twenty-five Christians in each central mission, and that *rich* spiritual harvest is the result of twenty years of devotion and apostolic zeal—and this

wonderful success is all the more significant when we take into account the enormous sums of money that are constantly placed at the disposal of the Baptist missionaries.

Three years ago the Fathers of the Scheut Seminary, Louvain-Belgium, came to Leopoldville, and they have baptized 900 natives; the daily attendance of those anxious to be baptized is over 300. Reverend Bentley landed in that same city in 1881. In the same book, published in 1900, he speaks of the many obstacles in the way of converts, and thus explains that after twenty-five years they have only forty children in school and a membership of ten natives for the church. Conclusion: The Protestant ministers are the only successful civilizers of the Congo.

Bishop Ronsle of the White Fathers, two years ago, issued a report that shows better results than all the Protestant missions together:

Number of Christians	4,103
Catechumens	14,587
Number of baptisms in 1902	1,533
Confirmations	383
Marriages	117

Conclusion: "Auctore Bentley"—the Catholic missionaries are not successful in the Congo.

One would have expected justice at the hands of the ministers of the Gospel. All we can say is that their unjustifiable unfairness is a very strong proof of an organized and systematic hostility, in favor of persons who are deeply interested in the reverses that would befall the Congo Free State.

We do not claim that the administration of the Congo has attained a state of perfection, but we claim without fear of contradiction that the Congo has made greater progress in civilization and Christianity than any other African colony.

The new decrees issued June 30th, 1906, calling for wise reforms and further insuring the safety as well as the moral and material welfare of the natives, will have a beneficial influence, and bring abundant blessings to the Congo. The press has been unanimous in praising the king for the intelligent, wise, and practical reforms which he has inaugurated and congratulates him for the dignified manner in which he upholds the rights, conceded him by the Powers, over the Congo Free State, when he says:

"My rights on the Congo are indivisible; they are the result of my personal labor and expense. You must continue to bring these facts to light, for they, and they alone, have rendered my legacy to Belgium possible and legitimate. These rights must be fearlessly proclaimed, for Belgium possesses no rights in the Congo apart from those which she will acquire from me. If I am careful not to jeopardise my rights it is truly for patriotic motives, and because failing these rights, Belgium would be deprived of all title. The mode of exercising public power in the Congo alone belongs to the author of the State; it is he who disposes legally, sovereignly, and who must forcibly continue to dispose alone, in the interest of Belgium, of everything which he has created in the Congo, until Belgium, if she finds it suitable some day, agrees with him to enter into possession of the Congo during his life, or does this conformably to his last will, after his death.

"In the meantime, it is his duty to maintain without allowing them to diminish, the advantages which the option which he has spontaneously afforded to Belgium can secure to her.

"Interference which tended to lessen these rights would, to say the least, be possessed with a feature of real usurpation, not to say more. The maintenance and use of the resources of the Congo State are incumbent upon him and upon no one else. He will fulfil this duty towards Belgium in its entirety."

King Leopold thus far has made no mistake. His anticipations have been fully realized; his wonderful foresight, his great wisdom, his energetic perseverance, have triumphed over the greatest obstacles and to-day he commands the respect and the admiration of the whole civilized world. He is greeted by the Powers as the illustrious sovereign of the Congo Free and Independent State, which is fast becoming the jewel colony of the Dark Continent.

SHORN.

Translated from the Spanish by Luis G.

"It must be done, Gustave," exclaimed the Countess, tapping her son's shoulder playfully, as she leant against the easy chair in which he reclined.

"When your cousin arrives (at least allowing her a little time to know you) propose to her as soon as possible. We can ask Rome for a dispensation, and, when it comes, you can marry her at once. You have no rival in this town, except the Marquis de Santa Herminia; none of the other young men would presume to aspire to her hand. Supposing the Marquis *should* take a fancy to Marie—which is not at all unlikely—he certainly would be a formidable rival. So, my dear Gustave, you must be first in the field. He is very rich, noble and a handsome young fellow. But for the present you need not trouble about him; he is in no way related to Marie, while you, her cousin, may visit at her house at any hour of the day, from the moment of her arrival. Visit at her house! Why, we shall go to the station to meet her, and so begin to lay siege to her heart from the very first minute."

"For heaven's sake do not jest about it, mother," said Gustave. "I do not know my cousin, except through her letters to you, and they show me plainly enough that there will be no sympathy between us. True, one cannot guess by her letters whether she is ugly or pretty, but, even if she were a beauty, would you like to place me in a ridiculous position by marrying an imbecile?"

"And what leads you to suppose she is an imbecile, Gustave?"

"Why, yourself, mother—and her own letters. Have you not said over and over she must be half-silly. She hardly ever writes to you except on spiritual subjects. She is making a retreat, or such and such a novena, she has had herself inscribed as a member of St. Vincent de Paul's Society that she may visit and succor the poor, or that she has been attending a mission in the cathedral, which has caused some wonderful conversions!"

"That is only the result of the kind of education her parents have given her. Just fancy keeping her in a convent school till she was eighteen! Who but they *could* think of educating a girl of her position in such a manner."

"And yet you wish that I, who have traveled over half the world, spent so much time at the principal centres of culture and modern civilization, and mixed in the society of the loveliest, most distinguished and enlightened women, I who have enlarged my mind by the most profound scientific studies, and perfected my artistic and literary studies by visiting the museums of the chief capitals of Europe, should now marry a woman who has neither culture nor education, a woman whose mind is clouded by ignorance and vulgar fanaticism? In fine, a *devotee*. Horror of horrors, mother. A most repulsive type of girl to my mind. Do you wish to make me the laughing stock of good society?"

"That is precisely what I want to avoid, my son—putting you, or rather both of us, in a ridiculous light, not only before good society, but in the eyes of the whole country. And can you not see why? If you do not marry *money*, how otherwise are we to sustain the lustre of our house, not even according to our rank, but with common decency?"

Gustave was thinking deeply. He was weary of hearing this terrible truth which he scarcely dared to breathe to himself, and which had given him many a sleepless night lately.

"Your marriage with Marie," contin-

ued the Countess, "is the only way I see out of our difficulties—or ruin. Do you wish to retire to an obscure little town, and live humbly on the produce of one of our few farms? And even there shall we not be still what we are and always have been, the illustrious Count and Countess of Cumbres Azules! Now, do you wish to be made ridiculous before the whole world?"

"Certainly not," exclaimed Gustave, vehemently. For this worldly young man thought it ignoble to live honestly on the product of his farms, while he had no scruple about marrying without love and solely for his own interest!

"Well, then," said his mother, "I see no other solution of the difficulty. You must marry your cousin, no matter what it cost you."

"It is a terrible sacrifice, mother!"

"I know it is, my poor son. It *is* terrible, but also remember it is indispensible. No other girl in the town, or in the whole country round, has such a large fortune as your cousin; she is extremely rich and an only child. When her parents die, her dollars may be counted by millions. So it seems to me you ought to think the matter over, or rather I should say, do not hesitate a moment," said the Countess, rather bitterly.

Gustave yielded at last. He agreed with his mother, there was no other way out of the difficulty. He must sacrifice himself, but at what a price! Immolate his youth, his elegance, his brilliant scientific, literary, and artistic education in marrying such a woman,—a devotee! There are people—and Gustave was one of them—who wrongly think that if a girl is in the least pious, she must naturally be an eccentric creature who never cares to leave her house except to go to the church and remain there for hours. She is shy and unsociable, even ill-mannered, for want of mixing in society; thinks every thing, even the most innocent, a sin; she is ugly and ill-dressed, in fine, she goes through the streets with downcast eyes and runs the risk of being thrown down and trampled on by any passing horse! Gustave, of course, made some allowance for the social position of his cousin, yet this was really his idea of a pious girl, though Marie might not possibly be quite such a ridiculous type. He felt convinced by her letters she must be a devotee, though of the upper class, and she would have many of the characteristics of the type; an ignorant, and fanatical woman, without understanding, and completely dominated by clerical ideas. How could he, without blushing, present such a wife to the society which he and his mother frequented? Oh! it was simply horrible! He, the cultured and fastidious Gustave, shuddered at the thought of this thing! But it was absolutely necessary, the state of his funds at that moment demanded the sacrifice. He must, at any price, and promptly, restore the brilliancy of the gilded and proud escutcheon of the noble Counts of Cumbres Azules, considerably deteriorated by the luxurious and extravagant tastes of mother and son. The sacrifice was then inevitable, however painful it might be.

* * * * * *

Marie arrived, and it cost the egotistical young man no small humiliation to confess he had been entirely mistaken in his pre-conceived ideas of his cousin, for like all vain people he was exceedingly tenacious of his opinions. Whether he liked it or not, he had to admit, and that without reserve, that Marie was *not* the kind of girl he had imagined her to be. She was very beautiful, tall, slight, witty, courteous and affable to all. She dressed with exquisite taste, and yet with great simplicity. She spoke and wrote three or four languages fluently; played the piano, and sang like an angel. Of literature and art, as well as the fundamental principles of certain sciences, she had a varied and wide knowledge. In fine, she

was a highly-cultured girl, with a calm, clear outlook on life.

And yet, strange to say, this young girl, gifted with so many exceptionally brilliant qualities, was a devotee!—a *fanatic* in the extreme. She went to church and received the Sacraments frequently, firmly believed all the teachings of the Catholic faith—without even excluding its most vulgar tenets, so Gustave designated them. Such beliefs were for the ignorant or people of diseased minds! How was this to be explained? Gustave gave up trying to solve the problem.

On various occasions he tried to fathom the young girl's mind with respect to questions on religious subjects, provoking her to discussions in which he always came out only second best. It could not happen otherwise, for this vain young infidel had gained all his knowledge from impious books, and was absolutely ignorant of the fundamental truths of religion. His cousin, on the contrary, was thoroughly well instructed in the dogmas of Catholic teaching, and was able to support her arguments with solid, clear reasoning which reduced Gustave's assertions to dust. But, though disconcerted, he would never yield, and generally backed out of the disputes ignominiously, not, however, without discharging a few blank charges while retreating.

In discussions on ordinary subjects Marie willingly yielded to her cousin, but when there was a question of religion she was implacable. She knew her adversary thoroughly now and gave him no quarter. Yet so great was his vanity, coupled with blind ignorance, that he could not see when he was beaten. Marie's gifts, moral, physical, and intellectual, were as nothing to this cultured young genius—but still they were not quite to be ignored! Perhaps he would be able to endure her little peculiarities, it might be worth the trouble. How audacious she was to argue with *him*, and about such vulgar trifles! However, time was passing all too swiftly and he had not much more to lose.

And so our hero at last decided to honor his cousin by asking her to be his wife. He railed at fate for having treated him so badly, but what was he to do? He felt quite confident his proposal would be accepted. How astonished Marie would be! He could almost picture her surprise, when he, the spoiled favorite of society, the elegant, learned young Count would ask her to marry him!

At last the moment arrived. Marie listened to Gustave's proposal smilingly, without evincing the least surprise. He insisted on an immediate answer, but the young girl, still smiling, only made a jest of his proposal. Were they not cousins? How could she think that Gustave was formally making her an offer of his hand? Gustave was pleased and flattered. It was just as he had conjectured, his cousin had never even dreamt that *he* could think of marrying her, a simple, shy girl. It spoke much for her humility and modesty, and her appreciation of his merits gave him entire satisfaction. But as Marie still continued in the same incredulous state of mind he resolved to bring matters to a conclusion.

One evening he asked his mother to accompany him to his cousin's in order to make a formal proposal to her parents, for her hand. Dressed in the extreme of fashion, and smiling with satisfaction, the heir of Cumbres Azules arrived at his cousin's house. What a surprise the dear little girl was about to experience!

"Are my aunt and uncle at home?"

"The master is out, sir, but the mistress and the young lady are in the blue boudoir. Shall I announce you, sir?" asked the man, bowing respectfully.

"Thanks, no, Luis; you know how much at home we are in this house," said the Countess, as she and her son passed through the hall and went up-

stairs. Gustave walked beside his mother with that erect, self-confident, smiling air of a man sure of success and conquest.

As they entered the outer drawing room from which the blue boudoir was curtained off by a heavy portiere they distinctly heard Marie's mother saying the following words to her daughter: "You see, dearest, you *must* give him a decided answer. The Marquis de Herminia is an excellent Catholic and a perfect gentleman—and, to be frank with you, neither your father or I object in the least to calling him our son-in-law."

Gustave and his mother exchanged frightened glances when they heard those words. They hardly dared breathe, and fortunately their footsteps were unheard on the rich, thick carpet. The voice continued:

"Well, Marie, what do you think of his proposal?"

"I—the truth is, dear mamma, I have no objection; that is, if you and papa think well of it," Marie answered in a sweet, trembling voice.

"Thanks be to God, my daughter!" exclaimed her mother. "What a weight your words have taken from my heart! Your father and I feared you loved your cousin!"

"For Heaven's sake, mamma! *I* love a man of that type! No, not even if I were mad!"

"But, dear, you would not give him a decided answer when he proposed to you?"

"So *he* says, mamma, because his consummate vanity will not allow him to see that I took it all as a jest. Do you think that I would for a moment dream of giving a serious answer to one who, like him, considers marriage a miserable speculation, a matter of business? Why, he thinks he is conferring on me an extraordinary favor in asking me to marry him! He looks on me as a silly fanatic, while he believes himself to be a very enlightened person, indeed. But, dearest mamma, he is nothing of the kind. Like all men of his stamp he is really ignorant and vulgar—yes, vulgar—in his affectation of elegance, in his superficial knowledge, and even in his impiety. When I met him first he wished to impress on me that he was an infidel to be feared—but I soon found him to be completely harmless—for no one with even a very limited understanding and only a little education could fail to see through his false reasoning, and ignorance of the topics on which he spoke with so much confidence. His is just the style for a club orator, or gratuitous contributor to an irreligious periodical!"

The concentrated pride and indignation of seven generations of Cumbres Azules revolted in Gustave's breast when these words reached his ears. They were the only true ones he had ever heard respecting his personal character, during his life. The blood rushed to his face, his head reeled, and so great was the shock his self-conceit received that he would have fallen had he not clutched at the back of a chair for support.

At that moment the servant man appeared at the door and said: "Why has not your Ladyship passed in? The ladies are in the blue room. But what ever is the matter with the Count?" he added, drawing nearer. "Is he ill?"

On hearing the man's exclamation, Marie and her mother exchanged glances which plainly said: "The Countess and Gustave have heard all!" And then hurried out to meet their visitors.

"It is nothing, absolutely nothing, he is only a little nervous," explained the Countess, endeavoring, like Gustave, to smile.

Marie hastened to the outer door of the room and calling to her maid said—in a voice of delicately veiled sarcasm:

"Juana—make a good strong restorative and bring it up quickly, the Count Gustave does not feel very well."

CARDINAL GIBBONS, CLERGY AND EXPOSITION OFFICERS IN FRONT OF POCAHONTAS HOSPITAL, JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION GROUNDS.

THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

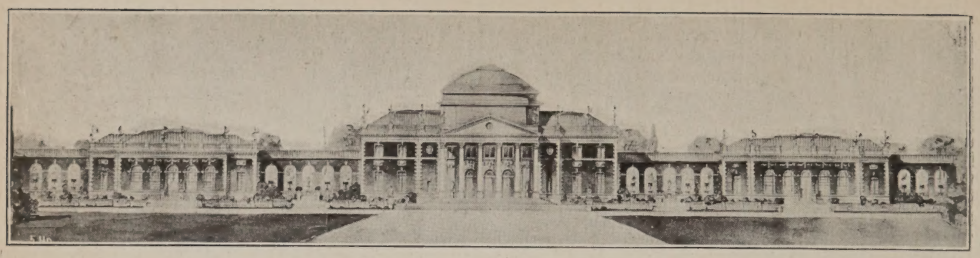
BY CHARLES FREDERICK STANSBURY.

To properly commemorate the establishment of the first English settlement in America, at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, a great international, military, naval, historical, educational and industrial exposition will be held on the waters and shores of Hampton Roads, near Norfolk, Va., April 26th to November 30th, 1907.

The State of Massachusetts, which was an integral part of Virginia at the time of the Jamestown settlement in 1607, has appropriated $50,000 to defray the expense of its representation at the Jamestown Exposition.

While it was hoped in Virginia that the appropriation would have been much greater, because the two states have an equal interest in the event to be celebrated, yet Massachusetts will be made as welcome as the flowers in May at the beautiful spot on the shore of Hampton Roads where the Exposition is to be held.

Speaking of the Exposition the Greenfield *Courant* says it knows of no public cause to which the state should give a reasonable amount of money more cheerfully. Massachusetts and Virginia are two sister commonwealths that unite in a like heritage of noble Colonial history. The fact that they were separated in the great division of forty years ago is added reason for lending assistance to this



AUDITORIUM AND HALL OF CONGRESS, JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

enterprise; for aid to this project by our state cannot fail to do something to renew the old bonds of friendship between the two great commonwealths, which, perhaps, more than any other two, have stamped their characteristic civilization upon our national life.

The participation of Massachusetts being an established fact Virginia will not be lacking in hospitality to the sons and daughters of the old Bay State.

The event to be commemorated is the most historical and important in American history, for at Jamestown, John Smith and a small party of adventurous colonists landed, and founded a settlement from which grew Virginia, and from Virginia these United States.

No section of this country is so hallowed by history-making events, or has been so deluged with the blood of patriots, while the experience of those hardy pioneers is one of almost continued suffering, privation, and vicissitudes. It is replete with adventure, pathos, and dramatic incidents, that strongly appeal to the patriotism of every country-loving person, while their deeds stand out as the most remarkable in the annals of history.

It was this little party of Englishmen that laid the foundation of our present great institutions and our future material development. To place the proper estimate upon their achievements it is necessary to succinctly mention the almost insurmountable obstacles they successfully mastered in the making of America.

For more than five months following the departure of the colonists from English shores, their fleet, comprising three ships,—the Susan Constant, Godspeed, and the Discovery—was tossed and buffeted by storms. Their heroic tenacity was finally rewarded May 13th, 1607, when they landed on a narrow strip of land projecting into the James River, and called the place Fort James, which subsequently was changed to Jamestown. The work of erecting huts and fortifications immediately began, not, however, without repeated interruptions and attacks by the Indians who resented the white man's encroachment upon their territory.

Captain Christopher Newport returned to England for additional men and supplies, and during his absence the settlers suffered terribly from lack of proper sustenance, and the general health of the colony became impaired by the ravages of disease. The situation became acute, but through the resources and efforts of John Smith the conditions were somewhat alleviated. Despite this temporary relief, discouragement finally gave way to despair, and the party decided to return to England, and had reached Hampton Roads when relief ships were observed, loaded with men and provisions. This sight immediately infused new life and energy. The timely arrival of Lord Delaware and delivery from the intention to abandon the settlement of America caused great joy and instilled renewed determination to establish a permanent settlement. Upon hearing the story of the colonists, Lord Delaware joined with them and offered

grateful and fervent prayers to God that Virginia had been saved.

Smith returned to England in 1609, and with his departure King James I. gave the Virginia Company a new charter, defining the limits of territory, and increasing the sovereign power over the colonists.

Internal troubles growing out of land boundaries and disputes between the settlers followed during the successive administrations of Sir Thomas Dale, Samuel Argall, George Yeardley and Sir Francis. Conditions, however, became such that the colonists demanded at least a limited form of self-government, which was granted in 1619, during Yeardley's administration, by creating the first legislative body ever assembled in America. Members were elected by direct vote of the people, representing two branches—the House of Burgesses and the Council.

With the collapse of the Virginia Company in 1624, the colony became dependent on the crown, and Sir John Harvey was sent by Charles I. as the first royalist governor. His administration proved very obnoxious to the settlers, and he was superseded by Sir William Berkeley, who was bitterly opposed to making the colonial government more liberal. He in turn was followed by Richard Bennett, whose rule proved prosperous to the colony. But Virginia took its first real step in material progress and development with the administration of Governor Alexander Spottswood in 1710. He brought with him the long-craved privilege of the writ of habeas corpus, and immediately instituted

CHILDREN PLANTING THEIR GARDENS NEAR THE MODEL SCHOOL.

HAMPTON ROADS RENDEZVOUS.

many needed reforms. He sought especially to cultivate agriculture and develop the natural resources. He imported skilled Germans to teach agriculture in its most approved methods, and had erected blast furnaces and instituted a system of education among the Indians. Hence, it may be safely stated that with this year dates the first organized and systematic effort to carry to such magnitude of unexampled development our present day achievements, embracing every branch of industry that enters into a country's greatness and power.

In order to properly observe the three hundredth anniversary, and to give an opportunity to study America's historical, educational, industrial and commercial expansion, it was decided to hold the Jamestown Ter-Centennial, which should have for its purpose these features. The sentiment of the movement created by patriotic Virginians readily found favor with the General Assembly of the State, which approved the plan, declared that fitting ceremonials should attend the celebration, and further endorsed the project with a liberal appropriation.

The Congress of the United States likewise endorsed the celebration, and not only gave ample funds to insure its financial stability, but provided for an exhaustive exhibit, representing every executive department and branch of the service, including the National Museum, Smithsonian Institute, Library of Congress, the Life-Saving Service, Bureau of American Republics, etc. The insular possessions, embracing the Philippines, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and Alaska, will also make representative exhibits.

President Roosevelt not only officially invited the nations of the world to participate, but gave his personal approval of the celebration. Favorable responses from nearly every foreign country have been received and assurance pledged to send either warships, detachments of troops, or civil delegations, while some will also install industrial exhibits.

Several states of the Union have appropriated funds for buildings, while

every representative concern throughout the respective States will make exhibit of their various resources and products.

All of the exhibit buildings will be semi-permanent in construction, and in architecture will be typical of the colonial period. Among those under construction are the Auditorium and Convention Hall, History and Historic Art, Manufactures and Liberal Arts, Machinery, Transportation, Electricity, Mines and Metallurgy, Agriculture and Horticulture, Marine Appliances, Arts and Crafts Village, the Government Building, and a separate structure for the Negro exhibit, together with various special buildings and pavilions. Work on several States' buildings is progressing rapidly and most of them will be completed during the early part of next year.

The exposition grounds cover an area of more than 400 acres fronting on the shores of Hampton Roads, with a Government pier extending 4,700 feet out into the water. The site is on Sewell's Point within twenty minutes' ride of Norfolk, Portsmouth, Berkeley, Newport News, Hampton, and Old Point Comfort,—reached either by trolley or steamer. Beautiful boulevard drives add to its easy access by vehicles and automobiles.

WORKING ON BOULEVARD.

Willoughby Boulevard will be sixty feet wide and two miles long, following the contour of Hampton Roads in front of Jamestown Exposition Grounds.

Nature has been lavish in beautifying the site, rendering it the most attractive spot upon which a similar undertaking has ever been held. The grounds are

equipped with a complete system of sewerage, electric light, power, gas, etc., while its natural beauty will be enhanced by an elaborate scheme of landscape decoration.

An original and novel feature is the floral fence which encloses the grounds, giving the whole site the appearance of a beautiful private park. It is constructed of wire mesh and heavy barb covered with vines systematically planted so as to make an impenetrable barrier of beautiful foliage. The vines were planted in May, 1905, and as they are native to the southern climate they are already of dense growth. At each post has been planted a trumpet vine and between each post a crimson rambler rose bush. Between the trumpet vines and rosebushes honeysuckle has been trained, so that the entire fence is already covered with a fragrant mass of flowering beauty.

A winding trail through the Exposition grounds is called "Lover's Lane" or "Flirtation Walk." It passes through shady and pretty groves. Near this inviting spot runs a waterway, called the Canoe Trail, where small boats may sail or steam into the grounds from the bay. A million pretty flowers and shrubs scattered over the grounds furnish beauty and fragrance and inspire romantic sentiment.

Here the lover of history has an unrivalled field for study. Within a short distance is Jamestown, the site of the first settlement, where may be seen the crumbling ruins of the original church tower, the graveyard, and tombstones of many famous persons in colonial history, the site of the House of Burgesses, and the ruins of the mansion of the noted Ambler family, twice destroyed by fire. The monument recently authorized by Congress to mark the spot will be unveiled during the Exposition.

Nearby is Yorktown, where Cornwallis surrendered to the Continental Army, who won the victory of 1781, a monument marking the exact location of the capitulation; the first custom house in the United States and the cave in which Cornwallis is said to have taken refuge during the bombardment of that place, while not far distant stands the White House, a reproduction of the one in which Washington was married in 1759.

A few miles from the Exposition grounds is Cape Henry, where the first English settlers disembarked in 1607. A stone tablet has supplanted the wooden cross raised by the pioneers, showing their initial landing.

Immediately across Hampton Roads is Newport News, a thriving city, which has one of the largest ship building plants and dry docks in the world. Hampton, which almost adjoins this place, is the original home of the Kecoughtan Indians, and the oldest continuous settlement of Englishmen in America. At Old Point Comfort is located the greatest fortress in this country. It is the principle artillery station of the Army and commands the most prominent site along the south Atlantic seaboard, while the Rip Raps, another formidable fortification, stands immediately in front, built in the Roads.

Upon these waters was fought the memorable naval battle between the Monitor and Merrimac, during the Civil War, which completely revolutionized naval construction. A reproduction of this historic naval duel will be held during the Exposition. The vicinity abounds in other points of interest,—connected not only with the early settlement of America, but through the subsequent periods of the Revolutionary and Civil war conflicts,—all of which bear unmistakable evidence of shot and shell.

And by a happy combination of circumstances, upon these same waters will be held the greatest naval rendevous ever witnessed; represented by the navies

of the world; officered by the celebrities of their respective countries; and including one or more types of every class of fighting craft known to designers and builders. An interesting feature will be the opportunity afforded for a close study of the evolution of naval architecture and ordnance. A permanent international encampment of soldiers will continue throughout the Exposition and

TWO KINDS OF BLACKBERRIES.

Picture shows inside of Jamestown Exposition Fence.

will unite with the troops of the United States in a series of competitive drills, etc.

The expositions of former years have been industrial to a great extent. In this respect the Ter-Centennial will differ, in that it is essentially historic and educational in purpose, yet the industrial feature has not been lost sight of and a comprehensive system of selective exhibits will fully show the handicraft of man, productions of the farm and field, mines, mills, and forest, together with every branch of the varied industries, liberal and fine arts, so grouped and classified as to convey an intelligent conception of any particular line of development.

By comparison of monetary display the Jamestown Exposition will represent in value more than $250,000,000, as compared with the great World's Fair at St. Louis, which expended $50,000,000, and took four years' time to build. At first these figures appear incredible, but the management of the latter Exposition built it from the foundation, and everything that entered into its making was purchased, as there were no natural or permanent improvements nor histori-

cal associations to commend it. But with the Ter-Centennial the conditions are completely reversed, and it not only possesses every natural advantage and location, but many of the improvements are attractive and permanent, representing millions in money and years to build. Among them Fortress Monroe, facing the Exposition grounds on the north and represented, while the estimated value of the combined naval and military display is nearly $300,000,000, which makes the Jamestown Exposition far exceed in value of display all similar undertakings.

Because of the substantial character of the buildings and the desirable location, it has been urged that the Exposition be made a permanent institution.

FLIRTATION WALK, JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION GROUNDS.

approximating a value of more than $10,000,000, the Rip Raps, another smaller fortification, together with innumerable other permanent improvements costing enormous sums. Add to this amount $8,000,000, to be expended in erecting buildings and beautifying the site, and nearly half the amount which the St. Louis Exposition expended is

This agitation is endorsed by distinguished men and women, and by historical, educational and commercial organizations throughout the country. However, the proposition is purely tentative and nothing definite has been attempted along that line.

Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, during a recent visit to the Exposi-

tion grounds, accompanied by several dignitaries of the Church, expressed himself as highly pleased with the possibilities of the Exposition, but in the following speech urged that it be made permanent. His Eminence said:

"I am both surprised and delighted at the beauty of your Exposition site and at the great work you have done in so short a time.

"You are aiding Nature, which is always well. These magnificent trees and your millions of plants and shrubs will be very restful and delightful to the thousands who will throng through your gates next year. The Jamestown Exposition is one that should appeal to all loyal men, women and children. It is right to remember those things in our history which marked the beginnings of great epochs, and I hope the Jamestown Exposition will receive the hearty support of the entire country.

"You have departed from the ways of other expositions, especially in your buildings. I have always thought it vandalism to destroy created beauty, in the form either of landscape or buildings. Other expositions have constructed but to tear down and leave a void in the heart and mind of all who have looked.

"Make of this a permanent park, which will stand as a monument of what the Jamestown Exposition seeks to commemorate. Other expositions passed to forgetfulness; let this one be an exception.

"Your beautiful grounds and quaint buildings will be a source of pleasure to thousands long after the Exposition closes its gates next November.

"I wish you the greatest degree of success that a worthy enterprise deserves, and it is my hope that a multitude will have the privilege of seeing and enjoying all the good things which will be shown here next year."

NIGHT ON VINEGAR HILL.

Wexford, A.D. 1798.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

A pallid moon that reels athwart the skies
  Lights up the ghastly faces of the slain—
  How quiet in their sudden sleep they've lain,
Since pealed the trumpet, and the battle-cries!
Lo! here and there a broken pike-shaft lies,
  And the dark grass is drenched with many a stain
  While through yon broken tower in sad complain
The troubled breeze, like Erin's spirit, sighs!
Sleep on, brave hearts, 'neath em'rald banner furl'd!
  Pikemen of Wexford,—no, ye did not quail!
Your wild defiance to the foeman hurl'd
  Re-echoes still in every storied vale,
Proclaiming to the despots of the world:—
  "The Patriot dies,—his *Cause* can never fail!"

CHANCE OR PROVIDENCE.

BY HELEN HUGHES.

It was a soft afternoon in September; the autumn had only touched the summer green to deepen and make richer its hue. The sunburned students, streaming back to Innsbruck after the summer's vacation, hailed with loving "gruso" the glistening head of the old "Bettelwurf," as it rose from the deep and dying green of the mountain, a silvery cone high in the thin air.

Dennis O'Farrell, with the "wanderlust" still hot in his young heart, looked long and thoughtfully at the proud, almost inaccessible, peak. He wondered what the world would look like from the top. He had climbed everything worth climbing between Innsbruck and the sunny slopes of Italy, but never had he mounted the Bettelwurf. All through the past school years it had beckoned and coaxed him. When the sun wrapped its white head in a golden haze it smiled to him, and when the sharp hail whipped its sides it cried out to him. From the lowering thunder-clouds it frowned on him, and now, as the setting sun turned its glistening whiteness to palest rose, he knew that his point of highest resistance had been passed, and that the next holiday would add the Bettelwurf to his other victories.

Not many days after, there was an interview with two mountain guides. They were well pleased with their climber—as indeed they might be, after one glance at his deep, well-rounded chest, strong limbs, showing well in his mountain gaiters, well spiked shoes, and above all his steady Celtic blue eyes, the gift to a race that can look on danger without fear.

There were few preliminaries, as climber and guide knew their duty well. Cheerfully they swung along the rugged mountain path, pausing every now and then to survey the country beneath. The morning was well advanced before they reached the snow-line. The air was crisp and balmy from the odor of pines rising upward, and like toy houses in the valley below seemed the erstwhile imposing college buildings of Innsbruck.

Up the narrow path they mounted single file, a rope thrown round the body of the first guide, then round the climber, and lastly fastened to the second guide, who walked behind. No admonitions were necessary to teach O'Farrell that this rope must never be allowed a slack. All three carried long alpenstocks, and in the early morning they sang as they walked.

And now there was no more singing, and their breath came quickly as they toiled upward in the thin air. To right and left occasionally a great mass of ice and snow ploughed its way, rolling and tumbling with a noise like thunder into the gulches below.

They rested be-times, and O'Farrell would gaze with the eyes of a poet over the beautiful panorama of wood and dale and friendly valley, watered by the rapid mountain streams. From every hard-gained eminence a new and more enchanting prospect was obtained. The earth seemed less and the heavens more of his life. The dwellings of men were as dots on the plain. The stately college buildings were a mere blur on the landscape. A fragment of a by-gone lesson in philosophy floated into his mind, "The greater the extension the less the comprehension." "My extension," he thought, as he gazed far around, "is immensely increased, but alas! for my com-

prehension! I can hardly make out the old 'convictus,' from the other buildings."

The roar of an avalanche, passing alarmingly near, roused him from his thoughts, but the guides assured him. "The avalanche knows its own course." And so it would seem, for they had furrowed great seams in the mountain side down which they had rolled for countless ages.

The sun shone with a cruel light that brought no warmth, and made our climbers almost regret the dense moist atmosphere that wrapped like a blanket the earth they were leaving behind. The air became nippingly cold, the snow broke with a crunch under their feet. Here and there steps had to be cut out of the steep incline and followed carefully, every foot planting itself firmly in the hold of the one gone before. There were glimpses of terrible declivities, yawning gorges, and frightful precipices over which they had seen more than one avalanche tumble, falling so far that no after-sound reached them. It made our student think of the passage into eternity, from which no echo comes back. The fierce sun was speeding towards the delicate golden sea on the verge of the distant horizon. There was the silence of eternity around them, broken only by the occasional rush of the snow-slides as they plowed their way towards the distant valleys. Suddenly an inarticulate cry broke from the foremost guide, and right in their path loomed an awful avalanche! For a moment it seemed the whole mountain was moving toward them; then swifter and with less volume it advanced.

Not for a moment did one of the three make a useless effort to escape, but into the eyes of O'Farrell flashed a look of unutterable pain. He that was to be a missionary priest, to be cut off miserably before he had done one good day's work, the victim of his own folly! Then in a moment came the soldier pride to meet death like a man and a Christian, in whatever guise it might come. The grate of the avalanche was in his ears, he raised his hand to make the sign of the cross, when, with mighty force, the great mass struck a rocky projection, and leaping to one side continued its course, leaving O'Farrell and his guides in safety—by only a few feet. Crash! it went over an almost perpendicular precipice, and in a few seconds the sound of its fall came up from hundreds of feet below.

O'Farrell, thrilled for a moment with the exaltation of one who has faced death, then slowly raising his hand he blessed himself again.

Once more they turned their faces toward the top, and as the sun sank and the stars came out in the far ether they reached the summit.

A rude hut was built here where travelers could rest for the night. The descent was never attempted except by daylight. And here O'Farrell lay, close under the floor of heaven, the silence broken only by the roar and rush of the avalanches as they rumbled down the mountain side.

The descent was accomplished the next day without difficulty, and from that time onward Dennis O'Farrell applied himself to his studies, nor ever looked towards the glancing peaks that once exercised their spell over him.

After his ordination he devoted himself to mission work in the Canadian Northwest. His field extended for about two hundred miles, along the line of the Canadian Pacific, and his parishioners were the rude Indian tribes that still subsist along the rivers on hunting and fishing. They are nearly all Catholic, and there is no village so wretched but that it has its plain little building, serving as both church and school. These

Indians, with a few section men here and there and an occasional station agent, constituted his flock. The young priest had little time for mountain climbing in his new field—even if he had the wish—and "Mount Sir Donald" and the "Three Sisters" and all the rest of the proud peaks of the Canadian Rockies smiled or frowned or beckoned all in vain.

One night in the depth of the Canadian winter, Father O'Farrell stopped off between trains to minister to one of the help who was sick at the "Chalet" at the foot of the great Glacier, intending to catch a later train which would bring him to Illicilliwaet, where he was to say Mass the next morning, in the station house. The station master, an Irishman named McMahon, and his wife, belonged to his flock. As the night fell, and there were several hours of waiting before him, he wandered out to gaze on the Glacier, that immense field of ice that had lain there under the burning sun, diminishing so little in all the years. To-night there was a mighty unrest tugging at his heart, and there were dreams of home amid soft spicy boreens, where the snowy hawthorns almost met overhead, low white cottages and laughing children and gentle rivers gliding seaward.

Then there was Innsbruck—Innsbruck with all the enchantment of student-life wrapped in the golden haze of youth, and the happy kindly Tyrolese, the Yohdlers who used to coast down the mountain side singing their sweet wild airs.

Unthinking, the priest walked along the railway track, and before his reverie was over, found himself in sight of Roger. Here the road runs through the famous Roger Pass, the highest point attained by any railroad in Canada, but a mere rising ground compared with some of the railway passes farther south, in the United States. A waterfall, limited by ice and snow, fell with a deep musical cadence on one hand, and the solid earth fell away on the other toward Bear Valley, named so from the number of bears that frequent the place, drawn there by the plenteousness of berries in the summer and the pleasant sheltered slopes in the winter.

Father O'Farrell, now awake to the passage of time, glanced at his watch, and concluded that it was safer to walk on toward Roger than take his chance of missing his train if he returned to the Glacier. Roger lay in the lap of the hills; the telegraph instruments clicked away as if in an effort to connect the place with civilization; and the dirty waiting room was oppressively hot by reason of a roaring soft coal fire in a tall stove with a constricted waist and protuberant body. A belated traveler, with his hat drawn down over his face, snored on a bench.

Father O'Farrell turned again, instinctively, toward the crisp night, and paced the deserted platform. Into the lives of the most hopeful and unselfish there enters at times the spirit of dissatisfaction, the eternal *cui bono,* and to-night it held the soul of the young priest firm in its blighting grip. The past from which he had so completely cut himself off lay bathed in a beautiful golden mist behind him, and the future stretched dark and unsmiling before him, without one ray of promise. Even his physical discomfort irritated him. His clothes were hardly sufficient to shield him from the nipping air; his food was of the roughest kind; he slept often in rude filthy huts, or under the night sky,—and what was the good of these privations? That he might bring the gospel to a parcel of Indians that he knew full well gave up their old gods with reluctance and were —even the best of them—still wonderfully respectful to the devil, especially in time of sickness! For these and a few whites, who—for love of money or adventure—had deliberately left the oppor-

tunity of frequenting church or sacraments or having their children instructed in religion, he was spending a life that had been so full of promise. He, the leader in his class, the master of five languages, the brilliant essayist, lost out on the fringes of civilization, lost so far and buried so deep it seemed that God's voice itself could hardly reach him!

His mind reverted, with a feeling of bitterness, to that supreme moment when he stood face to face with death on the snowy brow of the Bettelwurf. He smiled half-pityingly as he remembered the wrench his heart gave with regret for his young life wasted. "Would it have been such a loss after all?" And then he found himself thinking, with more pleasure than pain, of his body lying in some quiet mountain crevice, sinking peacefully into the earth, with the edelweiss blooming over his whitening bones.

The whistle of the incoming train reverberated among the hills, and a few minutes later the priest scrambled into the cab with the engineer, who was an old acquaintance, to make the short run to Illicilliwaet.

They were nearing the little lonely village that sits in the bottom of a rift in the mountains when, suddenly, above the scream of the whistle that was sounding "on brakes," there was a tearing, grating, racking noise, and in a moment the coaches were piled upon each other in awful confusion and the occupants of the engine were thrown into the ditch below. The track had spread. There was the rasping and tearing of heavy wheels over the wooden ties, and then the jar of a sudden stop.

The next moment all was confusion. Half-dressed passengers swarmed outside the coaches, shouting questions that no one answered. Most of the passengers were badly shaken, but few were seriously injured, and when the relief train arrived at Revelstoke all were able to resume their journey, except one elderly man whose injuries were pronounced fatal. As he suffered intensely on the slightest movement, the doctor humanely ordered that he be carried carefully to the nearby station and made as comfortable as possible until the end.

He clung to Father O'Farrell, who, being uninjured, was foremost in giving assistance. He only spoke a few words of English, but the priest soon discovered that his speech was German. The injured man's eyes brightened when he heard his mother-tongue. They placed him gently on a cot in the best room, yielded up willingly by McMahon and his wife, although they had already made their simple preparations for Mass the next morning. A table, raised on blocks, draped with a white cloth, and decorated with a crucifix and candlesticks, was to serve, evidently, for an altar.

Father O'Farrell thought the stranger clung to him because he spoke in his own tongue; but later, after preparing him for death, as the priest sat by the cot and wiped the cold perspiration from hands and face, in a feeble voice and broken tone the dying passenger told the Father a wonderful thing, a strange story of having seen him before, together with some facts from his life. The story was substantially as follows:

In the second year of his married life he had left the church because, as he said, the priest of the parish "did something wrong." Oh! priests of God, how dearly you pay for your high place! And how far and how black a shadow is thrown when a "priest does something wrong!" Since that day he never put his foot inside the house of God. At first it was anger and disappointment at an individual priest; later he took a pride in the fact that he kept his word about not going to church. He sought for reasons, for self-justification; he ut-

tered boasts and threats which in time grew into chains that held him out of the fold; and for many years he was actually afraid he would break down in his resolve, while the terror of dying without the sacraments became the scourge of his life. He was morose and gloomy, and in his bitterness often said harsh things which down in his own heart he did not believe. His wife, a good true woman, prayed and wept and waited, and with wonderful tact and perseverance raised their large family true Catholics. She had only been dead a short time, and he, broken-hearted and miserable, had concluded to go to the coast for the winter.

But it was not these too common details that riveted the attention of Father O'Farrell, but the strange story he told him of having seen him before.

"It is years ago," he said, "but I knew your face in a moment, though you look somewhat older. The time I speak of I had been in bad humor all day. About noon some Sisters came along, collecting wheat for funds to build a hospital in the town. It would have been an easy matter to give them a couple of sacks of wheat, but I was in no frame of mind to do a charity, and refused them so roughly that my wife was afraid to ask them to stay for dinner. I watched them drive away, cold and hungry, with a neighbor's boy who was taking them around. At dinner my wife looked sad and disappointed, the children ate in silence, and as for myself I pushed away the untasted food and went to my room feeling far more miserable than I had made others feel.

"That afternoon, on some excuse, I went to town, and hurrying to the hospital gave the Mother Superior more than the price of a good many sacks of wheat. That night I lay awake a long time fighting my own thoughts. I was, I think, ashamed of what I had done when I compared it with the boasts I had made and my scoffs at religion.

"When I did sleep it seemed to me I was on the side of a great snow-covered hill. Directly in front there were three men climbing with long poles in their hands and a rope slung between them. Suddenly an immense mass of snow and ice came rolling swiftly toward them. In a moment it would be upon them, when, quickly it struck a rocky projection and swung to one side, as if touched by the hand of God Himself. It passed with an awful rush, only a handsbreadth from where they stood, and fell with a rumbling, thundering sound over a steep cliff."

Father O'Farrell's eyes were wide open, and his face was as that of one in a dream.

"Then," said the sick man, "they all three turned round, and the face of the one in the middle was your face; and you raised your hand and made the sign of the cross, just as you did before you began to pull me from the wreck; and I know now that God has stooped down out of the heights of heaven to save me; into the mire of my own wretched pride He has stooped."

Later, he said, "Write, Father, a letter to my daughter Mary. Say the mercy of God has triumphed, and I die in the hope of His pardon. And, Father, put the letter in my hand when you send me home. I want to give it to her myself."

The dawn was beginning to lighten in the valley when he spoke again. "Father," he asked, pressing the priest's hand, "will God—can God—forgive me for wasting my life, for putting the burden of instructing my children on my wife, for the bad example I have shown them?"

The priest bowed his head and his face was full of tenderness. "The mercy of God is above all His works," he said.

"Yes," gasped the dying man, "above all His works. Put that, too, in Mary's letter. I would like to say that to her also."

By and by the few Catholics of the place began to straggle in, for it was known that Mass would be held in the station house. McMahon and his wife both sang well, and it was the only place in his far-stretching parish where Father O'Farrell could have Mass sung from year's end to year's end. But to-day they feared that it might disturb the sick man. He, however, begged them to sing. His dying eyes watched with interest while two little dark-eyed boys, sons of the station master, put on their black gowns, and white surplices, fresh and dainty from the mother's ironing board, and lighted the candles on the altar. He once had served Mass himself, and now it seemed that he had been starving his soul all the years that he thought he was exercising his liberty. He never knew how hungry his heart was until this morning. Soon the priest would appear and begin with that grand old psalm that he could once repeat word for word, "I will go unto the altar of God—to God Who rejoiceth my youth." The next moment he started with a cry of terror, as one who finds himself on the brink of an awful precipice. The priest who had just come in to vest himself was by his side in a moment. "O, Father! Father!" he cried; "the awful words of the psalm have come into my mind again, the psalm the priest says at the foot of the altar, 'Judge me, O Lord.' I cannot say it. I fear His judgment. Oh! I fear, I fear!"

"Remember," said the priest, kneeling by the cot, " 'His mercy is above all His works.' His mercy is above His judgment, and as for you, you happy, happy man, has not our Father shown you a special Providence. You did not go to Him, but He has come to you, out here, away from friends and relatives. God Himself is coming to visit you. Do not lose a precious moment of the time left you in foolish fear, but lie here still and quiet and think on God's loving kindness."

The priest was soon at the altar, and his low-spoken words could be heard as an undertone in the music of the *Kyrie Eleison.* The sound so familiar in the long ago carried the stranger back to the days of his boyhood, and he lay still and happy, the tears of joy and penitence running down his cheeks.

Nearly every one of the little assembly received Holy Communion, and the sick man also, at the end of Mass.

His face lit up with a wonderful joy, and his tongue, now grown feeble, still tried to frame some words of praise and blessing. Before the sun measured off the short winter day between the hills that sheltered the Illicilliwaet valley his soul had taken its flight.

It was a very chastened and resigned Father O'Farrell who watched the train bearing the body wind its way out of the valley. Before the long, lonely journey had begun, he had placed in the hands folded over the pulseless heart, the message to the daughter Mary,—"I die in the hope of His pardon." Raising his eyes to heaven the priest murmured the words of the young Samuel—"Here am I, Lord, for Thou didst call me." And he turned to take up the burden of his hard, lonely life; never to be so hard, never to be so lonely again, for had not God's hand drawn the curtain a little back to let him see that, all unknown even to himself, he was at his post when God called him to make him His instrument in the salvation of a soul? How many of us stand close by the Master and do not know?

TOLD BY THE CLOCK.

BY JEROME HARTE.

Gentle reader, I am an old clock and I have a story to tell, as old people sometimes have a way of doing. Unfortunately, I am not one of those great, tall grandfather effects that have stood in the corner for ages. Would that I were! I have been singularly observing in my life. What tales of the gallant, knee-buckle knights of old, and the shrinking, picturesque maids of the misty past might I not tell you, if I were a more ancient timepiece!

As it is, however, I have seen and observed and I have a tale to tell you. Then, too, I am old enough! I am twice as high as I am broad and I have rounded peaks upon my head, like the spires of an old church. You see my architecture belongs to quite a past day in clocks. There is a crack across the lower part of my face, where a few trees of grotesque shape and hideous green hue stand out in stiff adornment, and I have stood upon this mantle above the fireplace nigh onto thirty years, now,—ever since her grandfather bought me from a peddler and set me here.

The fireplace is boarded up now, for the house is heated by a furnace. You see, when she grew up, they fixed up the old house in modern style. But they never touched me. I am an heirloom, a curio, and they are proud of me! I have been standing here all this time, ticking away the years. The dining room, my home, is small and cozy. All day the table is set with dainty taste; at night, they clear away the dishes, and a low lamp with a broad puffy shade is set upon it, in the middle of a bright scarlet table throw. My dining room then becomes a kind of sitting room. And it was here that he and she used to sit together and read and study through the long winter evenings while she was young. I know more about it than anybody else. That is why I am going to tell you her story.

Who is she? Well! well! is it possible that the whole world does not know her? Why, she is the little girl who grew up in the house and who laughed and sang and romped all the live-long day. She made everybody happy. She was a plump little thing with bright brown eyes and dark curls that were always tumbling into her face. I used to think that she was the sweetest, happiest, sunniest girl in the world, and I guess she was. She had no mother or older sister to talk to and advise her. Her young father came to the old house only once or twice a year. So, the little girl was pretty much alone with the old folks. When she began to grow headstrong and disobeyed them, they, the old grandfather and the grandmother and the prim maiden aunt, sighed about it in my hearing and said that things might have been different if she had had some one to whom she might have told her little love affairs. I am afraid she had been left woefully alone while she was blossoming into womanhood.

He was small, too, not quite as tall as she, and his face was fair and girlish. His eyes were dreamy and his hands thin and delicate. I used to wonder how she could love so effeminate a man. But she did love him. She would listen every night for his step on the porch and then, when the old bell tinkled through the house, her cheeks would burn and her eyes would shine with pleasure.

The prudent aunt and the doting old grandparents did not like him and it showed in their frigid greetings. And do you know why they did not like him?

Ah! it's such an old story, and yet, each time it is almost new. She was a Roman Catholic of the staunchest up-bringing and he was a Protestant of Puritan type. Of course, if they loved each other they would marry, and how often, say you, is the mixed marriage a happy one? The old folks were greatly troubled, for the happiness of their little one lay close to their hearts.

That they did not like the boy grieved the girl very much. It showed in her face while the old people were near, but when they were gone she would ripple out into laughter and he would kiss her tenderly on either rosy cheek. Then she blushed a deeper red and hid her pretty face in her hands. I used to chuckle behind my cracked face. What fond, foolish things young lovers be!

Then she would get out her books and they would pore over them together. He thought he was helping her, but, bless you! he was not. And when they read together, I am sure that neither knew what the story was about.

Sometimes they played cards, and the maiden aunt and the stern, kindly old man took a hand. That was not pleasant, for not one of them forgot that the boy was unwelcome to her guardians. More often they went away, and I could hear their gay young voices singing in the big old parlor. Then, too, they often danced and made candy in the great kitchen. How happy they were! It made me wish that I had not been born a rheumatic old clock.

Of course, they talked to the girl, and she told the boy, through tears, what they had had to say. She could never marry a Protestant. She was a Roman Catholic and those were never happy marriages. She was very young and so was he. Let them wait a while before deciding. She was to tell him that he must not come to see her for a year, and she must not see him nor hear from him in all that time. It might be hard, but the old folks were sure it was for the best.

The boy put his arms around her and comforted her, with heated words. They should not be separated! It was cruel and they had no right to do it! He was a man and he could keep her and they would be married at once. Not see each other again? Nonsense! They would see each other every day!

Strangely enough, the boy had no compromise to offer on the question of religion. He was a Puritan of the Puritans. "They have no right to object to my religion," he said. "They are bigoted and superstitious!"

"But, Donald," said the girl, "you could change. It's such a beautiful religion and I'm sure you would love it!"

The boy laughed at her. "Come with me, and you will not be bothered with religion! What does it amount to? I could never be bothered with your mumbled prayers and your candle-lights!"

I think that staggered the girl. She would not go with him, but she promised that she would meet him every evening. She was very young and she loved him dearly. I think she did not realize what her disobedience might lead her to.

Those were troublous times after that night. The little girl did not laugh and sing about the house as she had been wont to do and her eyes were fever bright. In the evening, she did not often sit in the dining room with the old folks. Instead, she would plead a headache and go upstairs to bed. Only I knew that it was not really to bed she had gone. Only I knew that she went away that she might creep out and see the boy. Poor little girl! After all, she was a lonely, heartsick child.

The old folks shook their heads in sorrow and worried much about her. Once, the old grandfather patted her curly head and said: "Brave little girl!

It's all for the best. You may see him soon again, for the year is almost up, and then, who knows? He may fervently wish to embrace our faith that he may win this little woman! It's the only way!" He pinched her ear. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder, little girl," he said, and chuckled.

And then, she burst into tears and ran weeping from the room. They thought it was nerves, and who but I knew that she wept because she had deceived them all, and had only that hour come from the boy's loving arms? For he *was* loving!

But not even I knew that the die was well-nigh cast, and that the little girl had given the boy her word to flee with him in another day and that, too, to give up the faith of her fathers and to enter the church of his Puritan ancestors. She was only a very young girl and she had learned to love the boy quite madly.

I do not know how they found it out. They did not talk it over in my hearing. But the maiden aunt discovered the little girl's absence before she had well got away. The old man rushed after them. It was winter and he did not stop for his great-coat. They say he rode his old horse without saddling her, and he caught them at the minister's door. They had not had time to be married.

It was the only time I ever saw the old man in a temper. The maiden aunt and the hired man had followed him with a horse and buggy and his great-coat and he came back with them and the little girl. They said that he would not let her go from him long enough to put on his coat. He strode into the house with her still in his arms, and she was sobbing like a frightened child. He raved and stormed as though he were mad, and the grandmother and the maiden aunt put the girl into bed, just as they had done many a time, in her childhood, when she had wet her feet or fallen in the snow. And all the time they wept, and the old man, downstairs, raved in his anger. The little girl cried herself to sleep, as a child will.

She did not disobey them again. In the dining room, I heard the old man tell the boy that he would shoot him on sight if he ever again came to the old house. And for many and many a day, the boy did not come.

The little girl became a woman in a brief space of time. She became, not the merry woman I had always expected to see, but a quiet-voiced woman who smiled easily but with a world of sadness in the smile. And she was very kind and gentle to everybody. Do you know how I found out that much of her time was spent in prayer? Every time my hoarse old bell beat out the hour, she looked to heaven and her lips moved. And you must know that I struck each quarter hour and that, strangely enough, she spent most of her time in the dining room. Perhaps she was training herself to forgetfulness; or did she linger there for memory's sake? You can tell so little about a woman!

And then, the other man came. How well I remember! He was tall and erect and stalwart, and his was a clear, strong eye. The grandfather met him with ill-concealed joy when he came each night. I knew that they all approved of him and why. I did not blame them. I knew by his mouth that he was worth a hundred such as the boy; and then, too, he belonged to the Faith.

I watched the girl receive him. She did it quietly, sweetly, as she did everything now, and she never would speak about him when he was gone. He gave her his ring in the dining room one night. I saw it all. He looked so brave and handsome as he sat at the table beside her and held her hot little hand in both his own. I knew why her lips were so white and why her cheeks burned dull

red, but I blamed her, too. Could she not see how fine a fellow loved her?

It was a beautiful ring he had given her. She uttered a little low gurgling cry and held it up to the light. It gleamed with a thousand sparkles. The spinster aunt and the grandparents came in, and how they laughed and talked! Their delight was genuine. The girl held her hands so tightly, I wonder no one noted it. I knew the new ring was cutting into her flesh.

When he had gone, she stole back into the dining room. Only I was there. I could hear all the family upstairs, and everything, save the dim lamp above the scarlet throw, was fixed for the night.

The girl stood beside the lamp, under my very shelf. She held up her new ring and stared at it with dry eyes. Then she loosened the neck of her gown and drew forth a ribbon that was tied about her throat. On it was a tiny gold ring, guiltless of sparkle. She pressed it to her lips again and again, and the tears came. Ah, me, the dear little fool kept the boy's betrothal ring about her neck! Could she not see how unworthy he had been?

After that, the house was very busy, for they were making her wedding clothes. Everybody petted and humored her and the man was the happiest man in the world. The girl flitted like a bird, hither and thither, and she was merrier than I had seen her since the old days. They were all sure that she was happy.

It was a wild night, raining and blowing outside, and she sat alone in the dining room. The man had just gone and the family was asleep. She had her sewing on the table, and she sat down to take a few extra stitches.

The boy came and put his fair face against the wet window pane. She looked up and saw him staring there. I thought that she would scream, but she did not. She got up, quietly, and let him in through the long window.

His face was haggard and white and his rain-wet hair lay dark against his blue-veined forehead. Neither said much, for the old man had promised to shoot the boy on sight.

He could scarcely speak, this love-hurt lad. His white lips framed whispered hot words of censure and his tears flowed, weak man that he was.

She was the brave one. She talked in whispers to him, as I had never thought the lass could talk, and she smoothed his damp hair with her trembling fingers. Too well I knew what the other worthy one would have given for that little caress from her! She even tried to smile, poor heartsick girl-woman!

He asked her to flee with him, but she shook her head, sadly. He sneered and wished her much joy with "the papist dog whom she would wed!" He cursed her and called her false and threw her from him against the wall. Then he rushed out into the night.

She did not fall. She stood panting against the wall, her wild eyes on the darkness into which the boy had gone.

I saw it all! Only I knew all about it. In a few minutes, she straightened up and took her engagement ring from her finger. Very deliberately, she hurled it into a far corner of the room. Then she went out into the stormy night.

I know why she did not follow the boy. God and faintness overcame her a few feet beyond the window and they found her next morning, lying white and still in the soaked grass beneath the trees.

She was terribly ill after that. They thought that she would die. The man came into the dining room that second day, and searched about. He found the ring in the corner, where she had cast it. I wished that I might talk to him, but I

knew from his white face that he understood a great, great deal.

Her convalescent days were spent in the sunny window of the dining room. The man seldom came to the house and he never saw her, but his flowers were always fresh upon the table. Beautiful flowers they were, and they spoke his heart to her.

He came in one day when she was getting quite, quite well. There was a little red in her thin cheek and she had been playing with the canary bird. Since her illness, she had grown rather like the little girl she had once been. She was like a child and she had many merry moments, as a child will.

He said very little to her at first, but she rattled on in a childish way that was, in her, altogether new to him. Then he came to the point of his visit.

They had put on her engagement ring during her illness, and it shone brilliantly. Sometimes it turned half way round on her thin finger. He told her that he understood, and she need not wear his ring if she was unhappy. He said it so quietly, his eyes on the floor, that I wondered if she guessed how heavy his heart was.

And she laughed, a merry tinkling laugh, such as I had not heard since she and the boy romped together. I did not know what to make of it and the man lifted his hurt eyes with a start. Her face dimpled with her laughter.

"Listen," she said, after a moment, "I want to tell you a story. Once, a silly girl loved a silly boy. She had no one young to love and she was cruelly lonely. The boy told her that the religion in which she had been raised, the dear simple faith that she loved, was a bundle of superstitions and ignorance, and that she was too lovely to join in its incantations. She did not believe him, but she was very lonely, and she wished to be with the boy. So she promised to give up her God, and go with him, and she tried to do it, but her guardian angel protected her until she was caught and brought back. I know that you have heard the story. I wonder if you know, too, that the girl thought she did not love Prince Charming when he came, and I wonder if you know, too, that she followed the boy out into the storm to go with him—to hell, if need be, and that only a God-sent swoon prevented her overtaking him?"

She paused for breath and the man half turned from her. I knew he could not speak.

"After this, the girl was very ill," she went on, in a moment. "You know that, but you do not know what happened to her while you all thought that she slept. Let me tell you. One night, a tall shining Man came and stood beside her bed. In His hands there were bleeding, ragged wounds, and blood flowed from His side. He asked the girl to go with Him and she went. They went a long way, to a strange city. There was much excitement there. He led her to a vast arena, the spectators' seats of which were choked with a howling, festive multitude. In the dust of the arena, hundreds of men, women and children were dying. They were led out, sewed in animal skins and smeared with blood. Then, huge, hungry wild beasts were set upon them and they were devoured. They died with their clasped hands raised to heaven, and the littlest and weakest of them called the name of Jesus. Around the edge of the arena, men hung, nailed to crosses, and every now and then one lifted his dying head and called in tones of love to Jesus. It was night, and between the crosses, alternating with them, were biers raised to the heavens, and, tied to the stakes upon them, men smeared with tar. Regularly, the soldiers went about, lighting fresh piles; and as the

flames leaped up each human body, the burning victim cried and sang the name of Jesus."

Again the girl paused, and I had never seen her so beautiful as she was that moment. She smiled brightly at the man's straining eyes.

"I knew much in a moment," she said. "These were all Christians, and they had died for the faith of our fathers. I had read it all many a time. And what was I that had dared listen to any criticism of the precepts of that religion that drew willing martyrs in Saint Peter's own day? How long after all this wonderful thing had Puritans been born to protest against the True? I saw the shining Man beside me and noted again His wounds. I bent my ear again to the cries of love that rose with the dying groans of God's chosen people, and I knew that I had been permitted to see a glorious sight. I closed my eyes upon the horror, and thus floated back again to my bed. And then, the shining Man faded away. But He left a true Catholic upon a bed of pain. You understand? If you do not wish me to wear your ring, I will give it to you with a smile. If—if you love me and wish—"

For answer, the man snatched both her hands and laid his hot face against them. The girl laughed, that rich, rippling laugh I had once known so well. She bent her curly head above the man's and lightly touched his hair. Then she blushed and jumped away and would have run from him, but he was too quick for her. He snatched her in his arms, as she had never tempted him to do, and they both laughed and cried together, like children who had long lost one another.

She has many a finer clock than I in her own house now. She is the happiest, sunniest woman I have ever seen, and the truest Christian. When she comes fluttering into this dining room, all loveliness and smiles, she laughs up at my cracked face and cries: "Oh; grandpa, what awful time this old clock keeps!"

Ha! ha! If she only knew what I know, I know! If she could only guess that I have told you her story!

A YEAR AND A DAY.

BY WILLIAM J. STACK.

When we left our home in the little town that was half of the city and half of the country, wherein the chief things I remembered were Margaret and the river and the church upon the hill, I thought the pain that filled my heart on losing Margaret would never heal. But up there in the city, in the endless, tiresome crowds, or even in the semi-quiet of Vincent Street I saw no more to make me think of Margaret, except the dreary contrast that came up whenever thoughts of my country home forced themselves into my mind. In the city, too, there was a big stone church; but I could not look out over the hill and see the tiny river wandering sleepily beneath a Sunday sun. I cried when I gave up my cassock and surplice and thought that never again should I carry the missal up and down the altar steps, or murmur my Latin answers that I did not understand. I never dreamed that up there I should find a likeness to the life that I had left. But there it was repeated. There, almost as before, I swung the censer; I watched

the flickering candles, now a hundred times more numerous than at home; I wore again the surplice and cassock, and my surplice was all of lace and my cassock had purple on the neck and sleeves; I heard again the other boys murmuring their dreamy Latin answers, and gazed up at the distant choir, so far away that I could not tell whether I knew the singers or not.

On the first Sunday that I served at High Mass—my fourth Sunday in the city—there was a big choir in the far, dim gallery which I could scarcely see, and masses of wonderful music rolled out and down and up again and lingered in the arches of the roof. And when the Offeftory came, I wondered if they would sing the *"Veni Jesu,"* as they used to do at home.

Then the organ began to play, with just a thin and lonely flute piping high and soft and clear. Then it dragged and the bass came slowly in, counting the pompous beats in triple rise and fall. There was a pause, then one loud chord, and silence again. Then high and soft and clear—like the flute that came before—a voice began to charm the silence into music. And almost at its earliest tone my heart gave a great bound of gladness and I cried "Margaret!" half aloud, so that the priest looked round at me. And ever through the Mass I dreamed of her and strange glad wanderings along the dreamy river. I wondered if she would take me in her arms and kiss me, as she did that Sunday long ago in the graveyard behind the hill. After the Mass I asked the Father if it was Margaret who sang the Offertory, and he said: "No, it was Paolo Venaro;" and in the other sacristy I cried while I was taking off my vestments, because it had not been Margaret. But when I came back to say goodby to the Father, there was a strange boy there, standing between his knees, with the priest's hands on his head.

"This is Paolo," said the Father, and the boy turned round and looked at me. And oh! his eyes were big and black, and made me glad to look at them; and has face was beautiful beyond any that I ever saw. Paolo smiled and held out his hands to me, and we made friends and went home together.

Thus, Paolo came into my life, and with him, Nina and their mother and the house in Vincent Street; and almost a year went by in happy days wherein I learned to love them all, and heard from the altar, Paolo singing in Margaret's voice, while Margaret and I went gathering wondrous flowers along a dreamy river.

Paolo was dark, but Nina was fair like her mother, and Paolo loved his sister with all the ardor of his warm and tender heart, so that I and, I believe, even his mother, would have been jealous of her but that she was so frail and weak. I remember praying sometimes—though it was all for Paolo's sake—that Nina might get well. But she did not, and there came the time when she had to leave off going to school, and, after that, when she could not leave her bed.

When Paolo got his position of singing at the church, he thought that with this addition to what he earned with his papers, they would have an easy time. But doctors' bills were such monstrous things that even papers, and singing, and self-denial, could barely pay them. Yet, Paolo would have died to save his Nina; so every morning found him earlier on the street and every Sunday he sang with all his soul for Nina.

There came a night when Nina was very ill, and her mother told me to stay all night with them, for Paolo had to go early in the morning for his papers, and so he must sleep; and I should do the errands if there was need. When Paolo

was asleep—he had wanted to stay up and watch, but his mother would not let him—I went for the doctor. When he came out of the sick room with Mrs. Venaro, she was crying bitterly. I was tired, but my heart ached with a pain that would not let me sleep, so I stole into a corner of the dimly lighted room and waited for a long, long time, while the mother knelt beside the bed with her white hands clasped beside the whiter face upon the pillow.

By and by she rose and wakened Paolo, for it was time for him to go for his papers.

"Nina?" was the first word on his lips.

"She is asleep," his mother said.

Paolo went to his sister's side, and leaning over kissed her ever so lightly on the forehead. She moved a little, but did not wake. Then Paolo tiptoed out and closed the door softly behind him. It was early morning and the noises of the great city, which had sunk to a low rumble for a while, were beginning to rouse again as the big town woke to life. And just when it was light enough to see without the lamp, Nina awoke and looked around her.

"Where is Paolo?" she asked, after a moment.

"He's gone for his papers, dear," said Mrs. Venaro, and she spoke gently, as if she was afraid that a rough sound would wound the frail form on the bed.

"Oh," said Nina, and remained quiet for a long time. Then she spoke again.

"Mother!"

"Yes, darling?"

"Where is Frank?"

"He is here," she said.

I came out of the shadow and knelt down beside the bed.

"I only wanted—to say goodby to you," said Nina, softly, trying to smile. Over across the bed her mother was sobbing with her face against the pillow. Nina put her arms around my neck and kissed me on my lips. I knew that if I tried to say anything I should cry, for even then hot tears were burning on my eyelids. So I waited till I was in the shadow again.

There was silence for a long time, and I thought that Nina was asleep; but after a while when she did not speak I grew afraid. But then I heard the low voice once more.

"Mother,—has Paolo got back?"

"No, darling, not yet."

Then silence again. After a while Nina clasped her arms around her mother's neck and kissed her.

"Goodby, mamma," she said, as if she knew and was not afraid. Her mother could not speak.

"This is—for Paolo," said Nina, kissing her mother again, and she sank back to her pillow. And we waited in the stillness for the sound of Paolo's step, while the mother cried quietly and I stared at Nina's face. It was so long between the times she spoke that a terrible fear came over me at the unending silence.

"Mother," she said, at last, "tell Paolo—"

There was the sound of footsteps on the pavement. Nina heard them, too, for she struggled up in bed and sat staring wide-eyed at the door. It burst open, and there stood Paolo in the doorway. Nina held out her thin white arms to him and I saw her lips moving to say his name.

"Nina! Nina!" he cried, and his voice was tense with pain and fear, so that I felt it ring to my aching heart. He ran to the bed, and Nina, leaning out towards him, fell limply against his bosom, with just the shadow of his name upon her lips. Paolo was clasping the still form in his arms. "Nina! Nina!" he sobbed, and it was a pain to hear him say his sister's name. I think that he had believed that Nina would get well, and all the pain of having his idol torn from

him, and the bitterness of his shattered faith came home to him at once. And he laid the still form back upon the bed, and kissed the smiling lips, and sobbed out "Nina! Nina!" from the depths of his broken heart.

* * * * * *

That was a year after we had come to the city, and when I went home that day they told me that the next day we were to go back to our home in the country. So Nina went out of my life, and almost as truly with her went Paolo and his mother and the little house in Vincent Street. I thought that I should be glad to leave the city with its noise and its unending crowds, and go back to the place I loved the most, where Margaret was, and the church upon the hill. And I should wear my old-time cassock without the purple on the sleeves, and hear again my Margaret sing in Paolo's voice, and look off over the hill behind the church, past the white stones of the graveyard, past the crooked road, to where the little river wandered sleepily from the foothills to the sea.

But back in the old home that was half of the city and half of the country, the strange stillness weighed upon me, and a sadness came over me that even the dreamy river could not whisper away. I wandered over in the graveyard behind the hill, and saw that the sun still shone warm upon the grave where Margaret's lover lay asleep. Almost I felt that I should find her there, that she would take me in her arms and kiss me as she had done that Sunday long ago. And as I stood there a strange coldness made me shiver, and I cried. For I felt that Margaret was beside me, but I could not touch her—my Margaret with Nina's fair face and Paolo's voice.

And the first Sunday at home again in the little church upon the hill, I felt a loneliness, and somehow I knew that I should not hear Margaret's voice ring out clear and high and sweet from the organ loft. But when the Offertory came, I counted the big chords and measured the silence till a strange voice began the *"Veni Jesu."* Then something came into my throat, the tears hurt in my eyes, and I hid my face against the black sleeve of my cassock. All I could think of was Margaret with Nina's eyes and hair and Paolo's voice.

In the sacristy after the Mass I asked the Father where was Margaret. And he told me that the week before she had entered the convent. She had spoken of me, he said, and she hoped that I should soon come back to swing the censer and carry the missal up and down the altar steps.

I stood leaning against the Father's knee, thinking how Nina and Paolo and Margaret had gone out of my life. The Father was still telling me his messages from Margaret, given him that last day before—

"Yes, that was the day that Nina died," I broke in. Then, knowing that he did not understand, I went out on the little porch of the sacristy, and leaning my elbows on the railing and my face upon my hands, I looked out over the hill, across the graveyard to where the quiet river wandered from the foothills to the sea.

THE HERMITAGE OF CAMALDOLI, IN TUSCANY, IN DEEP SNOW.

SOME SUMMER DRIVES IN TUSCANY.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

We went up from Poppi (where lately a Petrarch festival took place in the interesting mediæval castle) in about two hours to Camaldoli, leaving a little of the midsummer heat behind us with every few feet of the rising road. We were among the lower Apennines and the wide views over rolling country delighted our eyes. Towards the end of our drive we entered the forest of Camaldoli. It was the monks, originally, who clothed these bare hills with trees. Now the Italian Government has appropriated lands and buildings, the successors of the holy founder being merely tenants at will in a corner of their one-time possessions. There is a picture in the church, at the monastery, of the pious Count Maldolo of Arezzo making a gift of the lands to St. Romualdo in A.D. 1012. But there is no companion picture of the monks being deprived of their possessions in 1866. That, too, would make an inspiring theme for a painter.

Mr. Montgomery Carmichael's book "In Tuscany" contains a genial chapter on Camaldoli and its surroundings, from which the following description is taken:

> Very soon you come to see that the monks and hermits add an indefinable charm to the whole place, and begin to try and find out what the Camaldolese Order is. Romuald, of the noble family of the Onesti, Dukes of Ravenna, having renounced the world and joined the Benedictine Order about the year 980, came in course of time to aspire to a still higher form of the religious state. He wished to revive the hermit life in the Church, and with five followers settled about A.D. 1012 in a wild, deserted spot on the Apennines, called the Campo Amabile, the gift of the Aretine Count Maldolo. The fame of the sanctity of Romuald and his hermits drew crowds of people to see and consult them. These had to be housed and fed in accordance with monastic dictates of hospitality and charity, but to the sore hindrance of the holy hermits in their devo-

A GROUP OF MONKS IN THE FOREST OF CAMALDOLI.

tions and avocations. Then Romuald hit upon the device of starting a hospice below at Campus Maldoli, another gift of the good Count. To the hospice was attached a monastery with monks of a less rigid observance, and to them was assigned the duty of entertaining all visitors, so that the hermits might be left in greater freedom from constant interruption. The modern hotel is simply the ancient hospice.

The monks introduced the first hydraulic mill into Tuscany, some centuries ago, and played their part nobly in the advance of the Casentino. At the Hermitage and at Camaldoli they still have pharmacies, and when I visited the first-named place our charming guide (a monk who takes photographs, sells post cards made from his views, entertains visitors hospitably, and explains the many interesting sights of the place) stopped to commiserate a poor sufferer from headaches. It seemed to me that there was healing in the very tones in which the Father made his enquiries.

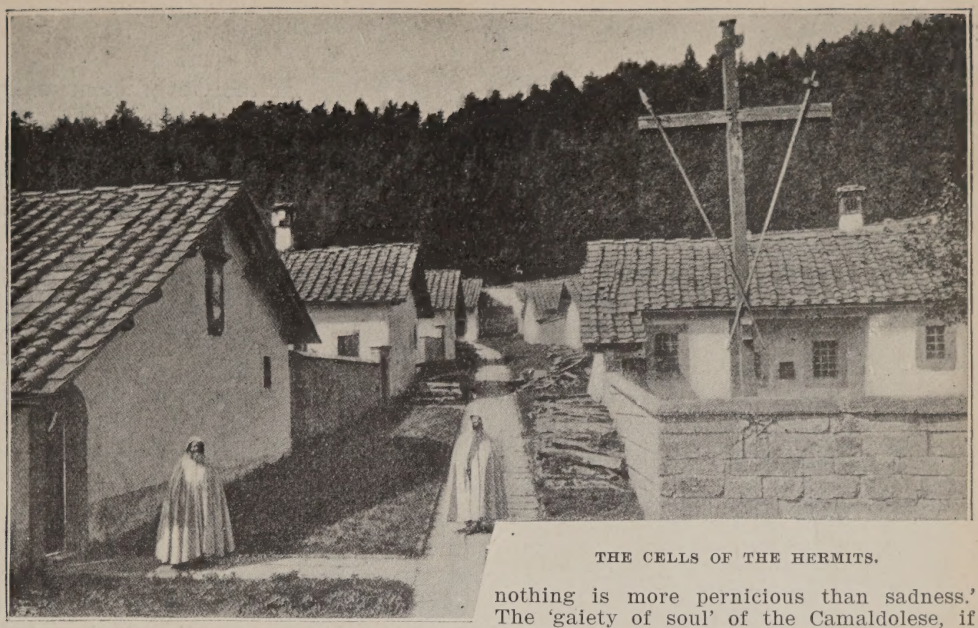
"In Tuscany," among other tributes to the monks the author praises their cheerful courtesy:

"The hermitage and the monastery are each ruled by a Father Superior (he is not called a prior, as with other Benedictines) under the governance of the 'Padre Maggiore,' the head of the whole order. On our first visit to the hermitage we had the good fortune to be overtaken in the forest by the Padre Maggiore, Dom Costanzo Giovanelli, who greeted us with all the cheerful courtesy and gentle 'gaiety of soul' of the real solitary, and, learning our errand, took us under his guidance. A living saint, he seemed to me, but my old oxen-driver called him 'un Angelo del Paradiso,'—a juster description, perhaps. The Superior of the monastery was Dom Orseolo Stoppa, cheeriest of companions and kindest of friends, and at the head of the hermitage was Dom Ambrogio Pieratelli, a majestic and very devout solitary, now gone to Brazil to start a hermitage in the wild pampas of Rio Grande do Sul."

There are twenty hermits; about five and twenty monks in Camaldoli proper, and twelve of the brethren at their farm, below the monastery, in the "flatlands." The farm appeared a model of good cultivation even in *careful* Tuscany.

The crest of the Order consists of two doves drinking from the same chalice to typify the division of the Camaldolese into anchorites and the less shut-off monks.

Mr. Carmichael's description of the repast at the hermitage will recall similar scenes to other travelers who have known the hospitality of the holy men of Camaldoli.



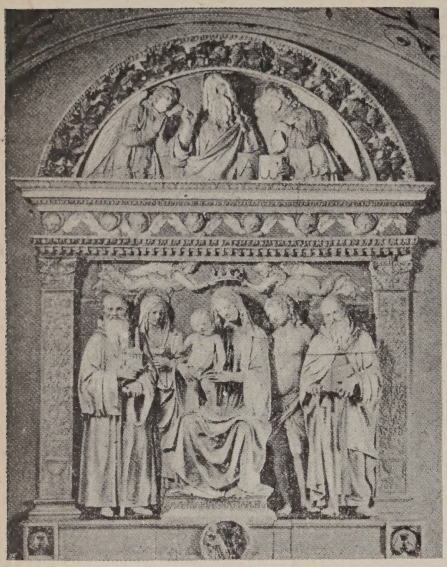
THE CELLS OF THE HERMITS.

"Arrived at the hermitage—it is true that we were up very early and have already had a cold douche in the hotel bath—we confess to a feeling not unakin to hunger, to a sensation that may be frankly described as thirst. But it is not our first visit to the Sacro Eremo, and we know that in the lay-brothers' quarter there we can, at trifling cost, purchase refreshment that will send us strengthened on our way. Soon on a wooden table in the courtyard there is spread before us fresh brown bread, butter (such butter!), anchovies and preserved tunny, to be followed hard after by a flagon of deep-colored, sweet, yellow wine, tasting like the juice squeezed straight from the grape, and which must surely have been the kind of liquor brewed by the Patriarch Noah, so sound is it and so strong. How many a time, on the return from a stiff climb in keenest Apennine air, have I blessed the holy hermitage and its simple, wholesome, ever-welcome fare.

"The monks are by no means unapproachable. They mix freely enough with the hotel guests, and are ever on the look-out to render you some kindly service. And I observed that both they, and the two or three hermits with whom I had speech, are full of that sunny cheerfulness which I have ever noted as a characteristic of monastic orders. Curiously enough—or perhaps not curiously—the severer the order and its rule, the more cheerful do its members seem. I well remember, years ago, my head then full of very different notions, how the famous hagiographer, Alban Butler, startled me when I first came across a passage in which he says: 'Gaiety of soul (which always attends virtue) is particularly necessary in all who are called to a life of perfect solitude, in which nothing is more pernicious than sadness.' The 'gaiety of soul' of the Camaldolese, if unobtrusive, is most captivating.

"The Camaldolese are dressed in white. Romuald had at first given his children the traditional black habit of the Benedictines, but one day, sleeping by the fount near his cell, he was favored with a vision of a great ladder leading from earth to heaven, on which he saw a host innumerable of his brethren mounting to Paradise, but all clothed in white. He awoke to change the color of their habit from black to white—so, at least, runs the legend. The habit of

THE CHURCH OF THE HERMITAGE.



— In the chapel of St. Anthony, at the Hermitage of Camaldoli, there is a beautiful terra cotta altar-piece by Della Robbia, representing the Blessed Virgin, the Holy Child, St. Romualdo, and three other saints.

both monks and hermits is exactly similar: a white tunic and scapular, a long white cloak worn on certain occasions abroad and in choir, and the ample wide-sleeved cowl of the Benedictines, worn only in choir. Their heads are shaven, save for a very narrow corona, and their beards are allowed to grow. In summer the monks wear a huge broad-brimmed straw hat when taking their walks abroad. The dress of the lay-brothers has a few scarcely perceptible differences, but you will easily recognize a lay-brother by his leathern belt, whereas a father or novice wears a girdle of white webbing. In winter and rough weather, when the blinding snow is falling, the hermits wrap themselves up in yet another cloak when summoned to church, so that they may reach the choir as dry as possible. You will notice a room in the church entrance with rows of pegs where these cloaks are hung up to dry during the chanting of the Divine Office.

Like all things, Camaldoli is suffering change. The Government is offering the land about the old monastery in building lots. If these lots are taken up the place will speedily become a crowded summer resort and lose its present old-world, quiet, unique character. It would seem that the Government makes but a poor landlord. The part of the monastery rented as a hotel is very damp, and the authorities refuse to repair the old building, or to allow their tenants to set things in order.

It is a constant source of surprise to dine in a refectory and see on all hands fashionably dressed ladies, to hear the cloisters echo to the cries of children, and to watch gaily dressed Italian nurses and babies disporting themselves on the greensward, on the staircases, at the entrance door, in short *everywhere*.

Mr. Carmichael is very appreciative of this mountain hostelry,—which bears the high-sounding title of the "Grand Albergo di Camaldoli," Albergo being the good, old-fashioned Italian equivalent of our English word inn:

"The Albergo consists of two main quadrangles, with passages, cloister-like, running

THE CASTLE OF POPPI.

round, and rooms opening out of them. The effect is monastic and pleasing, as being so thoroughly in harmony with the surroundings. Portraits of Camaldolese cardinals decorate the walls of the lofty reading-room, and old prints of a more or less ecclesiastical character greet one at every turn. There is no tinsel, or gilt, or plush, or great staring mirrors, such as the Philistine so dearly loves. But there is solidity, comfort, spotless cleanliness, and a table wholesome and liberal, justly based on the appetite Camaldoli is famed for producing. Within the hotel precincts is a post and telegraph office; letters leave once a day and come twice. Attached to the monastery is an ancient pharmacy, once the property of the monks, and where their old-time cordials and balsams can still be purchased from the modern lessee, the postmaster. And down in the basement, well out of our way, is a rustic hostelry frequented by the *contadini* of the mountain sides and the traveling pedlars, who come great distances to offer us their quaint wares. This, though in the same building, has no connection with the Grande Albergo. It is kept by a famous character and charming conversationalist, called Francesco Salvi, but who is much better known by his sobriquet, Pisello, given him because he cooks peas so well. Nicknames run in a family in Tuscany, and so his wife is called Pisella, or Mistress Pea, his son Pisellino, or Young Pea, and his daughter Pisellina, or Sweet Pea."

"The Society of the Grande Albergo is very select. It is much affected by diplomat-

COUNT MALDOLO OF AREZZO GIVES CAMALDOLI TO ST. ROMUALDO, EARLY IN THE 11th CENTURY.

From a picture by Santi in the Church at Camaldoli.

ists accredited to the Quirinal or the Vatican, who often, for reasons of distance, cannot get home on leave, but who as foreigners cannot possibly weather the summer heats of the Eternal City. And Camaldoli is a great favorite with the aristocracy of Florence and Rome. The diversions of the place are of the simplest—we walk, ride, shoot, fish, get up an occasional picnic, and come home thoroughly tired and ready for early bed. No one dreams of starting dances or concerts and charades. No strolling players or musicians ever trouble us, and not even

the inevitable conjuror ventures near Camaldoli—he would fear to find us in bed. Thus the summer slips away in simple, healthy, tranquil happiness, and in early September we descend to the plains fortified in body and spirit, and blessing the kind fate that has guided our footsteps to Camaldoli, most charming of summer resorts."

He tells, too, of mountain excursions, of brief strolls and rambles, and of a

ONE OF THE CHAPELS OF CAMALDOLI.

"stiff" ascent to the summit of La Falterona, which takes two days:

"Horses, ponies and donkeys can be got from the neighboring village of Serravalle. By an excellent system the charge for them is put in the hotel bill, so that you cannot possibly be overcharged by their genial owners, though the easy art of fleecing the foreigner is but little known as yet in the Casentino. The animals seem to have picked up the gentle manners of the monks. They do not kick, so that one pony is quite enough for two people; the pedestrian for the time being has but to hang on to the animal's tail, and he will be comfortably pulled up the steepest declivity. The people of the Casentino are simple and unspoiled. Here they still speak of a man not as a 'man,' but as a 'Christian'; to them the world is divided into Christians (*i.e.*, Catholics), Jews, whom they do not count, and pagans, whom they have never seen. Hence all the real world to them is composed of Christians. 'They have more Christians than ever in the hotel this year,' I heard an old hewer of wood explaining to a Protestant lady. Passing through a field I called the attention of our donkey-driver, rather anxiously, to an indubitable bull: 'Have no fear,' he made answer, 'I know the animal, and he is quite accustomed to the presence of Christians. Eh! when they are not in the habit of seeing Christians, they will even run a Christian down. Eh! sfido!' Still better was his remark about the donkey, Giorgio, who one day drank up a bucket of wine, 'and,'

A WINTER VIEW OF THE HERMITAGE, ABOUT FOUR THOUSAND FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

says he, 'the young rascal got as drunk as a Christian!' "

At the Hermitage St. Romualdo's cell is preserved as it was in the Saint's day. Our guide said: "Naturally, the wattles on which our saint slept decayed in time, but this wattle bed is exactly like the original." Each hermit has a tiny garden, a sleeping room, an oratory, and a little study. He meets his brethren seven times a day in church. His food is passed into his cell on a turning board and he does not see who brings his simple fare. His life is devoted to prayer, meditation, and study; and conversation is a luxury reserved for a short while on the great festivals. The Government has removed the fine library of the monks to the castle at Poppi. Their old books are therefore no longer a help to their studies. The hermits, however, are in charge of the important Governmental Observatory at Camaldoli. It is said that the non-cloistered monks welcome the chance of going back to the silent "Eremo" where all of them make their novitiate. Speaking of the former possessions of the Order and their present shrunken estate my interesting guide said: "We now are *deeply* humiliated!" and he bowed his head and lowered his eyelids while the color mantled his face. I think he was making at the moment a difficult act of resignation.

In times when these Apeninnes belonged to the Order the traveler was fed and lodged by the monks at their sole charge for three days and three nights, but now their diminished means do not permit such lavish hospitality. Instead now-a-days the stranger fares well, but expensively, at the up-to-date hostelry.

"The whole property of the Camaldolese Order—the hermitage, the monastery, the hospice, the library, the church itself, and the vast pine forests which for centuries they had so sedulously cultivated—was appropriated by the government in 1866. The order pay rent to the government for such portions of their own property as they now occupy (the hermitage and the monastery), and the forestry work is in the hands of government officials. Their splendid library has been removed to Poppi. Even in the stormy times of 1866, an Italian deputy was found with the courage to raise his voice in the Chamber against this wholesale confiscation, and prayed that an exception to the general law of suppression might be made in favor of the Camaldolese Order, so beloved of Dante, the greatest son of Italy. The suggestion was greeted with 'laughter,' and Camaldoli shared the same fate as many other noble religious monuments."

MARTYRDOM OF ST. DENIS.

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER V (Continued).

Sarah was still leaning on the back of Grace's chair. While the conversation, of which she understood nothing, flowed around, her mind had reverted to the things more intimately connected with her own interests. A chief one of these was Rover, her pretty, neglected pet. Drawn from the reflection of his condition by the stillness which had suddenly overtaken the company, she said, her voice sounding like a silvery bell from some far-off, misty land,

"Cousin Grace, don't you know, I forgot to give Rover his dinner?"

"And it will never do for Rover to go hungry," cried Grace, a wild desire to laugh or cry leaping up strangely at this breaking of the tenseness of the moment. "Neither can I run the risk of your upsetting the pantry to prepare his meal. So I will go and get it ready for him. Come with us, Nettie! Little girls should be seen, not heard."

CHAPTER VI.

The many things that occurred to interrupt the reading of the novel filled Nettie with alarm. It must be returned to Ida before the opening of school, for once classes had begun the visits to the town grew less frequent. The intervening days filled Sarah with a sense of confusion. If she sought a quiet hour for herself in the fields with Rover she was recalled by Alice, to fit on a dress, or have her arm measured for a sleeve; if she retired to the attractive water-trough she was carried off by Nettie, to the hayloft, to listen to the story. Since the strange appearance of the fortune-teller, Sarah's interest in the novel had been swallowed up in fear. By the peculiar process of a child's reasoning she regarded the advent of the forbidding personage as a consequence of the stolen perusal of the book, and always as Nettie's voice flew over the words, Sarah's ears were strained for the sound of the stranger's steps on the stairs. The dumb woman of the story became a living personage to her. She haunted her waking hours and tortured her nights. The gloaming of the August evenings which had been so dear to her grew fearful, and if it found her far from the house she almost died in her slow effort to reach its safety, for it was characteristic of Sarah that the greater her fears became the weaker were her physical powers to seek relief. But of all that she was suffering she said nothing. She had early realized that she would be misunderstood if she were to reveal herself to her associates, and she dreaded the pain that ridicule brings more than the inward suffering which expression relieves.

The last day of the possession of the book dawned, and found many pages unread. Nettie's excitement caused Sarah much misery.

"I don't know what in the world we are going to do," she confided to Rover, as she strayed through the garden-gate, and directed her little feet toward the pond. "Nettie says she will die if she does not finish the book. We have to take it in to Ida to-morrow when we go to church, and this being Saturday, Nettie has to help nearly all day in the kitchen. I wish, Rover, you could read it for her. I should say, I wish I could, only I am so afraid of 'Hester.' Being a dog you don't know anything about that woman who wasn't a woman at all—so my auntie said."

She reached the edge of the miniature lake and to her delight saw that the flock of geese, having escaped from the lot, were swimming on its clear waters. Instantly, Nettie and her dilemma slipped from the thought of the delighted child as she slipped down among the grasses, scarcely daring to breathe lest she should spoil the splendor of the picture. The geese were snowy white, and with their long graceful necks, their yellow bills and bright black eyes they presented an attractive appearance as they sailed majestically across the pond leaving a sweep of shining ripples in their wake.

"They are my doll-that-I-am-going-to-get-ships, Rover," she confided, after the first emotion of joy had subsided. "You know she is a queen, and of course, queens have ships. I suppose she has pretty nearly a hundred because she has to go so many places, and she couldn't ride on Billy the way Nettie and I did. Sometimes she goes traveling and takes her auntie and uncle and her cousins with her, and she gives every one of them a ship so they won't be fussing and disturb her. That's what she is doing now. Just before we got here the ships came up one after another to the planks down there for the queen and her kinsfolk to get on. That big gander over there that looks like he is the papa of the others is the queen's ship. Her uncle is riding on that one that has his head turned this way. I will tell the others, and maybe they will fly out of the water and get after us."

At the thought she sprang to her feet, and turning her head quickly measured the distance lying between her and the garden-gate. But the geese showed no sign of abandoning the water into which they were not allowed to come, and Sarah's fears were allayed. After a while as if weary of their sailing or alarmed by the presence of the strange child and the dog on the bank they withdrew to the opposite edge of the water, and lay motionless in the mellow sunlight. Their quietude was for a time as attractive to Sarah as their graceful movements. When she tired of it she began to wish they would recommence their circuit of the pond. The queen would never finish her trip she reflected while her fleet remained stationary, and Sarah entertained the notion of the unsophisticated that the ruler is never long absent from his seat. At her feet lay a short round piece of wood, part of an oar that hands long dust had often grasped. She picked it up, to throw it among the dreaming fowl. Rover, seeing the action, started up, wagging tail and pricked ears showing his eagerness for the fun. As the billet left her little hand the child beheld with horror the body of the dog hurling after it. Rover and the stick he was in pursuit of struck the water simultaneously, and a panic ensued among the unsuspecting geese. With wild cries of fear they flapped their wings, powerless to raise themselves out of the water and too blinded by fright to try to escape. The fear aroused in their timid hearts was insignificant compared with that felt by Sarah for the safety of her dog.

"Oh, Lord! Lord!" she shrieked. "He's gone forever! He's dead! He's drowned! He's dead! O, Lord! What shall I do?"

At the first piercing cry a man, sitting on the other side of the quince hedge, scribbling a note on the back of a book, sprang to his feet, his face paling, his eyes dilating with horror. He thrust a way through the prickly trees, and seeing the blue-bonneted child on the other side of the pond wringing her hands and screaming he dashed to the bank, fully expecting to find her companion of the other day struggling in the water. Instead, from amid the flock of fear-stricken geese he beheld a long moving tail

and a tawny head, the mouth of which held a piece of dripping wood.

"Sarah!" he cried, "What is the matter?"

She turned her anguished face, and seeing the man, cried:

"Oh! won't you please save Rover. He will be drowned, and the snakes will eat him. Please save my dog, and I won't ever throw a stick at my auntie's geese again."

"Hush! Sarah, hush!" he commanded, hastily making his way around the pond to her. "Rover can swim as well as the geese. You couldn't drown him if you tried."

As he reached the little maiden's side, Rover, dripping wet, but with a dog's laugh on his beautiful face, climbed up the bank, and laid the rescued billet at his mistress' feet. Unmindful of his condition and the starched freshness of her apron she threw herself on her knees, and flung her arms around the neck of her pet; the while the geese with much chattering swam to the most distant part of the lake.

"Don't wet yourself, Sarah," said the man, amusement on his face.

"You don't mind getting wet when you are glad," said Sarah, but she released the dog, which immediately began to shake the water from his silky coat.

"But if you get sick and have to stay in the house for ever so many days your gladness is changed to sorrow," he observed, his eyes resting with pleasure on the lovely face.

"But I don't ever get sick," she said regretfully. "If I did I wouldn't have to go to school."

"Don't you like to go to school? Neither did I. And I used to play I was sick and they let me stay at home, until they found it out."

"What did they do then?" asked Sarah, her eyes wide with wonder.

"They—Oh! I had better not tell you, it might make you cry. Look, who is coming?"

There was something in the voice that made Sarah first glance up at the speaker, and through her after life she never forgot the expression of his face. Then she gazed in the direction toward which his joyful eyes were turned.

"It is Grace!" she cried. "I reckon they heard me crying, and auntie sent her to find me. I am afraid I am giving them so much trouble, and they are so busy."

Unheeding her words he was hastening forward, dragging her by the hand. Grace, seeing them, half stopped, then Sarah saw her coming toward them with feet that seemed scarcely to touch the ground. From the way the man and girl rushed forward, Sarah would not have been surprised if they had repeated her embrace of the rescued Rover; instead, when within a few paces of each other, they paused, and Sarah felt the hand clasping hers tremble, while the color came and went on Grace's face. Sarah thought she must make some explanation.

"Cousin Grace," she began, "this is a nice gentleman. I would tell you his name, but I don't know it. I came over to the lake so I wouldn't be in anybody's way. The geese were here. They were swimming beautifully at first. Then they stopped and I threw in a stick to make them swim some more. And don't you know the naughty Rover jumped in after the stick. I thought he would get drowned, and I began to cry, and the first thing I knew this nice gentleman was standing on the other bank. He's the same one, Cousin Grace, that said the other day my Aunt Dilly has got a soul, and not a gizzard, only then he had a mustache like my father."

Grace's laugh was rippling over the words of the child. Then the man laughed, and in the way of quiet souls Sarah

joined in the mirth. Rover, too, came up, with wagging tail, and eyes that seemed to say he appreciated the situation. But almost instantly the atmosphere changed.

"Why will you do this when I have asked you not to?" asked Grace, in a low, troubled voice.

"What is there reprehensible in sitting in a shade reading Browning?" he asked. "The ground belongs to another man."

Sarah's head gave a painful throb. Evidently her cousin did not want the kind man to step on her father's bank, and that was why he was on the other side of the hedge. She glanced up at his face expecting to find her own pain written in it, instead, it wore a smile, while the light of the dark eyes daunted her. Where had she seen eyes that shone as these?

"And if some one else had come out now instead of me?" she asked, and Sarah saw that the girl was quivering with suppressed feeling.

"Well, suppose some one else did? Would it have surprised that person that a man, walking through the field from town, hearing a child screaming should have run across the ridge to see what was the matter?"

As he spoke he drew a step closer to the girl, and Sarah saw how brighter his eyes had grown, while his white teeth shone in the sudden, quick laugh. He took the little hand which Grace, after a habit she had, had laid over her heart, and tried to draw her to him as he said in a voice the child scarcely recognized:

"Grace, little darling! Why will you worry like this about everything?"

"But—they may find out," cried Grace, and Sarah held her breath, as the slight figure swayed, now drawn to the man by his smile and eyes, now sent from him by the recollection of Sarah and the others who might be looking.

"Well—let them!" cried the man. "They will know some day—some day very soon."

"No! no! not yet!" she cried. "You will do this for me, won't you?"

"Grace, I am getting tired of the way you are putting me off," he said, and Sarah felt her little heart tremble before the sternness of his voice. She glanced quickly at Grace, but instead of the hurt look she expected, the light she had seen on it the day the fortune-teller came, again illumined its fairness.

"I am tired," went on the man, "of having to go around like a thief—"

"And an impostor," exclaimed Grace, breaking into a little laugh. "Oh! you bold, bad man!"

"And I sacrificed the best of my looks to acquire the reputation," he rejoined, smoothing his upper lip with the tips of his fingers.

"You want me to say no, but I shan't to punish you," said the girl, playfully, but immediately her tone changed. "It was not as clever as you imagined. Mother suspected. If they were ever to find out why—why—"

"What would they do?" he demanded.

"I believe my father would kill me—or you," she finished, her voice shivering through the words.

"I should like to see him, or any one attempt to hurt you," said the man between his teeth, "although I should not blame him for shooting me on the spot. I deserve it for my conduct. And yet, you won't let me do differently. It was pleasantly romantic at first, meeting as chance offered, leaving notes under stones, and all that, but it is different now. Can't you understand, Grace, why it is different now? Can't you understand that I must come to you as a man comes to the woman he loves, who is to be his wife? Grace!—Grace!—I tell you you are doing wrong—wrong to me, wrong to yourself."

"Hush! hush!" she cried, "you must

not talk like that. And you must not come here again like this."

"I shall come this way until you let me come the other way," he answered. "Because it is nothing to your even nature if you did not see me once in six weeks or six years, do you think I am as easily satisfied? I tell you, no! That day is an eternity that doesn't show me your face, let me hear your voice, or feel the touch of your little hand. What sort of creatures are you women, anyhow? Have you a drop of blood in your veins, or a heart in your body?"

"You ought to know—being a doctor," she said, coldly, as she drew away from him.

"Yes, there you go! Angry because a man dares to tell you what love is to him—"

"While it lasts!" cried Grace, the anger he accused her of feeling, trembling through her voice. "You are right—we don't want to hear of such love. We know it is the passing torrent that foams and roars; the river flows deep and silent. Come, Sarah!"

She caught the child's hand and turning quickly almost dragged her off her feet. When Sarah regained her equilibrium she glanced back and saw the man looking after them with a white, cold face. As she led her through the garden, Grace paused by the purple asters which bordered the walk and cautioned the child never to mention that she had ever seen the man and her cousin together.

"I am very unhappy, Sarah. I know you will not make me more unhappy," she cried, the tears streaming over her cheeks. Sarah straightway began to cry, and trying to soothe the misery she had caused, Grace set aside her own deep grief.

It was a subdued little girl that sat the remainder of the afternoon on the back porch, staring into the glad faces of the morning-glories, and not even the departure of her aunt and two older cousins for town in the afternoon, thus leaving Nettie free to keep her company, quite shook off the gloom that had fallen on her.

"Thank goodness, they are gone!" cried Nettie, as the surrey drawn by the lazy Billy rolled out of the gate. "They won't be back until sunset, and they will expect us to have the things done, but they will get left. I worked like a dog all morning."

"But, Nettie, they worked, too, more than you did," observed Sarah.

"Who said they didn't, Smarty?" demanded Nettie. "But if they can go off gadding this afternoon, do you think I am going to keep on working? Not much!"

Sarah, noting her cousin's bad humor, wisely held her peace, and as it takes two to make a quarrel, Nettie presently became more agreeable.

"Let's have a piece of cake, and then go and get the book." Nettie led the way to the pantry, where the eatables for the morrow stood in tempting array. The baking had chained the miserable Nettie and the silently suffering Grace in the heated atmosphere of the kitchen for long hours.

Oh, these farm-house kitchens. Could their blistered, blackened walls speak, they could tell stories sadder than those of prison cells. No life-condemned prisoner has stood more hopelessly between the iron bars than some of these farm women have gazed on the white road that winds past their kitchen door.

"Alice will be angry with us for cutting this cake," announced her affectionate sister, as she laid a generous slice on the plate for Sarah and took a more generous one for herself. "But I reckon if I beat those old eggs till I thought my arm would drop off I am entitled to eat as much of it as I want. Anyhow the

things don't belong to her, any more than to the rest of us, and I shall tell her so."

"It is a good cake, Nettie," said Sarah.

"Of course it is. There is nobody in the county can make as good a cake as Grace. She used to make cakes and send them to the fair, and they always took the prize. But she told mother she was not going to do that this year. Mother did not like it a bit, and Alice nearly had a fit. But it didn't make any difference to Grace. Grace doesn't say much, but what she does say she sticks to."

Suddenly, and apparently without any reason, Sarah recollected the face of the strange man as it looked when her cousin had turned from him. The cake she was swallowing stuck in her throat. Nettie flew to her with a dipper of water, and ordering the child to take a drink began to thump her vigorously on the back. The double action had speedy effect, although neither the cake nor the water reached Sarah's stomach.

"Great foreverlasting and a day! but you scared me!" ejaculated Nettie. "What should I have done here by myself if you had choked to death. You oughtn't to take such big bites, Sarah."

"It wasn't a big bite did it," Sarah hastened to say. "I just happened to think of something."

"What was it?" demanded Nettie, regarding her cousin attentively.

It was impossible for Sarah to deceive her cousin while those relentless eyes were on her, so she stammered.

"It was that man we saw the day we were catching Billy."

"I don't see why thinking of him would make you choke," remarked the matter-of-fact Nettie. "What was it you thought about him?"

Sarah felt herself trapped. To tell Nettie would be to betray Grace, and yet she could no more evade this girl than she could lie to her.

"His eyes!" she blurted out, knowing that another question would plunge her into tears. The sudden frown came to Nettie's brow as she searched her memory for the stranger's eyes.

"That's so, they were black and wicked-looking," exclaimed Nettie, taking an expression from her past reading. "Just the sort of eyes you would expect in a villain, and I reckon, Sarah! that fortune-teller that came here had eyes just like him!"

The statement caused Sarah to spring to her feet with a shriek. She dared not look around, lest she should behold the terror of her life darkening the threshold. When another scream followed, Nettie shook her vigorously for the expression of fear had shaken her own courage.

"Shut up, baby!" she exclaimed, "there isn't any one here to hurt you. I declare, Sarah, you are the biggest scarecat I ever saw. If any one says 'boo' to you, you look ready to jump out of your skin. You never would be able to write a story, for you would be afraid to let a villain come into the plot, and as you can't have a story without a villain in it you never will write one."

"I don't want to write a story," cried Sarah, verging on tears. "And I don't want to hear one read either."

"Very well!" said the imperturable Nettie. "You can stay in the house or play with Rover, for I am going up to the loft to read."

She knew that Sarah would not remain alone, although she said no more, as she shut the pantry door and turned away. Sarah hesitated, but only for a moment, then she said:

"I reckon I will go with you, Nettie. Rover is asleep and I don't think a dog ought to be disturbed, do you?"

"No, he oughtn't," declared Nettie, well pleased by her cousin's change of opinion. "You wouldn't like for some-

body to waken you in the middle of the night, and make you get up and go and play."

Together they went to the loft and the reading was begun. The hours passed. Suddenly, in the midst of a most interesting situation, the glad barking of Rover startled the children.

"Oh, Sarah!" she cried, "they're coming, and there isn't a thing done."

Jumping to her feet, she scrambled down the stairs, followed by Sarah, and flew to the house. Looking down the road she saw the familiar form of Billy with the slow-moving vehicle behind him, and as she flung open the stove door, she ordered the excited Sarah to fetch an apronful of chips, the while she began to shake down the ashes. When the chips were in place she called for the coal-oil can, and in another minute there was a blaze roaring up the stove-pipe while the volume of smoke that suddenly emerged from the chimney told the approaching mother that her coming had just been observed by her careless daughter, and she sighed unconsciously, remembering the accumulated work, the result of her brief holiday. To mix a pan of corn-meal and fling it broadcast to the yardful of hungry fowl of various species and different sizes was the next act of the repentant girl, and while the cries of the trampled little chickens, or the quack of a duck that in its wild rush for the feed had met the corrective bill of a lordly rooster, filled the air with discord, she sped to the milk-house where the pans of milk stood ready for skimming. With a recklessness that would have paralyzed the methodical mother she gathered up the cream and throwing the milk into slop pails washed the pans in a way that foretold sour cream for the next morning's meal.

"There!" she exclaimed, as she bounded back into the kitchen where Sarah was struggling with the coffee-mill, "that's the way to get your work done. It would have taken mother and Alice half an hour to do what I did in ten minutes. Run, bring me a bucket of water, Sarah. I want to have the coffee pot on the stove and the meat frying before they get here. Thank goodness, Billy is a poke—sometimes."

When Sarah, being slow, returned with the water the aroma of frying ham greeted her nostrils, while the energetic Nettie had the biscuits in the process of manufacture. By the time her mother and sisters had changed their gowns, and the father had returned from feeding Billy, Nettie had supper ready. But she showed the ravages of her haste in flaming cheeks and short breath, while the kitchen proclaimed the vigor of the work that had been accomplished. But for once the mother did not see and Alice refrained from finding fault, such a relief was it to sit down to a meal they did not cook.

"What are we going to do, Sarah, for a light?" cried Nettie, a little later to her cousin. "We have got to finish the book to-night, and we can't read in the dark."

"When Aunt Dilly wanted to make a light she would put lard in a cup and stick a rag in it and set it on fire," said Sarah. "Why can't you do that, Nettie?"

"Because of Alice's nose," retorted Nettie. "She would smell the grease burning, and then—"

"I don't know what to do, then, unless we start a fire," said Sarah.

"Why, that is the very thing," cried Nettie. "Now, while they are in the kitchen straightening up things after me, we shall carry up a basket of chips and hide it under the bed. Then I shall get the book and when they are all asleep we will get up and start the fire and read till we finish the story. It is awfully excit-

ing, isn't it? You never did anything like this before, did you, Sarah?"

"No," said Sarah, slowly, and her expression plainly showed that she would rather have missed the approaching experience.

"It will be something to remember as long as you live," observed Nettie, little dreaming how prophetic were her words as they hastened to the wood-yard. "When you are a big woman, and when I am married to a rich lord, maybe, and living in London, you will think of the hard time I had at home, and how I had to steal a light to read great stories. I shouldn't know how to talk and act in society, and you'll be glad you helped me to gather the chips."

Sarah was so deeply impressed by the future that awaited her cousin, the result, seemingly, of her devotion to the novel of Wilkie Collins, that she rose gladly from her couch at the call of Nettie, and managed to keep open her sleep-laden eyes while the whispered voice went over the closely-printed words, by aid of the faint light thrown by the burning chips. There ever went with the child an indistinct picture of the personages of the story, and mingling with them in some indescribable way were Nettie, who was destined to be another nobleman's wife, and the stranger from whom Grace had turned that morning, and over all the great sense of sleepiness and the red light from the black-mouthed fireplace.

How long the reading lasted she never knew. Then Nettie bounded to her feet with a little cry. The sleep left Sarah's eyes. The shriek of fear rose to her lips, but died there as she saw her uncle standing in the doorway. Never had he seemed so tall, never had his face looked so forbidding, as now under the red light from the hearth-stone. She could not move nor speak but sat gazing at him. As from the great distance she heard him saying:

"What book is that, Nettie?"

"Man and Wife," replied Nettie in a voice that sounded strange in Sarah's ears.

"Give it to me!"

She saw Nettie cross the floor, that seemed to be swaying to Sarah, and lay the book in the out-stretched hand, and over her benumbed faculties crept something of her admiration for her cousin's fearlessness, for full well she knew had the demand been made of her, her feet would have refused to carry her, her fingers could not have released their hold on the volume.

"Where did you get it?" that far-off voice asked.

"From Ida Barton," answered Nettie.

"Put out the fire and go to bed," said the voice, and then the door closed on the figure of terror.

"Why don't you say something?" demanded Nettie, after a while becoming aware of the staring eyes of the child.

"I can't," she whispered.

"It was a shock—to him, I reckon, as well as to us," then commented the girl: "What do you imagine he thought when he saw the light under the door?"

Her uncle's mental condition was not concerning Sarah just then, rather was she absorbed by the possible fate to be meted out to them.

"What do you think he will do?" she asked, with bated breath.

"Don't know," said Nettie. "You never can tell what father is going to do. If it were mother now she would have whipped us,—me at least. I wish it had been mother since it had to be."

She put out the fire, but before she went to sleep she said:

"The story turned out all right, Sarah, I read the last page before I began it."

(To be continued.)

BARRY SULLIVAN'S EARLY DAYS IN CORK.

BY R. M. SILLARD.

Seventy years ago Barry Sullivan—then a penniless orphan lad of sixteen—landed on the quay side at Cork, after a dreary and troubled voyage of over thirty hours, from Swansea. He wandered about the picturesque old city until nightfall, when he chanced to find a night's lodging in a house on the coal quay owned by a Mr. Stack. Good luck must have directed his steps here, for Mr. Stack had theatricals on the brain—in fact, he was one of the most popular amateur actors in Cork at the time—and he took a keen interest in young Sullivan when he learned of his throwing up his law clerkship in Bristol and his determination to become a "great actor."

Rising early the following morning, Sullivan was out in quest of the theatre. His footsteps soon led him into George's Street, where the Theatre Royal was situated. He entered it, and was not a little surprised to find everything about the place in a state of dilapidation, including the manager, one Frank Seymour, a typical Bohemian, who eyed young Sullivan critically as he stood before him. Certainly our hero could not but have attracted attention as he made his bow. He was somewhat older than a boy in appearance and younger than a man. A tall, slender figure, broad in the shoulders; a face typically Irish, sallow complexioned and marked with smallpox; strongly marked and expressive features; firm-set jaws, teeth of dazzling whiteness, long, jet-black hair, bushy eyebrows, and fine, piercing, Irish blue eyes. Such was the Barry Sullivan of fifteen, as he stood on the dimly lighted stage of the Cork theatre, talking his projects over with the manager. Seymour scanned him curiously from head to foot. "You want to go on the stage?" echoed the manager; "you're very young, and, of course, quite inexperienced. I'm afraid I can't do much for you, me boy; however, come round to-morrow and I'll see."

Early next morning he was waiting on the jovial-looking Seymour. His nervousness was greatly relieved by the kindly way the old fellow greeted him, and his joy was unbounded when he told him he might be able to give him an engagement soon. He asked him many inquisitive questions about himself and his parents. At this time both his parents were dead seven years. His father was a native of Cork, and while a mere lad he joined the 101st, or "Duke of York's Irish" regiment, which, as is well known, figured in many historic engagements, notably at Quatre Bras in 1815. A few years later military duty brought him to Cork, and while here he married the daughter of a local farmer, named Barry. Shortly after the marriage they went to live in Birmingham, and it was while residing there that their son Thomas was born, on the 5th of July, 1821. He was fondly attached to his poor mother, and years later, when he had made his début on the stage in England, after mounting the tyro's ladder in Ireland and Scotland, he added her maiden name to his own, and so ever after was known to all as Barry Sullivan. Towards the close of the year 1824, his parents removed with him to Bristol, where they died five years later, leaving "Tom" to the care of his paternal grandfather, who had the promising young fellow placed in the Bristol Stokes-Croft Endowed School. Here he soon became a great favorite.

His desire to improve and rise above mediocrity seemed to have been an in-

stinct born in him, for while at this school he put forth all his energy to excel in what he saw accomplished by companions of an older age. He early took a great liking for music and singing, and his elocution, for one of his age, was considered extraordinary; so much so, that he was often pointed out by the head master as the model boy in that respect.

It has often been said that poets are born, not made; and most assuredly the same applies to actors. As a lad, Sullivan showed a great liking for Shakespeare's works; in fact, he appears to have been forever reading and reciting passages for the delectation of his school-fellows and playmates. When he left school and was apprenticed to the Bristol attorney, Burges, he had opportunities of going to the theatre which were availed of frequently, as he lived close to the King Street theatre. Macready at this period was in the noonday of his fame, and when the famous tragedian visited Bristol it is doubtful if he had a more enthusiastic admirer than our young hero, who was destined to wear his mantle seventeen years later. He became "stage-struck" after seeing Macready as Macbeth, Lear, Werner and Virginius. His Macbeth, we know, was one of his greatest triumphs, and we can well imagine the inspiring effect the "great man's" acting had on the young fellow. It stirred up the great ambition of his life; from the first night he resolved to become an actor. Forthwith he quitted his master's office, and, after much privation, set sail for Ireland in the hope of getting an engagement at some theatre there.

He had not long to wait, for on the occasion of his second visit to the manager of the Cork theatre, already mentioned, he was requested by that worthy old fellow to show him what he could do by reciting or singing. Young Sullivan was only too willing to satisfy him, and greatly pleased his examiner by a capital rendering of the Scottish ballad, "Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane." It so happened that evening a performance of the ballad opera, "Love in a Village," was to be given at the theatre by some local amateurs for the benefit of a popular lady vocalist, Miss Julia Smith, a niece of the famous songstress, Kitty Stephens (afterwards the Countess of Essex), the rival of the great Catalani. When the hour for the rehearsal came that morning it was found that one of the company, a man named West, was absent. Learning that he could not be found, Sullivan offered his services to Manager Seymour, who gladly accepted his timely offer, and there and then set the ambitious young fellow down for the part of Jack Eustace (in the opera); Miss Smith taking the part of Rosetta. Sullivan set about his task at once, and at night his efforts were well received, both by the audience and his fellow-players. Old Seymour declared himself well pleased with his new recruit and prophesied that he would be a good actor "one of those days." He was so well satisfied, indeed, that he at once engaged him as a member of his stock company, with a commencing salary of fifteen shillings a week. Stage-struck readers should ponder on this before embarking on a similar walk in life. Of course, Sullivan, of necessity, had to accept the munificent salary, and out of it had to find his bed and board as well as supply his necessary stage clothes, wigs, hats, boots, etc. But he was undismayed and far from disheartened. He was elated at his initial success, and more than ever determined to study hard and make himself *au fait* in everything necessary for success in his adopted profession. He was constantly in and about the theatre, even on Sundays, and whenever it was free from all the employees he would get Seymour's

or McDonnell's (the proprietor) permission to pace the stage and declaim to his heart's content. His study was marvelous, and in a very short time he could be relied upon to be letter-perfect in many plays, and often filled the post of stage prompter.

At this time the manager, Frank Seymour, was about sixty years of age. He was a very odd character. He could combine twenty or more occupations without being clever in one. He was actor, fiddler, scene-painter, machinist and tailor, besides ticket-taker and bill-poster on occasions. But he prided himself more especially on his talents as an actor. This harmless eccentricity rendered him very dear to the Cork theatre-goers. He frequently appeared in the cast of the numerous plays produced during the season, but the Ghost in "Hamlet," the Friar in "Romeo and Juliet," and Pat Murphy in "The Happy Man," were considered his best parts. Being a native of Cork, he was of course on familiar terms with his audience, to many of whom he was known as "Chouse." He received this peculiar nickname on a memorable occasion, when he attempted to play Othello. In the well-known passage,

"Excellent wretch! But I do love you! and when I love thee not, chaos is come again."

he pronounced the word chaos as *chouse*. Ever afterwards, whenever he was announced to take part in a performance, the saying amongst his patrons was, "Chouse is come again." But by many of his employees he was nicknamed Frank *Schemer*, on account of the remarkable subterfuges he resorted to in order to escape a creditor.

Shortly after Sullivan had been enrolled a member of the company, the then famous American actor, T. D. Rice, paid a visit to Ireland, and in due course was engaged by Seymour to give his series of Negro representations at the Cork theatre. At this time it must be remembered illustrations of Negro humor were new to the public. "Christy Minstrels," "Ethiopian Serenaders" and other real or mock Negro melodists had not been thought of. When "Jim Crow" Rice first came to London from New York, in 1836, he had the whole town flocking nightly to see him as Ginger Blue, in a Negro sketch called the "Virginian Mummy," with a grotesque dance and song:

"Wheel about and turn about, and do just so,
And every time I turn about I jump Jim Crow."

Cork playgoers went "Jim Crow" mad during Rice's stay among them, in June, 1837. Every member of Seymour's stock company was pressed into the service to "support" the American star, and on the 7th of that month young Sullivan had the untold pleasure of seeing his own name on a play-bill for the first time. There were three pieces put on that evening, *viz.:* a burletta, called "The Manager in Distress," "The Virginian Mummy," and the farce, "Botheration." In each of these Sullivan was given a speaking part: the prompter in the first named, Charles to the Ginger of Rice in the Negro play, and Varnish in the concluding farce. The following evening Sullivan was entrusted with the character of Charles Fitzmartyn in "The Three Rivals," with Rice as the dandy "Nigger Caesar." Let those who only knew Barry Sullivan in his palmy days remember these parts, and amuse themselves with the idea of the world-famous tragedian once playing them. But the ambitious young thespian had not to wait long for a part in a Shakespearean play—what he was daily wishing for.

After Rice came Charles Kean for a fortnight's engagement. He was only

twenty-six years of age at the time, but he had already made rapid strides in his art, and may be said to have been one of the leading players of the day. His repertoire consisted of "Richard the Third," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" and "King Lear." Sullivan's first Shakespearean part was that of Rosencrantz to Kean's Hamlet, on the 14th of June (1837). On the "Macbeth" nights he was entrusted with the small part of Seyton, and when "Lear" and "Richard III" were given he figured in the cast as the Duke of Albany and Brackenbury respectively.

When the famous tenor, Henry Bedford, visited Cork during the following month, Sullivan got some experience in opera-drama parts. We find him in the bills as Macstuart in "Rob Roy"; one of the huntsmen in Weber's "Der Frischutz; as Lorenzo in Auber's "Masaniello," and Calvette in O'Keeffe's "Castle of Andalusia."

Although our young hero was making good progress and giving satisfaction to the different "stars," as well as becoming a favorite with the Cork playgoers, still he was not satisfied with the insignificant characters allotted to him. He longed for some leading parts in the multifarious dramas, melodramas and tragedies constantly being rehearsed by Seymour's stock company. It must be said he was also displeased at the unprogressive salary handed to him whenever the "ghost walked." Hearing that a rival theatre was about being opened in Cork by an actor from Dublin, named Collins, Sullivan parted with Seymour and entered into an engagement with the new *entrepreneur,* who had already gathered a good company of players from the Abbey Street theatre in Dublin. Collins opened what he called the "Pavilion" in Old George's Street (Cork), in January, 1838. Melodramas of the most terrific description constituted the bill of fare here every night. Those mostly consisted of "The Fiend of the Lighthouse," "The Idiot Witness," "The Mutiny at the Nore," "The Floating Beacon," "The Castillian Bandit," "The Larboard Fin" and "The Cataract of the Ganges." In most of these sensational pieces Sullivan had prominent parts, and gained much of that proficiency in stage fencing and combats which in after life became one of his most effective performances.

Business prospered so well at Collins' Pavilion that the manager built a larger hall, in Nelson Place, on the site of the present Cork Opera House.

Sullivan and the rest of Collins' company migrated to the new house, which was more comfortable than the old "fit-up," where the audience oftentimes overflowed into the street. Meantime Frank Seymour quitted the "Royal" and fitted up a theatre of his own, in Cook Street, which he opened in March, 1838. There were now three theatres in the little city on the Lee, but as "two stars keep not their motion in one sphere," it was not surprising that one or other of the rival managers should go to the wall. Collins being the weaker, he returned to Dublin, while Sullivan and a few of his fellow-players got a few necessary theatrical "props" together and set out as strolling players through the towns of Munster.

From Cork, Sullivan and his companions tramped to the town of Mallow, but as their entertainment failed to draw here, they continued their journey to Fermoy, then a very thriving town with a large military depot. Here the young Thespians engaged a disused corn-store, and, with the assistance of a few members of a local "Dramatic Club," had it converted, by means of whitewash, canvas, ferns and paper flowers, into something resembling a theatre, with a grand drop-curtain, brought from Cork, representing the Rialto of Venice! Their stage fittings and wardrobe were neces-

sarily of a very rude character. Their band numbered three; the leader (first violin) had often to play "second," old men, sing Irish songs, as well as to attend to the oil lamps and candles which lit the "house" and stage. Two or three "drop-scenes" served every purpose, much being left to the imagination of the audience. But they, good people, were not fastidious, and so long as they heard a well-delivered soliloquy or song and witnessed a good sword combat, they were well satisfied. Sheridan Knowles' "William Tell," with Sullivan in the title rôle, was their first play here. For the part of Albert, Sullivan secured the services of a fine young lad in the town, named John Cashel O'Callaghan, who for many years afterwards remained one of Barry Sullivan's numerous Irish friends.

Finding the accommodation at this improvised theatre insufficient, they betook themselves to the more spacious Court House in the town. They remained here for a few weeks, giving many of the sensational pieces they had so often played at the Pavilion in Cork, as well as one or two of Sheridan Knowles' dramas, just then so popular. From Fermoy they walked to Clonmel, not having sufficient spare capital to spend on stage coach or mail car. Here they had to be content with the scant accommodation of a disused schoolroom, as had Edmund Kean and his Irish wife thirty years previously, while members of Andrew Cherry's traveling troupe.

During Sullivan's stay here, an incident occurred which moulded one of the traits in his character in after life. On St. Patrick's Day he and some of his companions had been testifying their loyalty to the fatherland by vinous celebration. At night they played "Rory O'More," when Sullivan took the part of De Welsken. During the progress of the piece the famed usquebaugh got into Sullivan's head, with the result that in the stage fight he became so excited that "play" became "earnest," and Rory nearly lost his life. From that night he resolved to avoid a temptation which involved such perilous consequences, and ever afterward he was remarkable for his abstemious habits.

Sullivan and his hard-working troupe had now become great favorites in many of those towns, and their visits were looked forward to with interest. During "patterns" and fairs they were sure of a good "house," notwithstanding the counter-attractions of the "shows," glorious in their paraphernalia. This life had for a time a vast attraction for our hero. His acting, fencing and singing were always received with rapturous applause by the unsophisticated audiences. Passing through Cahir and other Tipperary towns, they gave performances in Waterford, Kilkenny, Limerick and Tralee, retracing their steps through mountainous Kerry back to Cork.

After a year of buffeting about, Sullivan was glad to seek reëngagement at the Theatre Royal, in George's Street. This was in the second week of January, 1840. He found an English actor, named Mun Noble Paumier, lessee and manager here now. He had a full company, but he took Sullivan on for "utility parts" for the season, which opened on the 25th of the month, with the engagement of Mrs. Honey, the rival of Madame Vestris. The principal plays produced during her stay were "The Beulah Spa," "The Lottery Ticket," "A Roland for an Oliver," "A Day in Paris," "The Waterman," "Giovanni in London" and Thomas Haynes Bayley's comedy, "Perfection; or, The Lily of Munster." In all these pieces Sullivan was given only minor parts by Paumier, and when he produced Bulwer Lytton's "Lady of Lyons" for the first time here, early in February, his new recruit had to be satisfied with the part of First Offi-

cer! But he was in the bill every night, gaining experience in such plays as "Pizarro," "Damon and Pythias," "The Iron Chest," "Black-Eyed Susan," "She Stoops to Conquer" and Lytton's "Rightful Heir." When Sheridan Knowles and his wife (Miss Elphinstone) played an engagement here during the first three weeks of March this year (1840), Sullivan had been promoted to characters of some importance, as his name appears nightly on the play-bills supporting the actor-dramatist as the Duke of Carintha to his Huon in the five-act play, "Love"; Lutold to Knowles' William Tell; Pedro in "The Taming of the Shrew," and Stephen in "The Hunchback."

Sullivan received much kindly attention from Sheridan Knowles. He advised the young fellow to study hard and to persevere, adding "if you should ever need a friend, remember that you can always count James Sheridan Knowles as the foremost at your service." All this was of course very kindly meant, but we think the young actor was not long in the memory of the dramatist, who, as all knew, was one of the most eccentric and absent-minded of men.

Sullivan was next entrusted by Paumier with small parts in English opera during the eighteen nights' engagement of the celebrated vocalists, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, George Stansbury and Miss Land from Covent Garden theatre. On their farewell night (April 11) the historic building, which had echoed the voices of many notable players during the preceding eighty years, was burnt to the ground. Fortunately for Sullivan and the other members of the "stock" company, Seymour's Theatre in Cook Street was still open, and in due course some of them were enrolled once more under his banner. Sullivan's name appeared on the bills of the Cook Street house on Easter Monday, April 20, in "The Lottery Ticket," and during the remainder of the season in "The Castle Spectre"; "Charles the Second"; "Therese, or, The Orphan of Geneva"; Theseus to the Ariadne of Mrs. Leclercq in "Bacchus and Ariadne," and as Jean Doux with the Leclercq family in a pantomime, called "Lissette, or, The Sportsman at Fault." The Leclercq family became very popular and paid return visits to Cork for many years. They used to be described on the play-bills as "highly celebrated dancers, and unrivaled melodramatic and pantomimic performers." Two of their popular melodramas had the startling names of "The Idiot and the Assassin" and "The Bleeding Nun of Lindenberg." Sullivan's part in the first named was that of Arnaud, the bold bad villain, and Raymonde to the ensanguined nun of Miss Villars, one of Seymour's "leading ladies."

There was quite a flutter in Cork on the 17th of July, 1841, when Seymour announced with a great flourish of trumpets and big posters that Daniel O'Connell would patronize his little theatre in Cook Street that night. The bill of the evening lies before us, and in prominent letters "the nobility, gentry, officers of the garrison, and inhabitants of Cork" are informed that "by command and under the special patronage of the Great Liberator, Daniel O'Connell," the romantic drama, entitled "The Warlock of the Glen," would be performed, after which the "admired interlude," called "The Omnibus," would be presented, and the evening's entertainment to conclude with "the very comic after-piece" of "The Illustrious Stranger." The theatre was not large enough to hold the hundreds of Corcagians who crowded that evening, not to see "the Romantic Drama," but to get a glimpse of the great Tribune, Dan.

The full strength of the "stock company" was put forward that evening, and Sullivan, who was now Seymour's "sec-

ond leading man," was well to the front as Lord Clanronald in the first piece, and as Prince Azan, to the Fatima of a Mrs. Stanhope, in the concluding farce.

The following month Sullivan had the pleasure of playing with Henry Compton, the leading London comedian of the day, and father of our present-day popular player, Mr. Edward Compton. Chute was one of the stock actors at the Theatre Royal, Hawkins Street, Dublin, where Compton was also engaged at this time, but during the off summer season in Dublin the leading players there visited Cork and Belfast, much to the benefit of the rising Thespians fretting their brief hour on the local stage.

Compton was greatly pleased with young Sullivan. His thoroughness, earnestness and the pleasure he seemed to take in whatever parts were allotted to him, was favorably noticed. He advised the young fellow to apply to Mr. Murray, the well-known manager of the Theatre Royal in Edinburgh, for an engagement in his stock company, where, he assured him, he would be certain of making rapid advance in his profession, as there was then no better school for painstaking young actors than the historic theatre in the Scottish capital. Sullivan had often received similar advice from others; but traveling expenses in those days made sad ravages on a slender purse, so he had to bide his time and husband his resources until he could set out for this land of promise.

The celebrated English prima donna, Miss Romer (accompanied by the renowned Scottish tenor, John Wilson, and Adam Leffler, the Santley of his day), paid a visit to Cork on the 21st of September. That night Sullivan's name appeared in the cast of "La Sonnambula" as Marcus. Miss Romer was a very popular prima donna in those days. Her musical education was of the first order, and she possessed every accomplishment necessary for her profession. It will be remembered that she created the part of Maritana when Wallace's charming opera was first produced at Drury Lane Theatre. She congratulated our young hero on his good voice and advised him to cultivate it, as he had many qualifications to become a great singer. But Sullivan told her how anxious he was to succeed, not as a singer, but as an actor—nay, a tragedian.

He had an opportunity of appearing in a grand tragedy the following week, when Miss Ellen Tree and James Anderson played "Romeo and Juliet" on their opening here, on Oct. 4.

Scarce a week had elapsed after Anderson had left Cork when Sullivan received a letter from him to the effect that there was a vacancy for a junior in the stock company at the Theatre Royal in Edinburgh, and that he had recommended him to the manager. Great was his joy; but his jubilation was considerably damped when he was told by Seymour that he would have to continue his services at his theatre until the first week in November, in order to secure his right to a "benefit," the proceeds of which Sullivan had long hoped would defray his traveling expenses to Scotland.

A "benefit" in those days meant much more to the needy actor than it does now. No one but an old player, and one, too, who has "served his time" in the provinces, can form any idea of the importance of a benefit sixty years ago. It often paid the arrears of salary, and enabled the poor fellow to clear up accounts with the obliging butcher and baker. The junior and minor members of the theatre's company usually arranged with the manager for an annual benefit, in the form of a "ticket night." By this arrangement they were entitled to one-half of the cash obtained by the sale of tickets sold by their own exertions, and printed at their own expense. Sullivan

arranged for a "ticket night" with Seymour, and his first benefit was to take place on Wednesday, Nov. 10, 1841. For this eventful night Sullivan secured the services of an American comedian, named Harper, who was playing an engagement at the Cook Street theatre at the time. While the joy-bells of the kingdom were ringing out the news of the birth of King Edward VII, Barry Sullivan was busily engaged distributing tickets for his first benefit and farewell performance in Cork on the morrow. The play-bill was as follows:

THEATRE ROYAL, COOK STREET, CORK

This Evening, Wednesday, Nov. 10, 1841

GREAT NOVELTY!!!

FOR THE FAREWELL BENEFIT OF

MR. SULLIVAN

On which occasion the celebrated American Comedian

MR. E. R. HARPER

will make his appearance

Mr. Sullivan respectfully takes leave to inform the Nobility, Gentry, Officers of the Garrison, and the public and his friends, that his farewell benefit is fixed for this evening, on which occasion he respectfully solicits their patronage and support. The evening's entertainment will commence with the Romantic Drama of

THE ROBBER'S WIFE

Mr. Briarly.....Mr. W. Alexander
Mark Redland (alias Murdoch), Mr. Sullivan
Sawney MacFile.....Mr. Taaffe
Larry O'Gig.....Mr. F. Seymour
Red Rody.....Mr. Campbell
Smelter.....Mr. Seyton
Rose Redland.....Miss Williams

After which the laughable, farcical, bombastical, and operatical Burletta called

THE MANAGER IN DISTRESS

or

THE THEATRE IN AN UPROAR

Gent in the Box.....Mr. F. Seymour
Humphry Hum in the Gallery....Mr. Taaffe
Call Boy.....Mr. Seyton
Irishman in the Pit.....Mr. Sullivan
Manager.....Mr. Alexander
James.....Mr. Crotty

The evening's entertainment to conclude with the laughable Burletta

THE NIGGER WAT SWEEPS THE CROSSING

Jim along Josey, the Nigger....Mr. Harper
Tommy Toppo.....Mr. Alexander
Skinflint.....Mr. Villars
Tap.....Mr. Taaffe
Captain Hector.....Mr. Sullivan
Gripe.....Mr. Jones
Holdfast.....Mr. Seyton
Tightlace.....Mr. Henry
Ellen.....Miss Villars
Mrs. Smith.....Mrs. Seyton

Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Sullivan, at 100 Old Georges Street, and of Mr. Barry, Box-Keeper, at the theatre, from ten to four o'clock. Doors open at seven o'clock, performance to commence at half-past seven precisely. Good fires constantly kept in every part of the theatre. No smoking allowed in any part of the theatre.

The benefit was a big success financially, and, as will be seen by the "bill," the genial old manager exerted himself, and fairly astonished every one by his spirited impersonation of Larry O'Gig in Pocock's sensational drama.

The "iron tongue of midnight" tolled twelve before the enthusiastic audience reluctantly parted from our young hero. The following morning was "cold, and dark, and dreary," when he bade adieu to his many friends and took his seat on the mail coach for Dublin, *en route* for Edinburgh, with mingled feelings of hope and regret. Time wrought many changes in Cork ere Barry Sullivan revisited it seventeen years later. Few of those who cheered his maiden efforts were then there to rejoice with him in his well-earned triumphs.

SCENE FROM "THE PRINCE OF INDIA."
Prince Mahommed and Princess Irene.

JOSEPH CLARKE'S PRINCE OF INDIA.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

The whole world has read *Ben Hur.* Perhaps half of it read *The Prince of India.* In the first book General Lew Wallace impressed the reading community as profoundly as he had been impressed himself by the upspringing of the Christian stream; in the second he left only the usual impression of a pitiable and well-deserved calamity, such an impression as one would get to-day from a modern journal describing the sulphurous exit of Sodom and Gomorrha. In the first book he did no reasoning. In the other he reasoned sanely, but still he reasoned: the Christian idea had come to blows with itself and shivered into a thousand brilliant but useless fragments: the Turk powdered one of the fragments with his iron heel in the destruction of Constantinople. General Wallace mourned over the sad condition of Christianity, and wondered what force would ever fuse the fragments into one grand entity again, whose splendor would rejoice the

souls of men and give them the spectacle of religious unity once more. His *Prince of India* has not the spontaneity and sympathy of *Ben Hur,* although it is a powerful story.

For the dramatic managers—Klaw and Erlanger—an eminent author of this city, Joseph I. C. Clarke, wrote a stage version of *The Prince of India.* It is

ACT V. "THE PRINCE OF INDIA." BATTLE SCENE.

now properly impressing the public at the Broadway Theatre and will shed its scenic glories on the American land for the next decade or two. Mr. Clarke is one of the lights of the journalistic, literary, dramatic and social circles in the metropolis. He is a good fellow besides. He wrote the famous ballad of *Kelly and Burke and Shea,* which should be recited by the Irish all over the world at least four times a year, lest other people forget. He is an officer of every society worth while, makes a fine income, and spends it royally. He is really a big man in what is called the world; and he would be a still bigger man in the circles outside the swim had he the spiritual element better developed. In the maelstrom of metropolitan life, however, men think more of success than of the spiritual. For the average artist success is really the measure of his ability. Men like Clarke are intended for higher regions. Physically he is a big man, without the pomposity which age and success confer upon big men to keep them remote from their young inferiors. He has achieved

a notable success in the stage version of *The Prince of India.*

Perhaps one should not wonder that every popular idea sooner or later finds its way into the drama. Is not the drama part of literature? Is not literature the expression of life? Are not ideas, popular or otherwise, simply expressions of life? The wonder is that the popular idea gets into the drama so speedily.

The central idea of Mr. Clarke's play is the unity of religion. The leading character of the drama is the legendary hero, the Wandering Jew, known to men as the Prince of India; he travels everywhere in splendid state, fears no clime and no circumstances, since he cannot die; his great riches are used for the establishment of universal peace amongst men through universal love; and the

EMMETT CORRIGAN AS THE PRINCE OF INDIA.

J. I. C. CLARKE.

principle of that peace through love is the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. In the drama his present lot is cast among the Turks and the Greeks, facing each other in the vicinity of Constantinople. The truce between the fading empire and the successful Moslem is about to expire with the death of the Sultan Amurath. His son Mohammed is war-like and ambitious, and is bound to absorb the weak and deserted empire of Constantine. The Prince of India arrives on the scene in time to take advantage of the despair of the Greeks and the ambition of Mohammed, through whom he hopes to establish one, holy, universal religion which will avert war, bind the opposing nations in fraternal bonds, and affect Europe favorably.

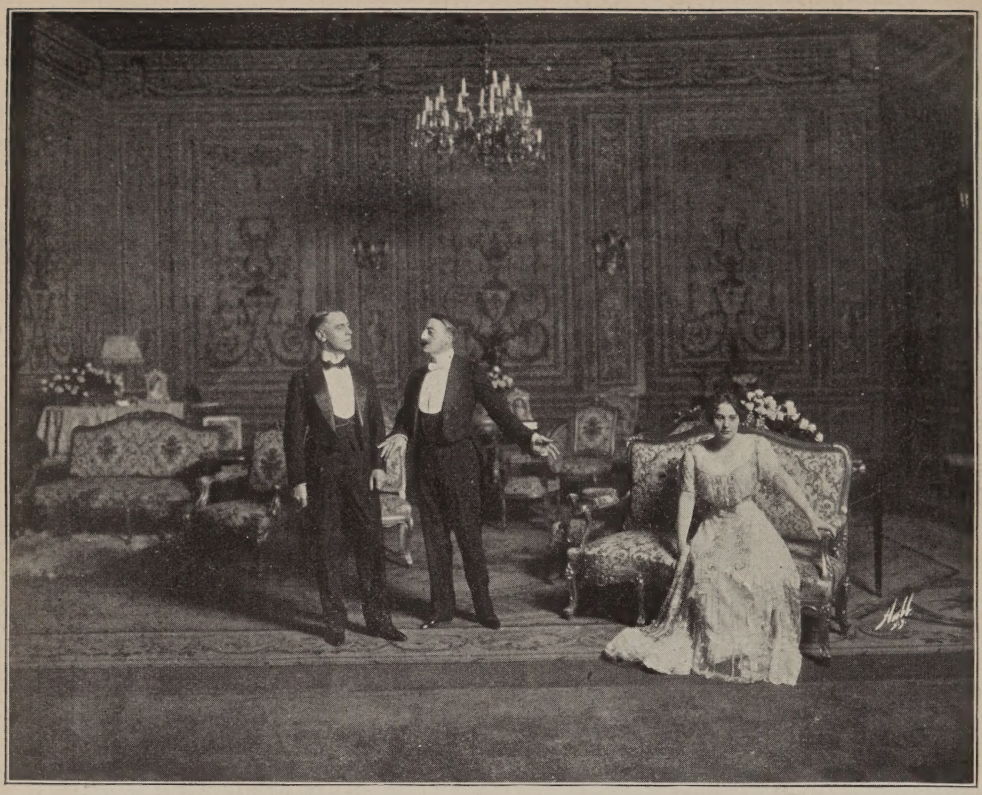
Played by Emmett Corrigan, one of our distinguished brethren on the stage, the character of the Prince of India is most convincing, lovable and picturesque. His carriage and speech are as royal as his dress; his venerable appearance strikes all with awe and admiration; his benevolence is nearly as great as his riches, each striving to exhaust the other. Upon his arrival at the house of a faithful Jew, whose daughter he adopts, he takes occasion to reveal his character,

tells the story of his accursed condition, and weeps as he admits his harshness towards Christ as the Saviour struggled on to Calvary under the weary burden of the cross. "Tarry thou till I come," was his heavy sentence. He has carried the burden of life for fifteen centuries, and with it the burden of men's sorrows. They have the solace of death, and he has none. His one hope is to see men

ACT II. HIS HOUSE IN ORDER.

living in peace with one another, and in recognition of their relationship with God; and for this end he labors unceasingly, using the wealth of Solomon to further the cause of one true and holy religion for all men. At times his impatience with the slowness of Providence to change the stubborn and stupid human mind leads him into sins of distrust of God and rage and hatred against men. Then the lightning of justice strikes him to earth; he remains long unconscious; he returns to life only to find himself stripped of age, friends, the fruit of his labors; and he must begin again, a youth, in a new country, the work of his mournful existence.

The scenes of the play are splendid and stirring. The climax of the first part is located in the basilica of Sancta Sophia, where the monks, the clergy, the leaders of the State, the people, and the Emperor have assembled to discuss and to decide upon the proposition of the Prince of India that they establish a universal religion with the two doctrines or principles, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. The Emperor has been advocating union with Rome in order to secure the aid of the western



ACT II. HIS HOUSE IN ORDER.

nations; the monks cry out against him and hold to their own institution; the suggestion of the Prince is a compromise. It is a wild scene which takes place in the basilica. Enough to say that the Greeks hold to their religion, rejecting all others, scorn the offers of the Prince, attack him with fury, and are repaid by the immortal creature with a defiance which turns them to stone with horror and fear: he announces that the Sultan Amurath is dead. With that he proceeds to foreshadow their coming doom, the siege of Constantinople, the sack, the bloody horrors of war, the slower pains of captivity; with hate and rage he denounces them as a lost nation; for now they will be slaves forever to the Moslem; and thus he hurls himself out of the great temple.

Then follow the scenes of the siege, the capture of the city, the death of the Emperor and the fall of his empire; and the Prince of India is struck down by heaven for his failure and reduced to youth and rags again; and Sultan Mohammed enters Sancta Sophia borne on the shoulders of his victorious guard, the conqueror of half of ancient Rome. He announces religious freedom for the Greeks and claims the hand of the Princess Irene. They are married and peace reigns on the Moslem earth. Adelaide Keim played the part of the Princess Irene with distinction, although the character itself afforded this capable woman few opportunities. Her share in the catastrophe was simply to look on, to console the despairing, and in the end, by her marriage with Prince Mohammed, to stand between her captive people and the Moslem rage. It is the weakness of the play that not enough was made of this section of the theme. The two great modern ideas, unity of religion and toleration of individual beliefs, while having

a tremendous influence on society, are not much appreciated by the average man. They season an argument but hardly appeal to the imagination. The Prince of India stands forth royally in his plea for unity; the Prince Mohammed as royally in his declaration of freedom of belief for all men. The Princess Irene should have been made emphatic from the first moment of the play to the last by her oncoming glory as the Esther of her fallen race. It would have given popular interest to the rôles of prophet and lover, and would have enabled the Prince of India to excite a still greater interest by his diplomacy in behalf of a royal marriage. The striking feature of the play, which is really religious in its tone and intent, is its plea for the unity of religion. Mr. Clarke avoided the usual mouthing about the uselessness of creeds, which were not once mentioned. The great aspiration of modern times thus found noble and sympathetic ex-

ACT IV. NURSE MARJORIE.

Eleanor Robson as Nurse Marjorie. H. B. Warner as John Danbury.

pression without a single jarring note. Jew and Gentile, Christian and Pagan, Catholic and Protestant, all believers in religion as the expression of man's relations with God, could listen and applaud.

It is plays of this sort that illustrate the aptitude of the drama for the highest kind of effort in behalf of right thinking and good living. Intelligent people present at this play cannot help thinking of the Catholic Church with its wonderful unity, integrity and persistency, as they listen to the appeals and witness the efforts of the mysterious Prince of India. Men are so weary of the war of the sects, which are to-day and to-morrow are cast into the oven, yet make more noise than the immortal existences, that with him they sigh for that peace which comes only from the truth.

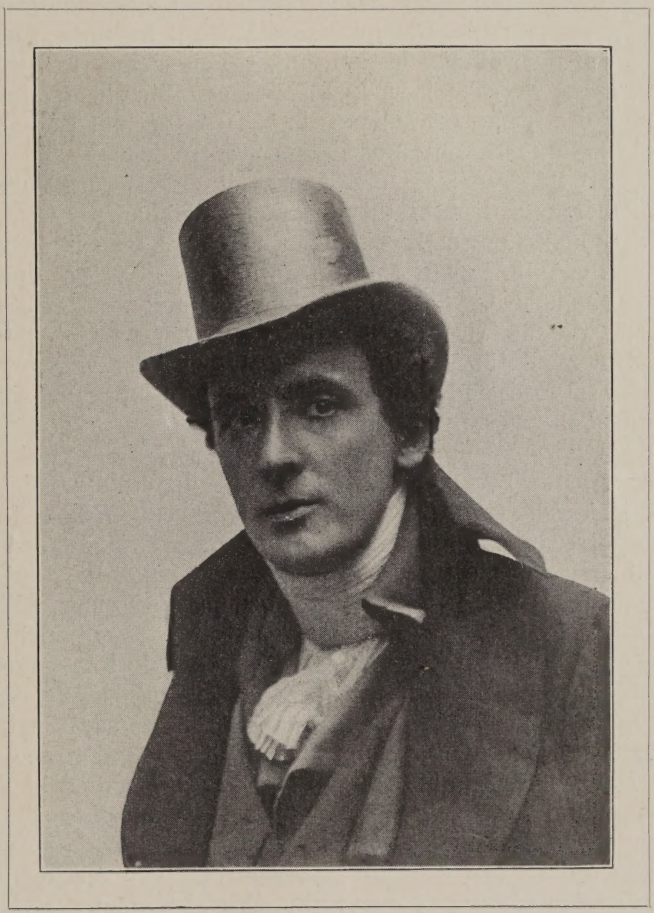
Across the way from *The Prince of India,* Pinero and John Drew are teaching the exclusive multitude some interesting facts about the modern Puritans, in an excellent play entitled *His House in Order.* Although a trifle slow in reaching its denoument, which is never a fault with the entertaining Pinero, the drama shows the playwright at his best. The theme is simple, the characterization delightful, the scenes and incidents mostly charming and enthralling. It takes possession of an audience, giving them the intensest desire to get upon the stage and do some plain talking to the asinine people of the play. That's realism. It is

SCENE FROM "NURSE MARJORIE."

Hassard Short as Nicodemus. Eleanor Robson as Nurse Marjorie. A. G. Andrews as Duke of Donegal. H. B. Warner as John Danbury.

called by the actors, getting over the footlights.

The leading character of the drama is a prig with the name of Filmer Jesson, M.P. As he is a member of Parliament, it may be taken for granted that he is not the fool he looks and acts. He has a hobby for order, a place for everything and everything in its place, and everybody besides. He pursues dust, scraps of paper, and matches, as if they were Zulus; his household moves to the uproar of bells; correct deportment, correct speech, perfect grammar, perfect dress, low tones, are in demand; in a word he keeps *His House in Order*. Of course everyone is miserable, even his submissive and Puritan wife. She dies in an accident some years before the play begins, and he marries the daughter of the Vicar, a charming, giddy, impulsive girl, with a natural horror of such order as prevailed in her husband's home. She proves a failure as a housekeeper, and he engages the sister of the first wife, Geraldine Ridgely, to take charge of the household and the education of his little son. The meaner side of old-fashioned Puritanism fashioned Geraldine, for it is beyond the power of God to make anything in creation so repulsive. Her vinegar face, cold temper, harsh voice, low disposition, were emphasized by contrast with all the outward features of the well-bred lady. There was nothing of the burlesque in the portrait, but the



HENRY B. IRVING AS LESURQUES IN "THE LYONS MAIL."

lines just stopped short of the burlesque. In a few months she has usurped the place of the mistress in the household. She is a perfect executive to Filmer Jesson, M.P. To hear the two discussing various domestic problems, he in his pedantic English, she in her hammer tones, would give an ordinary mortal an irrepressible desire to attack them there and then, and annihilate them. Together they are educating six-year old Derrick Jesson. The result of their efforts up-to-date is the finest specimen of child-prig ever seen on stage or earth. Geraldine brings her whole family to Jesson House for long visits: her father, Sir Daniel Ridgely, her mother and her brother Pryce; and the combination daily sits down hard upon the unfortunate Mrs. Nina Jesson, the impulsive, charming, lovable daughter of the old Vicar.

Into this group comes Hilary Jesson, British ambassador abroad and brother to the prig. Man of the world, sensible, practical, generous, accommodating, he regards his brother as sadly afflicted, in his love for impossible order, his brother's wife as persecuted, and the entire group of Ridgelys as the warts of social existence. Being a perfect gentleman he controls his feelings. His encounters with the Prig, with Nina, with the Ridgelys, form the substance of the play, and give John Drew the best opportunity he has had since his sojourn with Augustine Daly. He laughs at his brother, reasons with him lightly, and fails to move him from prejudice in favor of a house in order. He wins the sisterly affection of Nina, counsels her, sympathizes with her, restrains her. He tells the Ridgelys parables whose meaning is as clear to the audience as it is obscure to the meddlers, at least for a few days; to the effect that the affairs of his brother's house are none of their business. He warns Filmer that the worm will turn unexpectedly and create a frightful disturbance. It is all most amusing, and trying, too, up to that moment when the worm turns. The audience is on edge to get at the Ridgelys, who have all come down to be present at the opening of a public park presented by the Prig to the municipality in honor of his first wife, Annabel Mary Ridgely, the haloed saint of the household.

Nina informs the party that she will not attend the ceremony, defies them, laughs at all appeals, scorns even the threat of her husband that such a scandal would lead to their separation. The junior Prig comes to her with a lady's hand-bag, which he has just found under the boards of his dead mother's room, mouse-eaten, dusty and frayed. Nina opens it quietly and finds a packet of letters containing the fatal secret of frail but human Annabel Mary. Let us not mention it save to say that it gave Nina her opportunity. Persecution had made her a virago; she would now put the Ridgelys on their marrow-bones for the rest of their miserable lives, and grind them into the dust; and the audience wished her joy and waited eagerly for the fun. Pinero is a higher artist than that, however. Hilary Jesson came to the rescue of Nina, showed her the better part, mercy to the dead, and generosity to the living, along with renunciation for herself. It was finely done and deserved to win. She gave the fatal letters to Hilary. Before destroying them he undertook to set things right for her, both with his brother and the impossible Ridgelys. Of course he failed. In his natural rage he flung the letters at his foolish brother, and the consequent explosion not only cracked the enamel of the Prig but blew Geraldine and the Ridgelys into their proper sphere, forever out of sight of generous Nina. At first sight the character assumed by John Drew did not appear as large as one would desire; but as the play progressed and his temperament revealed itself, the perfect gentleman surrounded by the meanest circumstances and not once failing in the requirements of a gentleman, it seemed as if the part had been written for him. The play will delight New

York for a long time, gives Drew a part in some way worthy of him, and will add considerably to the prestige of Pinero. The company gave an excellent rendering of the drama, which is more like actual life in presentation than anything seen here in years.

His House in Order may be put down as the event of the season; the novelty was the appearance of Henry B. Irving in a drama from the poetic muse of Stephen Phillips. The son of Sir Henry gave the first-nighters a delightful sensation as he made his appearance in the dim, gloomy, tragic hall of the Da Riminis; it was Sir Henry himself who stood before them, a perfect shadow of the great actor, although the points of difference were sufficiently numerous. The impression was almost canny, and did not wear off until in the course of the drama young Henry proved easily that, even if his father's spirit had entered into him, the father's art had yet to be won. Just why the *Paolo and Francesca* of Stephen Phillips should have been chosen for the first night is not apparent. A gloomy play, whose story was made familiar to us by Otis Skinner's presentation of George Boker's *Francesca Da Rimini,* hardly fits a first night and actors so young in fame as Irving and his wife, Dorothea Baird. Nor was Phillips' expression of the tragic theme particularly gracious or pleasing. It was Greek in aspect, and very Greek to a good portion of the audience. The lines were often fine, rising to poetic power; the Greek notion of overpowering fate was used by the unfortunate lovers as an excuse for their failings; the chief actors displayed careful training and much grace but no unusual power; and therefore the principal achievement lay in the accident of resemblance to the eminent father.

Eleanor Robson appeared at the Liberty Theatre in a play by Israel Zangwill entitled *Nurse Marjorie.* Mr. Zangwill writes plays of perfect form and no substance. The subtle power of life he has not yet discovered in connection with the

HENRY B. IRVING AS LUCIEN IN "THE LYONS MAIL."

drama. So *Nurse Marjorie* remains rather lifeless even under the potent spell of Eleanor Robson's ability. It is not interesting, the company is of an ordinary mould, and the play fails to score. Its indifferent value illustrates the difficulty of getting really good plays; or, to put it more clearly, the difficulty of persuading managers that a play is good. There is the real obstacle. The dramatic season began with the usual hurly-burly, but the failures as usual were more numerous than the successes. The moral, therefore, is: encourage the dramatist.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.

THE SANDPIPER.

Across the lonely beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered drift-wood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud, black and swift, across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Nor flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye;
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My drift-wood fire will burn so bright,
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wrath
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

Celia Thaxter.

THE ELECT OF THE GARDEN.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

They are twenty-five hundred strong, an angelic host—apparently—as they file down the walk of a certain German garden that Elizabeth did not plan. The girls skim along gracefully, curls tossing, ribbons flying, and skirts fluttering like the vari-colored petals blown from the flowering plants on either side. The boys move with less alacrity, less grace, and they skirmish a little, furtively, as is the manner of their kind. It was ever thus. There are some men who claim a boyhood marked by perfection, with never a kick covertly aimed at a classmate's ankles, and on the other hand there be written records to prove that even in Puritan days "ye wretched boys" were objects of wrath to their lawful guardians. So what wonder if among the twenty-five hundred there are some turbulent spirits, insisting on their share of the joy of life. They get it, too, gleaning as they go, even in the high-railed enclosure that has no part in the unceasing turmoil of the great thoroughfare beyond its gates.

All summer the garden has been a blaze of color,—rich crimson and scarlet, golden yellows, tawny brown and orange, green of every tint and shade. Geraniums have glowed and paled side by side with masses of nasturtium, handsome fuschias, frosty begonias, and flaunting petunias splashed with white. Back by the stone wall climbing plants and hardy shrubs have their domain, and here and there clumps of sweet alyssum lift star-like blossoms, filled to the brim with fragrance. Mignonette, too, has its place, and daisies had their day and have given way to autumn favorites, such as the rich-hued dahlias that grow near the gate. Pansies have bloomed all through the summer. And where should heartsease yield its "sovereign balm" if not in the shadow of Our Lady's shrine?

It is a wonderful garden, gay as a kaleidoscope, and as frankly indifferent to color blending. Nor have the canons of landscape gardening been closely followed, though not even a master of ceremonies could find fault with the results.

There is no attempt at teaching floral geometry,—or perhaps geometrical Flora is more technically correct—no insistence on vegetable diagrams, nothing but a tangle of bloom, through which a broad walk takes its leisurely way. When the children flutter down this walk the garden looks its best. One wonders if ever a throb of envy stirs the tranquil hearts of the flowers as their rivals trip along—a lengthy procession, for the greater part decorously grave and collected under "Sister's" observant eye.

Here and there you will recognize a personal friend. An upright little figure, in a semi-ecclesiastical garb, comes into view, Fabiola Flannigan—which isn't her name at all, but might be. She looks like a Roman student, in a black cassock coat and tri-corner cap, not unlike a biretta. The colors of the sash at her waist leave you in doubt whether she aspires to claim the Propaganda or the American College as her possible Alma Mater. Fabiola is very pale and thin, ascetic almost in appearance, and in her hand she carries a reader bound in black cambric. When she sings in the children's choir one expects Latin to drop from her tongue, but instead of an "exultavit" deeply rounded, a plaintive little voice appeals to "Mother, dear" and then one remembers that Fabiola is a little Irish-American child, one of a brood of

ten, whose mother is home-keeper as well as home-maker. Fabiola bears her share of the burden, and in her short life has often felt the need of the help for which she petitions. No wonder that the blitheness of childhood is missing from the delicate face, and that the blue eyes are wistful, even when they rest on the glowing flowers at either side of the walk.

Patriots abound in the parade—little misses in cocked hats and army coats; feminine "middies" with the American eagle blazoned on the arm, and man-of-war caps set jauntily back with the name of the ship smartly lettered in gold; truly a brave showing for the two great branches of the national service. But the effect is broken by some dolly children, miniature flirts, all frills and ribbons, who frisk past so quickly that the twins in red coats and beef-eater hats have to run to close up the gap in the ranks; it was wise to place Fabiola Flannigan after these, to tone them down; but she in turn is followed by a scarlet-cloaked figure with a large beaver flat—a cardinal-like outfit. Alas! the wearer jumps, skips, and hums a nursery jingle, without the slightest regard for what the public may think, or the slightest fear of church discipline. There are "Buster Browns" in abundance, and nondescript costumes pieced out by thrifty mothers, and now and again the pinafore and tucker of other days, restored by a maternal believer in the old-fashioned child who said "Sir" and Maam" and was absurdly respectful to her elders.

The procession bristles with the insignia of knowledge; and it is not to be wondered at,—with arms and brain so taxed,—that now and again a "scholar's companion" slips from a pupil's grasp and rattles to the floor of the chapel, or that a pyramid of books collapses noisily.

There are other processions—weddings and funerals, when the flowers bloom alike for the glad and the bereft—and Our Lady's month, and Corpus Christi, and First Communion, when the hearts of little children are as garden beds in which blossoms of virtue unfold in all their beauty; and on Sunday the walk resounds to the tread of thousands bearing witness to the faith that is in them.

The infant class is bewitched by the garden. Not yet inured to captivity, these hostages to Learning make frequent breaks for freedom, fall out of line in the most demoralizing fashion, and have even been known to fall into the flowers—a secret never to be divulged to the gardener. With infinite patience "Sister" gathers them in, forms and re-forms the broken ranks, and guides uncertain feet over the perilous step and through a corridor to the safe retreat of the chapel. But even yet the garden weaves its spell. Through the open windows the flowers beckon and nod, until an eager infant, responding to the call, leans too far out on the treacherously-slippery seat, and falls with a soft thud into the aisle—an awful warning to the heedless! Years cannot efface that mortifying moment. It will live forever in the memory of the tempted one.

Again "Sister" comes to the rescue, and, whispering a word of gentle admonition, replaces the fallen student, who presently finds farther solace and refreshment in a cookie, sugar-sprinkled and crisp. Why has no writer done full justice to the bond between childhood and the cookie? Hawthorne has given enduring fame to Ned Higgins and the gingerbread menagerie that opened the path to fortune for poor forlorn Hepzibah Pyncheon, and a modern poet has apostrophized his mother's "cookie jar," but nowhere do we find a fitting tribute to the brittle, delectable morsel.

The jelly doughnut, a modern invention, is making a bold effort to supersede it. Catering to the known weakness of

infancy it exudes glutin through its greasy skin; but this very lure dooms it. How could "Sister," lenient though she is, be expected to countenance such a foe to neatness? How can she be expected to remain calm while the jelly doughnut does its evil best to transform a cherub face? A parishioner in good standing is authority for the statement that a learned and holy man—who had taught higher Latin for many years—opened the bake-shop door for an infant, and thus—unwittingly, let us hope—aided and abetted her in defying "Sister." The platter in the window had proved greater than the grace to withstand temptation, and when the infant emerged from the door she concealed on her person a jelly doughnut so abnormally large and sticky that it demoralized a whole class. And that very day the Superintendent of Schools happened in! This is a tragedy of such import that none but educators can fittingly enter into "Sister's" feelings.

And still the cookie waits its laureate. Can it be that man is ungrateful, or that his memory does not go back to the cookie era of his existence? There is an inventor, tall, broad-shouldered, grave, with gray in his hair, and much of achievement to his credit, and yet among old friends he is best remembered for the exquisite delicacy and courtesy with which he secured cookies in his infantile years. "Please, lend me a cookie, grandmamma" is still quoted laughingly by his set, while the crude "Gimme me a cookie" of his comrades is long since forgotten.

But this is going far away from the garden, and from those other children, kneeling now, row after row, in rapt attitude, their voices rising shrill and clear —"We adore Thee! We praise Thee!" The angels on the pedestals at the side altar are not more fair to look upon than are some of the uplifted faces. "We adore Thee! We praise Thee!" repeats a tiny mortal, with two wisps of red hair, braided and be-ribboned, under an academic cap. She is a devotee, a close student, and a rigid stickler for etiquette. Perhaps this is why she proves intolerant. Suddenly the wisps stiffen as a shudder convulses their owner, and she turns her shocked eyes to the right, where a four-year-old is making frantic efforts to scale the pew in front. It is a tense moment—horror, ill-concealed joy, and stern condemnation are expressed in the glance, and along the row there is questioning in pantomime as to what "Sister" will say. "Sister," having advanced to the front of her division, is blissfully unconscious of the grave scandal; and the climber almost succeeds in getting a plump dimpled knee on the top rail before she is dragged back by a belated "primer," pausing in the aisle for permission to go forward. The infant's protests are stilled only when "Sister," quietly discerning the cause of the trouble, places in the chubby hands a glittering rosary that had fallen into the pew in front. For the rest of the service the scandal-giver tells her beads devoutly, making the sign of the cross frequently and expansively, and beating her breast in sturdy contrition.

Her neighbor, though less impetuous, is less lovable. She is a suspicious creature, and frequently shifts a scrap of a basket containing a seed cake and an apple, as if the adults in the rear pew are not to be trusted.

There is an "end seat hog" even among the infants who follow "Sister" in eager haste, their white-stockinged legs twinkling in and out. When the pews are reached the scramble begins. While "Sister" is teaching an infant Catholic to genuflect gracefully behind a breastwork of scholarly impedimenta—slate, bag, pencil-box, etc.—the other toddlers engage in a struggle for su-

premacy in end seats. Acting on the principle that might is right an athletic cherub gains possession and braces her feet firmly against the kneeling bench. Having the wisdom of the serpent and the endurance of a Spartan she holds her own, despite the pinches, thumps, and scratches of her baffled classmates. The mind in the untilled state is not overscrupulous as to methods, and conventional restraint is not practiced by infant savages. A kindergarten politician, noting an end-seat holder balanced on the edge, with her feet locked under the seat, assists her downfall by a sudden but firm pat on the back, and quietly slips into the vacant place. When "Sister" arrives on the scene the kindergartner's hands are folded, her face tranquil, while the dispossessed is making frantic efforts to regain her rights. It is a case of circumstantial evidence, and if you have not the courage to come forward as a witness for the defense the verdict will be an unjust one, the innocent will suffer. To mould such varying elements into models of propriety is no easy task, and yet "Sister" accomplishes it. Note the "primers," who, a short year ago, were as crude and unlettered as the "permits" of this season.

The more advanced students are not as interesting a study. They are very correct, trained and disciplined, and reaching the acme of perfection in the graduating class. A second year girl with a rose leaf complexion is a leader in her class, and her brown eyes rest wistfully on the coterie of misses who are at the door of the high school; but only for a moment; the next she is conscious of the distraction, and turns again to the altar. She is over-ambitious to excel, high-strung, intellectual, and her brown eyes hold too often an anxious look. When her school career began she was sadly troubled.

"It's rafraphy and rifmefic," she confided to a friend.

"Wait until you come to them," advised the confidant. "This is one time in your life when you don't have to know anything."

"I can spell squirrel," asserted the candidate for school honors, in mild resentment of being considered entirely unlettered.

"Then you can do more than some college graduates," was the consoling reply. "You'll make a great course, I'm sure."

And she did, getting "double promotion" in her first year. But the shadow came again in the brown eyes.

"What now?" asked her friend.

"It's 'spression," she admitted, "'spression in reading, you know. My new Sister 'sists on it, and I can't get it without my teeth. My first Sister didn't 'sist on 'spression, and I had teeth when I was in her room; and now I haven't any teeth, and this Sister 'sists on 'spression."

But that trouble, too, has been outlived; time and Nature have made "'spression" possible, and the ambitious one is forging ahead to the high plane on which the learned stand. Since her own first day she has initiated two little sisters into the mysteries of school life. The younger has just entered, and the measure of her achievement in scholarly pursuits is a very wobbly "2."

"I think God could make a better one," she said, with reverent, earnest conviction, when her work had been praised.

Across the aisle the boys are marshalled with soldierly precision, their individuality merged in a uniform correctness of demeanor that makes them look "on-nateral"—so the old watchman asserts. And he has very good reason to know. As they are now, they might be taken for candidates for the priesthood, but out-of-doors they give evidence of other callings.

Yesterday some of them were out on the street, under the leadership of a little white-faced fellow with a broad brow, and the manner of one born to command. The problem they were seeking to solve was to make a hand-cart run on the car track.

"Turn it round! Turn it round!" yelled the leader. "Get the little fore wheel in the groove. Now let her go!"

It was an admirable lesson in applied mechanics. Unconsciously you grew interested in the experiment and came out to the curb to watch the result, quite forgetting—or perhaps hoping—that the cart might telescope the car ahead. But it moved off smoothly, gaining momentum (or is it velocity)? as it went down the incline, and the boys cheered lustily. The cheer was a mistake. It brought on the scene one in authority, whose wrath was not softened by the fact that rain was falling in torrents.

"Cheese it!" yelled a wary youth, and all fled, snatching at their caps as they ran—a mark of respect not accorded to an officer of the law. The leader left reluctantly, but returned in time to see a motor-man stop his car, and remove the still travelling hand-cart.

"Huh," said the genius, mopping the rain from his face with a dripping sleeve, "I can make it go to the Crossing, easy." That boy *is* a genius,—there can be no doubt about it. The watchman says he is "a divil if ever one walked the earth," but then watchmen and boys are rarely on good terms, and ever since boys have been they have been misunderstood and maligned. Much mischief could be averted if inventive brains were suitably employed. The stupid child is the recipient of pity, but there is no sympathy for the boy or girl whose brain works incessantly at high pressure, and who knows the irksome restraint of being kept down to class average.

What an uninteresting place the world would be if there were not such children as the leader in the hand-cart experiment! He is intent now on studying the clusters of lights in the ceiling, but the silver-clear tinkle of a bell recalls his wandering thoughts, and he drops on his knees in adoration. In the chapel and out in the corridor heads bow low in homage, and the infants look like angels kneeling in the Presence. Strife is forgotten, ambition stilled in the holy silence, and when the young voices blend again, the words of supplication must make glad the heart of Him Who so loves children. "Let us never be separated from Thee!" they pray, with fervor; and "from Thee" lisp the infants, all unconscious of the solemn significance of the prayer. In the years to come they will know, and remember—perhaps in the hour of peril.

Will the great highway of life ever lead these little ones so far away that they will forget the garden and the chapel, the Children's Mass, and the prayer of their innocent hearts—"Let us never be separated from Thee." If one should stray? Ah, if one should stray! And yet—did not the Shepherd, leaving the ninety and nine safe in the Fold, seek and bring back the lamb that was lost?

NOVEMBER.

BY HELEN GLADYS EMERY.

Oh, the sad monotone of the dull grey sky,
When life's song is writ in a minor key;
And the cold dead tones of the winds that sigh,
And the lingering notes that shivering die,
As the rain drips unceasing on river and tree!

Then out of the clouds drops another sound,—
The winds have gained in intensity,
And moan as they whirl the leaves from the ground
And scatter the rain-pearls where'er they are found
In their maddening rush over land and sea.

"COME TO ME."

Matthew XI: 28-30.

BY HENRY COYLE.

Oh, hear the Master's voice, all you opprest;
"Come to Me, child, and I will give you rest;
Take up My yoke upon you—it is sweet,
And lay your heavy burdens at My feet.

"I will refresh you—free you from all pain,
You that labor hard with scarred hands and brain;
Come to your Father, with your cares and grief,
Rest on My loving Heart—there find relief!"

CATHOLIC ROYALTIES.

V.

The Royal Children of Bulgaria.

BY BEN HURST.

On their mother's decease seven years ago a more pathetic group than the children of the reigning house of Bulgaria could not be found in Europe. There were special circumstances which made the loss more tragic. Young as they were, she had been the sun of their lives and they had clung to her as children

cling to one for whom they instinctively feel they are themselves the centre of existence. It is impossible to think of them, even to-day, except in connection with her; or to picture them otherwise than the true descendants of her noble spirit, as of her flesh and blood.

Who then could take exception to my including the child of her love and woe, Prince Boris, Crown Prince of Bulgaria, among the Catholic royalties of Europe? My pen refuses to separate the offspring of that ideal woman who laid down her life for conscience sake; and her holy shade watching over her first-born envelops him surely in a tenderness beyond that extended to his brother and sisters baptized in the Catholic Faith.

Marie-Louise of Parma had been remarked, as a young girl, for those qualities of earnestness and piety that distinguished the ducal house of Parma and were present in her to an extraordinary degree. The eldest of Duke Robert's eighteen children, her serious disposition led many to suppose that she would enter a cloister, particularly as the greater part of her time was already devoted to charitable work; but at her family's counsel she cheerfully acquiesced in Prince Ferdinand's request to share his task of consolidating his newly-acquired throne of Bulgaria. This alliance between two scions of the House of Bourbon seemed full of promise. A fair field for strenuous work offered itself to the young pair, one of whom was before all else ambitious, while the other was devoted and ideally virtuous. Her excellent father, her director, her ardent suitor, — all persuaded Princess Marie-Louise that she had a mission in Bulgaria, and she courageously set herself to accomplish it. If her hopes were not realized—if her time were too short—she nevertheless imprinted an ineffaceable mark on the country of her adoption. The munificent patronage of charitable foundations, whether Catholic or of the Greek persuasion; the introduction of a higher tone of morals; the incitement to individual duty in allaying the sufferings of humanity; the appreciation of religious forms carefully observed; all this impressed deeply a young half-formed people, whose admiration for their Princess was the more sincere as she conscientiously avoided any attempt at proselytism. By example alone did she influence her subjects, who hastened to place their children in schools belonging to a Church that claimed her as a daughter.

On the day of her wedding, Marie-Louise de Parma had prayed: "Lord! give me work to do in Thy vineyard!" and through her saddest tribulation she said the same prayer, undismayed.

Who could have foreseen on that day when the union of two descendants of the most Catholic race in Europe received the special blessing of the Pope that their first offspring would "for state reasons" be withheld from baptism during two years and ultimately receive the sacrament as a member of another fold?

It is needless to recapitulate, as has been done in excuse, the political difficulties of the situation. We are rather inclined to stand aghast at the strange omission of a sovereign who accepted a throne for himself and his heirs without stipulating for them the freedom of confession which would alone justify such acceptance.

Fear of giving umbrage to the shade of his glorious ancestors paled before the danger of forfeiting the mighty protection of the "orthodox Czar." The illogical attitude of a tepid clergy,—who had not so long before sought reunion with Rome,—now insisting that the future ruler of Bulgaria should belong to the faith they represent but do not preach, the undue influence of an extraneous power exercising more pressure on the

land than does the Sultan, who is its nominal suzerain,—these should surely have had less weight with a son of St. Louis than the voice of his own conscience.

THE LATE PRINCESS MARIE-LOUISE OF BULGARIA.

There is no doubt that he acceded to his people's wishes and to Russia's demands against his will and with a heavy heart. Yet he put his new obligations before those he owed to a long line of Catholic ancestors, and chose for the immortal soul confided to his keeping an earthly crown rather than a heritage of faith.

And what of the plighted troth to his angelic companion? "There had been no contract," say his apologists.

No, indeed, there had been no contract thought of to guarantee the faith of the children born to this Catholic wife and

husband. Had it existed, we are told, it would have been efficacious in securing the wronged mother's claim.

Little Prince Boris was baptized after the rite of the Bulgarian state creed when the unhappy Marie-Louise, stricken to the soul, left the country in final protest against the act she had vainly struggled to prevent. Of what avail a mother's tears, a wife's just reclamations, before the incentive to push forward at all costs, and secure the "round and top of sovereignty"—which is the Prince's goal?

Yet, up to the present, the sacrifice has not brought the coveted prize within his grasp. The "Kingdom of Bulgaria" is still an Utopia, and its Prince, unpopular to the last degree, is as unstable as ever on his throne.

Marie-Louise had gone straight to Rome to lay her grief before the Holy Father, whose counsel and encouragement were as precious balm to her wounded heart. There seemed little prospect of her ever returning to Bulgaria. Weeks and months passed. All Europe watched for any outward sign of the hidden drama. Separation seemed final; each parent had a son, for Prince Cyril had never been separated from his mother.

But Prince Ferdinand was placed in an awkward position before his subjects. These knew and valued the blameless companion of his life, whose goodness had extended to the remotest corner of their land. While unable to comprehend the fixity of conviction which counted as nought all earthly honors in comparison with the gift of the True Faith, they murmured at her absence as a wrong that had been done them. The Prince went actively to work to right a painful situation.

And now the Princess must have felt the weight of the chain which bound her so strongly to the Church she loved. For the Sovereign Pontiff, upholding as ever the sacred obligations of the marriage tie, decreed her return to Bulgaria. She complied, perfect wife and perfect Christian, resuming her work as heretofore, outwardly composed, attentive only to duty. We can imagine her feelings each bitter Sunday morning, when her first-born was led from her side to worship in a strange temple; or when—in faithful adherence to the rules laid down—he was excluded from the religious instruction given to his brother and sister by the priests of her own faith. Her husband's efforts to distract her mind from an ever-haunting thought or to minimize its importance failed before the fervor of her great heart. She never spoke of what absorbed her, never uttered a word of reproach, and remained a valiant worker to the last. But she pined steadily, and after the birth of a second daughter sank to her grave.

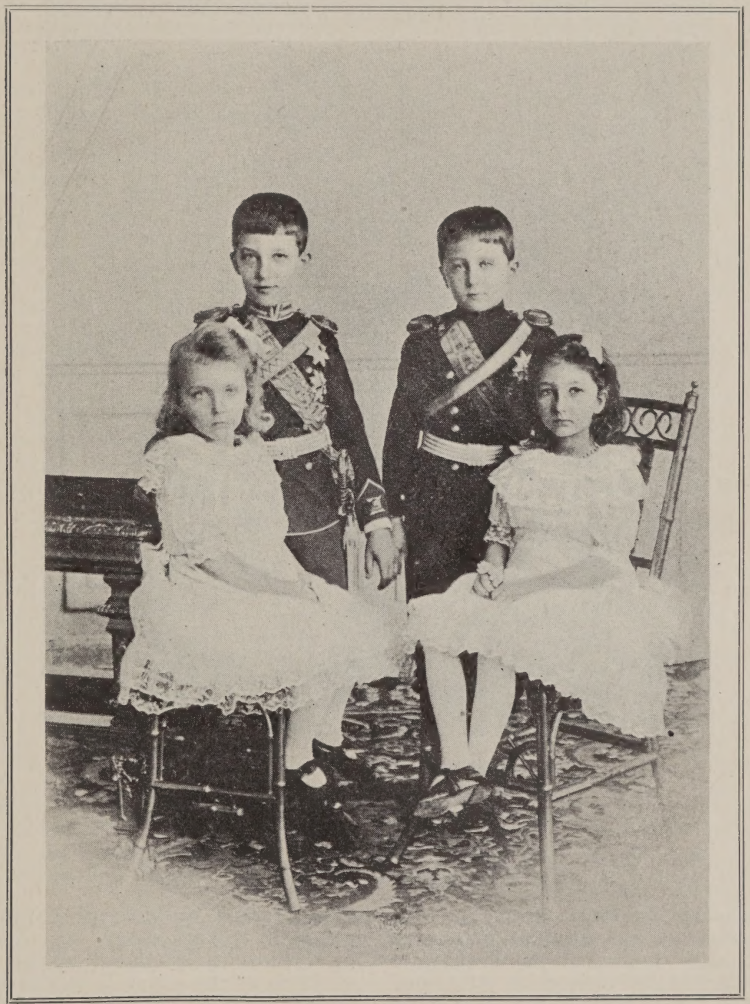
"She died of the baptism of Prince Boris," whispered even those who did not share her belief while they understood her maternal heart.

The Bulgarian people have recently manifested their appreciation of a model sovereign by a parliamentary grant, voted unanimously, to erect a public monument to her name.

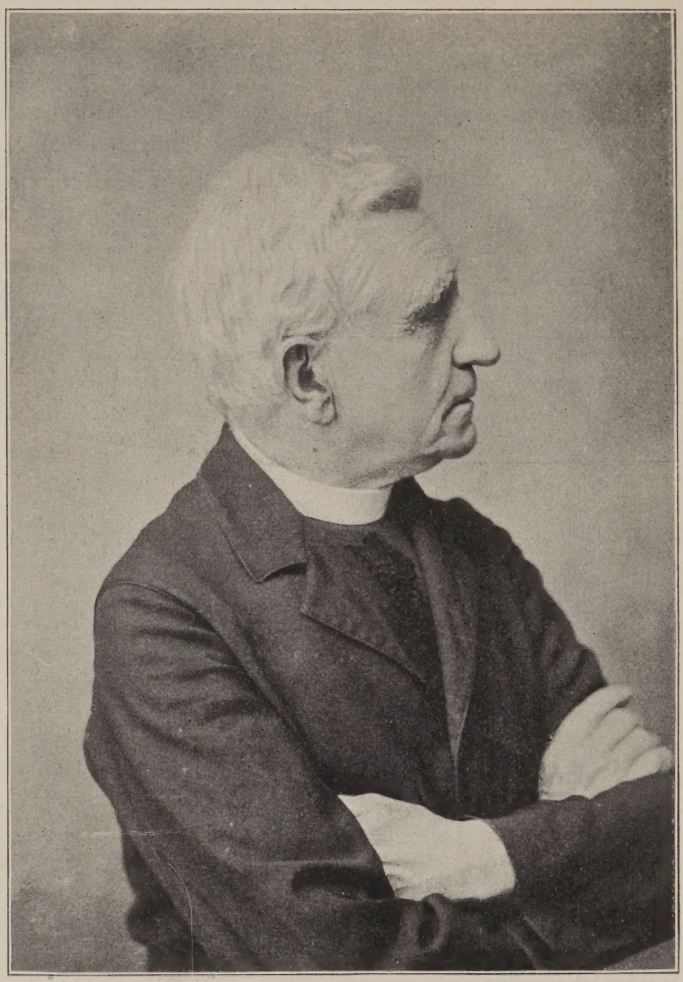
The royal children of Bulgaria are trained under the supervision of their grandmother, Princess Clementine, youngest and cleverest of Louis-Phillipe's daughters who, at a great age, still retains her remarkable intellectual powers and sharp political insight. The winters are generally spent on the Riviera, but the boy princes continue their studies according to the curriculum of the Bulgarian state schools and make their yearly examinations in Sofia. Prince Boris betrays great natural capacities, is inseparable from his brother, and is a perfect knight to his small, frail sisters. The little princesses, invariably

dressed in white, are the darlings of the citizens of Sofia, to whom they daintily waft kisses in their daily drives through the streets. Princess Eudoxia has a marked resemblance to the late princess.

As for Crown Prince Boris, his history has yet to be written; and this dear child, folded to his mother's breast in her last moments with a passionate yearning, not extended even to her newest-born left safe within the Pale, is surely destined to something beyond what has been planned and ordained for him by mere mortals. The shade of a saint watches over him; the blood of a line of illustrious Catholic chevaliers runs in his veins; and his own instinct will surely one day lead him to the right path. If he lets drop a crown by the way how truly will he justify his mother's love and prayers! How will he rejoice the hearts of the elect who seek to inculcate contempt for what is fleeting and respect for what is eternal!



PRINCE BORIS (TO THE LEFT), HEIR TO THE THRONE OF BULGARIA, WITH HIS BROTHER AND SISTERS.



VERY REV. LAURENCE BAX.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

A notable event in the history of the Church in Kentucky was the recent celebration of the golden jubilee of the Very Rev. Laurence Bax, of the Church of St. John the Evangelist. Father Bax was pastor of the same church for fifty years, and practically the entire city of Louisville turned out to take part in the celebration in honor of the beloved priest.

"The central figure of the festive occasion," says the *Record* of Louisville, "whom no one will gainsay the well-merited title of 'The Grand Old Pastor' of the Church in this country, was the recipient of every mark of veneration, love, esteem, joy, not only of his own immediate flock, but of all Louisville. And from abroad came the special benediction of the Supreme Pontiff, Pius X; from the country at large came to him the felicitations of His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, the cordial congratulations of the metropolitan of the province and of Bishops and priests too numerous to mention individually."

The Rev. Laurence Bax was born at Leende, a village in the Province of North Brabant, now belonging to the kingdom of the Netherlands. His mother was the youngest daughter of Sir Francis Pompen, Baron of Sterxsel, and his father was the son of a wealthy farmer, who held positions of trust. Under the fostering care of these devout Catholic parents, the child grew up. From his earliest years his mother had taught him not only to assist daily at Mass, as she did, but also to serve Mass, and at

seven he was already an acolyte. When the boy was about eight years old he had the misfortune to lose his father, but his mother gave zealous care to his education. Young Laurence was placed in the village school, where he acquired marked proficiency in the branches taught, including the catechism, and when not quite eleven he had the happiness of receiving his First Holy Communion. The curate of the parish church, noting the lad's intellectual brightness and his pious disposition, persuaded his mother to send Laurence to the diocesan preparatory seminary of St. Michael, at Gestel. He entered this college in 1841, and during the six years he studied there he held high place in a class of twenty-five students, usually leading them. At the end of his course at St. Michael's he was sent to the theological seminary at Haren, and after two years' study of philosophy, and four of theology, he was ordained priest, on Passion Sunday, March 13, 1853.

In the winter of 1852-1853 the Rt. Rev. Martin John Spalding, Bishop of Louisville, visited the seminary, and there became acquainted with the young theologian, who in the same year offered his services to Bishop Spalding, for his then poor and priest-needy diocese. Father Bax, with eight others, left Europe in April, and, under the guidance of Very Rev. David Alexander Deparcq, Superior of the Loretto Society, arrived in Louisville on the 18th of May, 1853. Father Deparcq died in Calvary, Ky., in 1864.

In the September following his arrival in America, Father Bax was assigned to St. Thomas' Seminary, near Bardstown, where he taught Latin, church history, philosophy, and, later, botany and astronomy.

In 1856 Father Bax was appointed by his Bishop pastor of St. John's, succeeding the Rev. Joseph Elder. At that time the congregation was very poor, yet, with the blessing of God, the pastor was enabled to build a church large enough to accommodate six hundred families, and four years after coming to the parish Father Bax had the happiness of seeing the church consecrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, on Dec. 2, 1860.

The fiftieth anniversary of Father Bax's appointment to St. John's was an occasion of deep joy to the venerable priest, and of solemn thanksgiving for the rare and singular favor bestowed on him. The congregation of St. John's, and hundreds of others who have felt the beneficent influence of Father Bax's pastorate, rejoice in the promise of continued service given by his perfect health and strength, despite his fourscore years.

A remarkable personality in the priesthood is the Rev. Father Conrardy, missionary and medical doctor, who was Father Damien's companion and unfailing comforter in his closing days.

He served with Father Damien among the lepers of Molokai, sat by him in his last illness, gave him the priestly office at the end, and buried him under the tree which had been for more than three months Father Damien's only shelter.

Father Conrardy came to this country in the interest of a new leper mission to be started in Canton, China, a city with ten thousand helpless, unhelped victims of the most miserable disease.

"You are going yourself among these people again?" he was asked.

"Myself? Yes," he replied. "I have the authority of my Bishop, recommendations of assistance from the Protestant missionaries, and my experience with Father Damien."

"But if you get the disease?"

"Ah, if I get the disease," he answered (as if he were simply saying, Oh, if I catch cold), "I get it, that's all. We know nothing about the origin of leprosy; we know little about how it is communicated. I did not get infected in Molokai."

Father Conrardy has a long white beard, clear brown eyes, and wears silver-bowed spectacles. His skin is clear and taut, as if from careful carbolic cleansing.

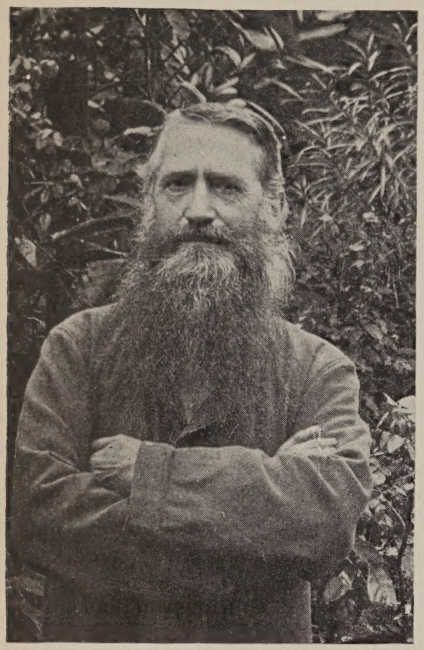
"I had no fear in Molokai and was there eight years, one year with Father Damien and seven years after. The lepers, indeed, were afraid for me, feared to touch me; but I lived with them, nursed them, and nothing happened."

Father Conrardy was born in Oregon. His talk is straight, direct, with idioms which come from long use of a foreign language.

"I had heard of Father Damien. I wrote to him to ask if I could help, and he replied. I have his letter here: 'I cry to you,' it says, (almost the last letter he ever wrote to anybody), 'I cry to you from the bottom of my heart to come to my assistance.' So I went. That was in 1887. Father Damien had been touched with the disease. There were sores on his fingers. 'If I lose my hands,' he said, 'what can I do? I shall have no use. I shall not be able to celebrate Mass—I will not be able to administer the sacraments.'

"We worked together. Worked, I mean, as man and man together, building cottages, chapels, and hospital houses. He built me a cottage himself; he built six chapels. As Stevenson said, he was a peasant, sturdy, capable, energetic and always doing. He dressed sores, attended to the ill in the worst cases, gave them in detail the most disagreeable aids, and he joined in making their diversions."

Stevenson stayed eight days and seven nights, and insisted on going among the worst cases, seeing, as he latterly wrote, "butt ends of human beings lying about, almost unrecognizable but breathing, an ordeal from which the nerves of a man's spirit even as his eye quails—a pitiful place to visit and a hell to dwell in."



REV. LOUIS CONRARDY.

Father Conrardy spoke of the daily life in Molokai.

"We were busy teaching and building. Some food came in packages from Hawaii, a good deal after the government began to assist, but the lepers were taught to raise vegetables. We had to keep them occupied to make the time pass for them. Out of the thousands there were about twenty whites, one was an Irishman, James McMillan."

Father Damien, who had been described as excitable, obstinate, rude and unjust, Father Conrardy found to be a man who acknowledged errors like a gentleman, was impatient of detail, but showed tireless, great, loving faithfulness to the sore and helpless.

"Three weeks before he died," said Father Conrardy, "he said to me, looking at his hands, 'Father, I shall die to-night.' 'Not to-night,' I said. 'Try to live. Perhaps God would rather have you live. Try to live for these people.'

"We buried him under the tree which had been his habitation the first three months of his voluntary exile. Yes; we put a stone to mark his grave. It says:

" 'There is no higher way to prove love for our neighbors than to give up your life for them.' "

When Stevenson visited the island Rev. Father Conrardy was disabled with Asiatic cholera. "They carried me to the boat in the leper hearse."

"Out in Canton," Father Conrardy went on, quickly, "the condition of lepers is fifty times worse than in Molokai. There are twenty thousand of them in the province of Canton—10,000 in the city. I want to help three hundred of them. Three hundred of them have a preference for me," he said quaintly, "and it would be, ah, very easy to help them greatly. They are isolated now. They are not taken care of. They are avoided and left alone—no one to feed them when they no longer have the capacity to feed themselves. A jug of water and some rice is placed near them, which they must get as best they can, as they lie on their backs."

The Rev. Robert Hugh Benson, the author of the splendid historical novels, "By What Authority" and "The King's Achievement," has just bought out "The Religion of the Plain Man." Father Benson says: "This book is intended for the 'man in the street,' who, after all, has a certain claim on our consideration, since Jesus Christ came to save his soul. This man in the street, like myself, is entirely unable to discourse profoundly upon the Fathers, or to decide where scholars disagree in matters of simple scholarship. His religion is composed partly of emotion, a good deal of Scripture, partly of imagination, and, to a very small extent, of reason. He is competent to say what he thinks a text probably means; and to recognize a few of the plainer facts of history, such as that Rome has always had some sort of a Pope, and that ambition and wickedness may perhaps have characterized certain persons high in ecclesiastical affairs. He is capable also of understanding that oaks grow from acorns, and athletes from babies, and of perceiving a law or two in the development of life; he can grasp that poison has a tendency to kill, and that two mutually exclusive propositions require a good deal of proof before they can be accepted as different aspects of one truth.

"Now this kind of intellectual attainment seems a poor equipment for the pursuit of salvation; but it is undoubtedly the only equipment that many of us have, and it is God that has made us and not we ourselves.

"I have attempted, therefore, in these lectures, delivered in more or less their present form, in the Church of Our Lady and the English Martyrs at Cambridge, to deal with the question of the Christian religion from the standpoint which I have tried to indicate. I have quoted the Penny Catechism rather than St. Thomas Aquinas, because the one is more accessible than the other to persons of moderate attainments."

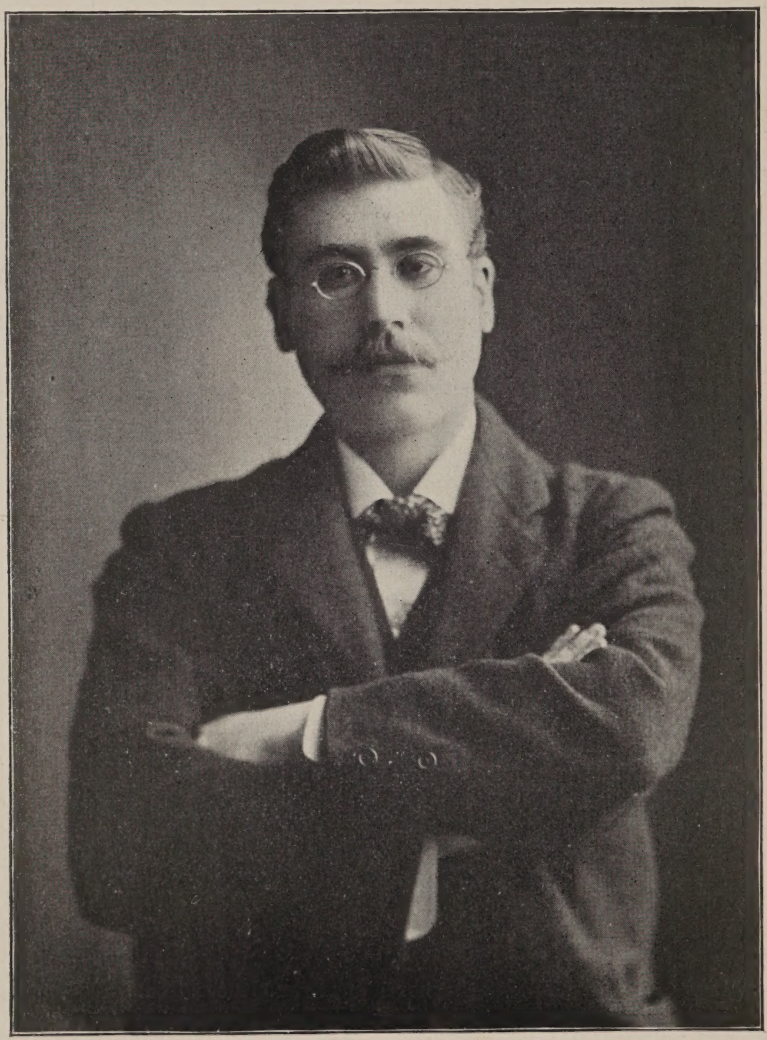
Father Benson is the son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and when referring to this fact, a writer in the *London Tablet* gives an interesting account of the son of an Archbishop of York, who also became a convert to the Faith. He says:

"While the novels of Father Benson are daily attracting fresh readers, attention is being called anew to the career of the only other convert son of Archbishops of Canterbury or York since Archbishops of Canterbury or York had sons. This is Sir Tobie Matthew, the son of the persecuting Archbishop of York, a 'True Historical Relation' of whose conversion, 'with the antecedents and consequences thereof,' has already been published, and makes excellent reading. A full life of him is announced by Elkin Mathews. Besides being a son of the Archbishop of York, Sir Tobie was, on his mother's side, a descendant of Archbishop Parker of Canterbury and Bishop Barlow of Chichester. He was undoubtedly the most episcopally related young man that ever emerged from Anglicanism.

REV. ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

"The beginning of his going over was a visit he paid in 1598 to a young Catholic, a Thockmorton, living in France. That is rather an agreeable memory, for the modern English converts to Catholicism, for the most part, learned their lessons from books and not from men. 'Whenever we met Catholics, we were thrown back,' Cardinal Manning confessed; 'we became Catholics in spite of them.' But in the old days Protestant parents rather feared the effects of a meeting between their children and professors of the ancient Faith. When Tobie, having been returned to parliament for a Cornish constituency, decided to go to Italy to enlarge his experience, his father opposed. As a kind of compromise, he was allowed to go to France for six months on condition he did not prolong his travels into Italy or Spain, and one is left wondering why Frenchmen were regarded as less likely to make a proselyte than either Spaniards or Italians. In 1605 he found himself in Florence, and there made his submission to the Church. Imprisonment in Fleet prison became his portion, and there he was visited by Bacon, whose alter ego he had been called, but whose arguments could not recover him to Protestantism. Other persuasions were made—the story of them is well told by himself in the 'True Historical Relation.' At this moment it is of interest to remember that he was employed by James to further a marriage between Prince Charles and the Spanish Infanta. His knighthood commemorated his services. But he was not content with the life of courts, and he died

a son of St. Ignatius. To Catholics who have this 'True Historical Relation' already in their hands, this secular history will be welcome, the more so as it comes from the hand of Arnold H. Matthew, a member of the family to which Sir Tobie belonged and already favorably known as the editor of the 'True Historical Relation,' as well as of other books having for their aim the illustration and spread of the Catholic religion."



SEUMAS MACMANUS.

That Mr. Seumas MacManus is coming to America to lecture, is pleasant news. He needs no introduction, as his charming books are widely known, and two former visits to this country gave large audiences the rare entertainment of listening to him personally. Having lived the life of the people in his own remote, mountain-barred Donegal, where he grew to manhood, and taught a little country school ere he became known as a novelist, he has a most intimate acquaintance with the folk-lore of Ireland, with the characteristics of its people, their wit and humor, their poetry and the pathos of their lives, their quaint customs, their beautiful beliefs, their stories, their traditions, and the hidden springs that move the strange Celtic character. Some of all this he has recorded in his many books. Much more he has yet to tell.

For the present tour he has specially prepared readings from his own prose and

verse, a lecture on "Irish Wit and Humor," a lecture on "Irish Fairy and Folk-lore," and a political lecture, "How Is Old Ireland, and How Does She Stand?"

Mr. MacManus' activities are not confined to writing those quaint stories of Northern Irish life, which have made his fame secure, or those stirring ballads that remind one of the poets of the Young Ireland days; he plays an active part, too, in the national life of Ireland. He is a member of the Executive of the National Council, is one of the Executive of the Gaelic League, Vice-President of Cumann na nGaedheal, and Vice-President of the National Players' Society.

NOVEMBER POETS.

BY G. S. MORTON.

"When autumn comes the poets sing a dirge," says a writer, who frankly confesses her regard for fading leaves and wailing winds for

"Still, autumn ushers in the Christmas cheer,
The holly berries and the ivy tree;
They weave a chaplet for the Old Year's bier,
These waiting mourners do not sing for me.

I find sweet peace in depths of autumn woods,
Where grow the ragged ferns and roughened moss,
The naked silent trees have taught me this,—
The loss of beauty is not always loss."

Why should poets dedicate November to gloomy thoughts and grey skies? Years ago William Cullen Bryant was moved to write "The Death of the Flowers," and though no poem more "blue" was ever written it found its way into favor, and still has place in scrap albums, collections of songs of the seasons, and treasuries of "imperishable American verse." Not a ray of light falls on the beautifully rhythmic lines, not a word of comfort or a suggestion of resurrection is spoken—nothing but decay and death. What lover of the woods can be grateful to a poet for this dreary picture?

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

In even more plaintive strain he makes his lament for the flowers:

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The windflower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow,
But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear-cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade and glen.

And now when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

But one touch is needed to complete the picture of desolation, and that is given in the closing lines:

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

Sarah Chauncey Woolsey ("Susan Coolidge") expresses a similar thought, in "Helen" but the woodland is aglow with beauty, and a glad, sure hope of reunion tempers present grief:

The autumn seems to cry for thee,
  Best lover of the autumn days!
Each scarlet-tipped and wine-red tree,
  Each russet branch and branch of gold,
Gleams through its veil of shimmering haze,
  And seeks thee as it sought of old;
For all the glory of their dress
They wear a look of wistfulness.

In every wood I see thee stand,
  The ruddy boughs above thy head,
And heaped in either slender hand
  The frosted white and amber ferns,
The sumach's deep, resplendent red,
  Which like a fiery feather burns;
And, over all, thy happy eyes,
Shining as clear as autumn skies.

I hear thy call upon the breeze,
  Gay as the dancing wind, and sweet,
And, underneath the radiant trees,
  O'er lichens gray and darkling moss,
Follow the trace of those light feet
  Which, never were at fault or loss,
But, by some forest instinct led,
Knew where to turn and how to tread.

Where art thou, comrade tried and true?
  The woodlands call for thee in vain,
And sadly burns the autumn tide
  Before my eyes, made dim and blind
By blurring, puzzling mists of pain.
  I look before, I look behind;
Beauty and loss seem everywhere,
But grief and glory fill the air.

Already, in these few short weeks,
  A hundred things I leave unsaid,
Because there is no voice that speaks
  In answer, and no listening ear,
No one to care, now thou art dead!
  And month by month, and year by year,
I shall but miss thee more, and go
With half my thought untold, I know.

I do not think thou hast forgot,
  I know that I shall not forget,
And some day, glad, but wondering not,
  We two shall meet, and, face to face,
In still fair fields, unseen as yet,
  Shall talk of each old time and place,
And smile at pain interpreted
By wisdom learned since we were dead.

Lucy Larcom, the New England poet who sang of Nature's moods, while her toil-worn fingers guided the loom, greets November with deep, tranquil joy, her calm eyes noting that where the flowers had bloomed and died vines had woven mosaics of tinted moss, across which slanting sunbeams fell:

"So does the Eternal Artist's skill
Hide beauty under beauty still.

* * * * * *

"Who said November's face was grim?
Who said her voice was harsh and sad?
I heard her sing in wood-paths dim,
I met her on the shore so glad,
So smiling, I could kiss her feet,
There never was a month so sweet.

* * * * * *

"In precious flakes the autumnal gold
Is clinging to the forest's fringe
Yon bare twig to the sun will hold
Each separate leaf, to show the tinge
Of glorious rose-light reddening through
Its jewels, beautiful as few.

* * * * * *

"And if no note of bee or bird
Through the rapt stillness of the woods
Or the sea's murmurous trance be heard
A Presence in these solitudes
Upon the spirit seems to press
The dew of God's dear silences."

In "A Ballad of a Faded Field," Robert Burns Wilson describes "broad bars of sunset-slanted gold," and dead, clustered weeds enfolding the well-known summer path through which creeps on phantom feet the semblance of departed cheer; to him the hills are lonely haunts where Night and Fear keep tryst and the dark pine lifts jagged spears against the sky. But despite the gloom and desolation "beauty's soul abideth still."

A woman poet sets forth a dainty figure amid autumn scenes when she pictures Rose Standish walking amid the fallen leaves:

"Autumn was cold in Plymouth town;
The wind ran round the shore,
Now softly passing up and down,
Now wild and fierce and fleet
Wavering overhead,
Moaning in the narrow street
As one beside the dead.

"The leaves of wrinkled gold and brown
Fluttered here and there,
But not quite heedless where;
For, as in hood and sad-hued gown
The Rose of Plymouth took the air,
They whirled and whirled and fell to rest
Upon her gentle breast,
Then on the happy earth her foot had pressed.

"Autumn is wild in Plymouth town,
Barren, and bleak, and cold,
And still the dead leaves flutter down
As the years grow old.
And still—forever gravely fair—
Beneath their fitful whirl,
New England's sweetest girl,
Rose Standish, takes the air."

The same writer, dwelling on the lesson of the harvest, thus views the approach of the autumn:

"Now doth a little cloud, all white
Or golden bright,
Drift down the warm, blue sky,
And now on the horizon line,
Where dusky woodlands lie,
A sunny mist doth shine,
Like to a veil before a holy shrine,
Concealing, half-revealing
Things Divine.

Sweet, sweet, sweet,
Is the wind's song,
Astir in the rippled wheat
All day long.
That exquisite music calls
The reaper everywhere—
Life and death must share,
The golden harvest falls.

"So doth all end,—
Honored Philosophy,
Science and Art,
The bloom of the heart;—
Master, Consoler, Friend,
Make thou the harvest of our days
To fall within Thy ways.

The brown, thin leaves whirling before the November winds are to a mind attuned to weird thoughts "withered souls of men" a gruesome bit of imagery from which one turns with a shiver to find rest and comfort in the Catholic poet's conception of autumn's aspect and mission:

The acorns fall and slow decay,—
"To send up tender green in spring,"
The red leaves flutter every way,
The meadow larks no longer sing.

The shadow of white death is near,
The wind bears coldly winter's breath,
"Ah, fearful heart, have then no fear,
The May must come,—there is no death."

Death lurks behind the maples' glow,
"Life lives beyond the frost-wing's flight,
There is no death,—Christ wills it so!—
The darkness leads into the Light."

WHAT SENATOR LA FOLLETTE LIVES ON.

THE POPULAR WISCONSIN SENATOR IS SAID TO LIVE ON WHOLE WHEAT, MILK, ENGLISH WALNUTS AND A FEW FRESH VEGETABLES.

Senator La Follette is said to live on a diet of whole wheat, milk, English walnuts and a few fresh vegetables. "Who would think that a man could accumulate so much energy on such a mild diet?"

The question is easily answered. Almost anyone who has given the food question intelligent study will quickly answer that it is easily possible for Senator La Follette or anyone else to accumulate much physical and mental energy on such a diet.

We are not so sure about the English walnuts, but when it comes to whole wheat, properly prepared for the stomach, there is no question about its ability to supply all the physical energy and mental power that are needed by the normal person for the accomplishment of almost any purpose in life. Science and human experience have proven this beyond any controversy.

The fact that a man can live on whole wheat indefinitely and can at the same time reach the climax of mental and physical effort has been proven in thousands of cases.

But all the wheat foods do not contain the whole of the wheat berry, nor do they present the different parts of the berry in their most digestible form. In modern roller-process white flour we get very little of the phosphates and nitrates which are stored in the eight layers of the wheat kernel, neither do we get any of the outer bran coat which is so necessary as a natural stimulant of "bowel exercise," known to the physicians as "peristalsis." In Shredded Whole Wheat the entire wheat grain, so rich in bone-making, brain-making and tissue-building material, is presented to the stomach in its most digestible form.

The wheat is steam-cooked, which breaks up the starch cells and makes them soluble. It is then drawn out into light, porous shreds and baked. These porous shreds quickly take up the saliva and the gastric juices of the stomach and are digested when the stomach rejects all other foods. It is a wonderful food for invalids, for convalescents, for people in good health, for the outdoor man and the indoor man. When heated in the oven Shredded Wheat Biscuit is most delicious as a breakfast food with milk or cream and can be eaten for any meal in combination with fruits, creamed meats or vegetables. Nearly every grocer sells it.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament. By Rev. Francis E. Gigot, D.D. Part II. Didactic Books and Prophetical Writings. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

Father Gigot's books are widely known, and for many reasons justly esteemed. His views on the various topics treated will be eagerly read, for Father Gigot does not always champion the so-called traditional opinions of the schools, although he is nearly always satisfied with giving the arguments *for* or *against* the views, ancient and modern, which he has set forth. Nothing, of course, could be more satisfactory than such a method, and in this line Father Gigot's book certainly deserves great commendation.

A point often discussed is the date of composition of the Book of Wisdom. On this Father Gigot says: "The contents describe a period of moral degradation and bloody persecution under unrighteous rulers who are threatened with heavy judgment. Now the only persecutions suffered by the Jews under the Ptolemies took place in the reign of Ptolemy IV, Philopator (B.C. 222-204), and Ptolemy VII, Physicon (B.C. 145-117), so that the depraved and sanguinary rule of one or the other of these monarchs must be considered as the time which the sacred writer has in view."

With regard to the composition of the Book of Proverbs and that of Ecclesiasticus, he evidently regards both as the work of a compiler, and in this view he has the support of many eminent scholars. His expositions of the various prophetical books are calm and comprehensive, and they will be perused with great benefit to the reader. Though we may not agree with the erudite author in all his verdicts, yet we must acknowledge that we are under a deep debt of gratitude to him for his extremely valuable contribution to our biblical literature.

The Extinction of the Ancient Hierarchy. By the Rev. G. E. Phillips. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

Only a scholar of the highest order could have gathered the materials for this important work and have presented the cause in so telling a way. The story of the extinction of the English hierarchy during the Elizabethan persecution is one of the most pathetic in the annals of Church history. When Queen Elizabeth published her famous declaration or act of supremacy, by which she asserted her "supreme rule and power over all ranks in the realm of England, whether they be ecclesiastical or laical," in such a manner that "no extraneous power hath or ought to have over them any jurisdiction or authority," she called (first of all), upon the Bishops to take a solemn oath of allegiance to this *pronunciamento*. At the commencement of Elizabeth's reign there were twenty-seven episcopal sees in England; namely, Canterbury, Rochester, Norwich, Chichester, Oxford, Salisbury, Gloucester, Bristol, Hereford, Bangor, London, Worcester, Chester, Carlisle, Litchfield, Llandaff, Winchester, Lincoln, York, Ely, Exeter, Bath, St. Asaph, Durham, Peterborough, St. Davids, Man. Of these bishoprics, the first ten were vacant by reason of death; there were, consequently, seventeen bishops to be dealt with. When the matter of the oath of supremacy was broached to them, only one, Anthony Kitchin of Llandaff, yielded; the others stoutly refused to barter away the rights of the Church for the favor of a temporal ruler. In the persecution that then arose against the Church-loyal bishops, two escaped to the continent, Cuthbert Scott, Bishop of Chester, and Thomas Goldwell, Bishop of St. Asaph. The good Bishop of Lincoln, Thomas Watson, with whom the succession of the ancient Catholic hierarchy in England ceased, lingered on in prison until the 27th of September, 1584, when he died in Wisbeach Castle. This leaves eleven other bishops to be accounted for, all of whom died for the Faith, worn out by the sufferings of their long imprisonment. They were Cuthbert Tunstall of Durham, highly accomplished in every kind of polite literature, who died on the 18th of November, 1559; Ralph Bayne of Litchfield, who in the reign of Francis I was regius-professor of Hebrew in the university of Paris, and who passed to a better life on the same day as the bishop of Durham; Owen Oglethorpe, Bishop of Carlisle, well-known for his action at the coronation, who died on the 31st of December, 1559; John White, Bishop of Winchester, who is said to have added to his stores of learning the charms of poetry, and who closed his earthly career on the 12th of January, 1560; Richard Pate, Bishop of Worcester, who died on the 23d of November, 1565; David Poole, Bishop of Peterborough, remarkable for his extensive learning, who was summoned to life eternal in May, 1568; Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London, renowned for his diplomatic tact, who died on the 5th of September, 1569; Gilbert Bourne, Bishop of Bath and Wells, a noble-hearted prelate, who went to God on the 10th of September, 1569; Thomas Thirlby, Bishop of Ely, whose skill had been shown in more than one treaty, and whose death occurred on the 26th of August, 1570; James Tuberville, Bishop of Exeter, whom death claimed on the 1st of November, 1570, and Nicholas Heath, Archbishop of York, who did not survive the December of 1578. It

has been very generally asserted by Church writers that these prelates had been allowed to end their lives in comfortable ease and quiet, but Father Phillips, with great display of erudition and of evidence, unfolds the utter falsity of this view, and records the death of the Bishops from their sufferings in prison for the Faith. He also aims to establish their claim to be classed with the noble army of martyrs for the Faith during the days of persecution in England. The work is a noteworthy contribution to the history of that period, and deserves the cordial support not only of all Catholics, but also of all scholars, no matter what may be their creed.

Catholic Churchmen in Science. Sketches of the Lives of Catholic Ecclesiastics who were among the Great Founders in Science. By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D. Philadelphia. Dolphin Press. 1906.

Here is a veritable arsenal of defence against those blatant foes of Catholicity who loudly proclaim that the Church is opposed to science. Dr. Walsh, with all the charm of research and of a polished style, shows how utterly groundless is this accusation. To establish his position he gives us sketches of seven distinguished founders in as many different sciences, who were Catholic churchmen. They are Bishop Stensen, the anatomist and founder of geology; Abbot Mendel, the student of heredity; Linacre, the founder of the Royal College of Physicians; Father Kircher, the illustrious Jesuit scientist, the first to teach that insects carry the germs of disease; Copernicus, the famous astronomer; Valentine, the founder of modern chemistry, and the Abbé Haüy, the father of crystallography. Here are seven leaders in various lines of scientific research, all of whom were equally eminent for their personal piety and for their ardent faith. The work, which is beautifully printed, is illustrated by fine portraits of these ecclesiastical scientists.

Pauline Marie Jaricot, Foundress of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith and of the Living Rosary. By M. J. Maurin. Translated from the French by E. Sheppard, New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

Who could adequately describe either the countless deeds of apostolic zeal wrought through the aid of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith or the giant strides in personal sanctity made through the influence of the Society of the Living Rosary? Yet both these remarkable organizations are due to the inventive piety of a devoted Catholic woman of Lyons, Pauline Marie Jaricot. Who, then, is there who would not gladly peruse the biography of this wonderful spiritual worker? It is the record of a life which brings out most forcibly God's manner of governing the spiritual world. The boastful and self-reliant are excluded from the list of His direct and active assistants, while the humble and lowly-minded are lifted up to positions of wondrous influence in the cause of religious truth. There is also much in this instructive life to console those who have to face misunderstandings and persecutions in the performance of duty.

Jesus Crucified. Readings and Meditations on the Passion and Death of Our Redeemer. By Rev. Walter Elliott of the Paulist Fathers. New York. The Columbus Press. 1906.

The veteran Paulist missionary, whose wide experience in the guidance of souls entitles him to speak with authority, unfolds to us in this volume the great events of the Redemption and stimulates us by profound and practical reflections thereon to a renewed study of the ever ancient and ever new lessons of Christ's passion. It is a work written for the vast army of Christian believers who find in meditation upon the sufferings and death of our Redeemer the inspiration to lead aright the rugged life of Christian faith and Christian virtue. May the seeds thus sown yield fruit a hundredfold!

Pastoral Medicine. By Alexander E. Sanford, M.D. New edition, revised and enlarged, by a chapter on the Moment of Death, by Rev. Walter M. Drum, S.J. New York. Joseph F. Wagner. 1906.

This extremely serviceable work for the priest and the Catholic physician comes to us in a new edition with many useful suggestions and counsels to enhance its previous worth. Of special interest to many will be the chapter on the *Moment of Death*, and that on *Neurasthenia in its Pastoral Psychiatric Aspects*. In the former chapter we meet with the consoling reflection: "Time and again it happens that death has not yet come to the body which seems a lifeless corpse, and the conditional administration of a sacrament by us is, in God's providence, the only possible means of saving for the enjoyment of heaven a soul that otherwise would be kept from the beatific vision forever. . . . Between the moment of death, commonly so-called, and the instant at which death really takes place, it is probable that there is always a period of latent life during which the sacraments may be administered. . . . Death is not as sudden as it sometimes seems to be. . . . Death takes its grim hold on the human organs, not all at once but step by step. Most physicians now agree that the greater functions, such as respiration and circulation, first cease; then there comes a period of latent life that varies in length according

to the cause which brings death. During this period of latent life the functional properties of the tissues and organic elements remain, but without external manifestation of their presence; if these functional properties are put into action by outside force, the greater of the vital functions may at times be fully restored. . . . So long as we have any doubt about the presence of total decomposition, it is probable that we should administer conditionally the sacraments which may be the only possible means of bringing the subject to heaven." These are comforting words not only to the zealous priest but also to all those whose dear ones have received the last sacraments in condition of profound unconsciousness.

The King's Achievement. By Robert Hugh Benson. Herder. St. Louis. The Queen's Tragedy. By Robert Hugh Benson. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

Little can be added to the chorus of generous praise with which these volumes have been greeted, both by Catholic and by non-Catholic critics. They reveal a master worker in this field of literature, a writer who possesses not only the descriptive charms of Thackeray or Scott, with the deep pathos of Dickens, but also, in an eminent degree, the power of a great ethical teacher. Paying due reverence to historical facts and to the details of historical setting, Father Benson builds from his incidents stories of incomparable value and interest. We trust that many years of active service will be granted this gifted writer, so that the world of thought may be vastly enriched by his literary treasures.

Legends of the Madonna, as represented in the Fine Arts. By Anna Brownell Jameson. With illustrations in photogravure. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1906.

A beautiful edition-de-luxe of Miss Jameson's standard work of the Legends of the Madonna. While a Catholic will in some instances dissent from the author's treatment of certain subjects, still the general tone of the book is reverential and generous, and we are delighted to welcome it in its present splendid setting, to which both enterprise and art have lent their fairest treasures.

Salvation and Sanctification. By Rev. B. C. Thibault. New York. Christian Press Association Publishing Co. 1906.

The aim of this booklet is to give a popular exposition of the essential laws of sanctification and of salvation. It treats in consequence of the ultimate spiritual condition, of those who are not members of the Church of Christ. The problems involved are so complicated that they cannot be adequately treated within a short compass and we feel that the author would have served his purpose better, had he discussed the various points more at length and had he given a detailed explanation of what is meant by the *soul of the Church*. The censor adds a wise footnote on page 182, in which he remarks: "It must be borne in mind that men like Newman or Manning who were amongst the most educated (of Protestants) have affirmed that they were in good faith for a long time." Let us not be over-hasty in judgment.

St. Anthony's Bread for the Poor. Its Origin, Aim and Progress. With prayers suitable for novenas and the thirteen Tuesdays in honor of the Saint. Compiled by the Right Rev. Patrick F. O'Hare, LL.D. New York and Cincinnati. Pustet & Co. 1906.

The salutary effects of St. Anthony's bread for the poor have been felt in so many places that we are delighted to read this authentic account of its origin. The good Saint of Padua has wrought so many marvels and has conquered so many hearts that we rejoice to witness the spread of this helpful form of devotion to him.

The Irish in America One Thousand Years before Columbus. By Martin J. Mulloy. Boston. Angel Guardian Press. 1906.

Mr. Mulloy has collected into one volume nearly everything that has been said with regard to the explorations of the Celtic navigators, and his results form food for very serious reflection. We trust that some day traces will be found of these hardy seamen among the relics of our own country, so that the statements so pleasantly narrated will receive indisputable support.

Light for new Times. By Margaret Fletcher. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

This is a book for Catholic girls, by that enterprising Catholic leader in England, Margaret Fletcher. It is written for Catholic girls who have to face the changed conditions of modern life; and we can state in all sincerity that a thoughtful perusal of Miss Fletcher's valuable words of advice will help not only the youthful members of society for whom the book was written but also those who have to keep watch and ward over these tender flowers. Stimulating in tone, suggestive in thought, vigorous in style, and comprehensive in treatment, the book makes a stirring appeal to young Catholic women to acquit themselves nobly in those methods of living which are a credit and an honor to our faith.

Dream Verses and Others. By Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1906.

Restful thoughts, charming pictures, choice language, a deft manipulation of rhyme, and a pleasant swing to the verse, mark this volume of poems. They give evidence of power and of culture, and we urge the author to still higher flights in the realm of poesy.

Winona and Other Stories. By William J. Fischer. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

It is the hour of triumph of the short story and we are glad to see Catholic writers entering this field of literary activity. This volume contains eight short stories, well conceived, and pleasantly told. Why, we may ask, does the author speak of Notre Dame de Larette and not Lorette?

Judith of Bethulia. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This is in part a dramatization of the author's narrative poem, "Judith and Holofernes." The characters of Judith and Holofernes are drawn in clear, striking lines—Holofernes, the brutal, sensuous tyrant; Judith, the sympathetic, retiring woman, nerved by love for her fettered land to strike the blow of deliverance.

Miriam of Magdala. A Study by Katherine F. Mullany. New York. The Magdala Company. 1906.

In fervid language, in a broad, sympathetic tone, with an accurate grasp of historical details, and with a striking originality of incident, the author tells tne dramatic career of Miriam of Magdala, the woman "who was once a sinner." It is, in many ways, a remarkable story—remarkable, because of its vivid descriptions; remarkable, because of its trueness to actual life, and still more remarkable because of the uplifting message it whispers to a sin-encrusted world, a message of saving hope and of genuine charity. Herein is clearly depicted how

"Men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

Lenten Readings. From the Roman Breviary. Done into English by John Patrick, Marquess of Bute. Arranged by Father John Mary, Friar Minor Capuchin. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

A happy selection of helpful passages from the writings of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church as found in the Roman Breviary. The choice covers a wide range of thought, and affords material for spiritual reflection, not only during Lent, but also at other times of the year. We recommend the book to all those who are not able to enjoy the treasures of the Breviary in the original tongue.

Anglican Ordinations. By Rev. H. C. Semple, S. J. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

The question of Anglican orders is a burning topic with many devout adherents of the Episcopal Church. Father Semple, in a calm, clear, logical way, sums up the entire case in a nutshell; and he convincingly shows that the recent decision of Leo XIII concerning their invalidity, was based upon reasons which admit of no dispute. A copy of this timely pamphlet should be placed in the hands of every Anglican by Catholic acquaintances.

Larger Catechism. Part Second of the Abridgment of Christian Doctrine for Higher Classes. Prescribed by His Holiness, Pope Pius X, for all the dioceses of the Province of Rome. Translated by the Right Rev. Thomas Sebastian Byrne, D.D., Bishop of Nashville. New York. Pustet & Co. 1906.

No words are needed to describe the value and importance of this book. The mere fact that the Pope has ordered it for the dioceses of the Roman Province should give it a universal welcome.

The Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary for the Three Seasons of the Year According to the Roman Breviary, to which are added the Office of the Dead, the Penitential Psalms, etc. New York. Pustet & Co. 1906.

A beautiful edition of a useful book. It would make a suitable gift for the clergy, for ecclesiastical students, and for those nuns who are bound by rule to recite the Office of Our Lady.

The Packers. The Private Car Lines and the People. By J. Ogden Armour. Philadelphia. Henry Altemus Company.

In view of the sacred principle, that no one should be condemned without an opportunity to make a defence, this book will be read carefully by those who desire to hear what the managers of the Chicago Stock Yards have to say in reply to the charges brought against them. Mr. Armour certainly upholds the packer's case with skill, ingenuity and eloquence; what we miss is an explanation of the concrete cases, which produced so deep an impression and which really brought about the present legislation. We are glad to read the packer's apology, but we also desire to hear their exposition of the facts referred to.

Heysham. A Story of North Lancashire in the Thirteenth Century. By the Right Rev. Mgr. Robert Gradwell. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

"Southwest of Lancaster there is a rather remarkable tongue of land jutting out into Morecambe Bay. The Lune forms its southwestern boundary, while on the west and north it is alternately washed by the waves of the sea or shut in by tracts of sand-banks. About five or six miles west of Lancaster you come upon the pretty little quaint village of Heysham, . . . seated at the foot of a hill, which is crowned by a luxuriant growth of trees, which seem to shut it off from the outside world." This is the pleasant scene of the thirteenth-century incidents which Mgr. Gredwell deftly weaves into a story which will intensely please all those who delight in the poetry and romance of life.

In the Brave Days of Old. By Dom Bede Camn, O.S.B. New edition. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

Spirited sketches of the Elizabethan Persecution. A book which will delight the boys and please the gentler sex by its vivid accounts of brave deeds and of fearless men and women.

Coniston. By Winston Churchill. Illustrated by Florence Scovel Shinn. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1906.

The author of this novel immediately takes the reader into his confidence. "First I am to write a love story of long ago," he says, "of a time some little while after General Jackson had got into the White House and had shown the world what a real democracy was." Bearing this announcement in mind one is not surprised at the mingling of love affairs and political situations of which the story is made up. Despite the introduction of politics "Coniston" is attractive, engaging, and enjoyable. Concerning the village from which the story takes its name, Mr. Churchill says, in an "afterword," that it will and will not be recognized, and he says also that many people of a certain New England state will recognize Jethro Bass,—who may be called the hero of the story, though uncouth in appearance and eccentric in manner. He is a wire-puller and after the manner of his kind sets up or pulls down candidates for political honors. This phase of his character he carefully keeps from the knowledge of Cynthia Wetherell, his ward and the daughter of his dead love, Cynthia Ware. Coniston is a typical village,—a dozen houses, the general store, the meeting-house, and the tiny square; with the usual assortment of village characters.

Cynthy Ware drops out of the story early, but that she has not vacated her place in Jethro's heart is proved by his devotion to the little Cynthia. Apart from the political figures, Bob Worthington and Cynthia Wetherell play their part in the making of the story, and a very interesting part it is, from the moment that the boy offers the girl the boat he is whittling to the final chapter when he places at her disposal his heart and his fortune.

Readers not versed in politics will prove unappreciative of the tactics of would-be office holders, and will rate far above "Coniston" the historical novels by which the author made his reputation.

The Tides of Barnegat. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Illustrated by George Wright. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1906.

A lovely spring morning,——"a joy of a morning that made one glad to be alive"—ushers in this story of life in Warehold village, fifty years ago. The strip of yellow beach, the narrow bay, the grim tower of Barnegat light, the gulls and the fishing boats form a picture that Martha Sands justly commends to Max, asserting that "he'd never see nothin' so beautiful or so restful." Martha is in accord with the scenery, and Dr. John Cavendish, seated in his two-wheeled gig, is a study for artist or author. The joy of the old nurse at the home-coming of Lucy Cobden is shared by the doctor, and his question "How is Miss Jane?" suggests that he has an even deeper interest in the family at Yardley. "She'll be better for seein' ye," answers Martha; adding with the freedom of the privileged servant, "I haven't a word to say. It'll be a good match when it comes off."

But twenty weary years go by before this comes to pass. With the arrival of gay, beautiful, heartless Lucy, peace ceases to reign at the manor house, though few at the party in her honor even dream of what the future has in store.

With fine strong touches the author sketches the guests—Cap'n Nat Holt, bluff, hearty, and sound to the core; his son Bart, handsome, shapely and bold; the doctor; the lawyer and the clergyman;—all the old friends welcoming Lucy, for her own sake and because she was a Cobden of Yardley.

The chapters that follow are rife with interest, merrymakings, village happenings,—and then the coming of the shadow that enfolds the lives of Dr. Cavendish and Jane Cobden.

The end comes at Barnegat, a scene strong in human interest, in which all the characters meet for the last time. Captain Nat, possessed of the fury of the merciless sea and with the roar and pound of the surf in his voice, reveals to the village folks the secret that Jane had guarded so jealously, the story of wrecked lives, and dishonored homes, and vicarious expiation.

The Orange Fairy Book. By Andrew Lang. Illustrated by Henry Ford. Longmans, Green & Company. New York. 1906.

The Fairy Book Series is further enriched by the addition of this latest volume, which is quite as gorgeous as the preceding ones—though the author might well be supposed to have exhausted his supply of colors and fairy tales. Mr. Lang, after traveling the world over to collect stories, asks why the stories of the remotest people resemble each other. Fortunately, he answers the question himself.

"Of course, in the immeasurable past, they have been carried about by conquering races, and learned by conquering races from vanquished peoples. Slaves carried far from home brought their stories with them into captivity. Wanderers, travelers, shipwrecked men, merchants, and wives stolen from alien tribes have diffused the stories; gipsies and Jews have peddled them about, Roman soldiers of many different races, moved here and there about the Empire, have trafficked in them. From the remotest days men have been wanderers, and wherever they went their stories accompanied them."

"The Story of the Hero Makowa" begins in the good old way, "once upon a time" and the temptation to follow the hero is irresistible even though he seeks a deep black pool where the crocodiles lived. He makes giants shrink, and claps them into a bag which he carries easily because he increases in size and strength with every encounter with an enemy. Perhaps the author intends to point a moral and he certainly adorns the tale with incredible deeds of adventure.

"Ian, The Soldier's Son" has a wonderful career in his search for the daughters of Grianaig. Magic transformation takes place on every page. Thus, a brown-haired youth is changed into a raven, and back again to his own self; and a beautiful maiden whom the wicked enchanter had turned into a horse is released from the spell through the courage of the soldier's son.

"The Ugly Duckling," and "The Two Caskets," are familiar titles, but the sparrows who twittered "Ashes! ashes!" are new features, as are also the talking doves in "The Enchanted Wreath."

The cruel stepmother figures as usual, and her punishment is in proportion to her crime.

The artist is almost as great a magician as the author, and his pictures are so bewitching that even without the colors they would hold one spell-bound. The Princess Bella-Flor,—a shimmer of beauty, silks, and gems—fills one side of the page; and the other elements of the story, from the gallant knight on a noble charger to a speckled hen such as may be seen in any farm-yard, are assembled in the remaining space.

Mr. Lang realizes that children are discerning judges, and just to the point of severity; so he is very careful to punish the guilty and reward the good, and nearly every tale ends in peace and happiness.

"When the old King died they reigned instead of him." So ends "The Magic Book," and, closing the gorgeous covers, the reader will want to ask another question: "When Andrew Lang dies who will reign instead of him in the kingdom of children's hearts?"

Paul's Offering and The Gates Ajar. By Joseph A. Wynne. The Angelus Publishing Company, Detroit. 1906.

These stories, though primarily intended for the young, will interest adult readers as well. Paul's trials are many, but his piety and charity are rewarded, the staunch friendship of Emma Bond being the means by which his character is cleared and his future provided for by his good-hearted but irritable guardian, and her kindly husband.

Rules of Order. By Charles M. Scanlan, LL.B. M. H. Weltzins Co. Milwaukee, Wis. 25 cts.

This manual contains, in brief, what every member of every society should know regarding the forms and methods governing the conduct of meetings. All unnecessary details have been omitted, and clearness and convenience have been steadily kept in view in its compilation. It is most practical, and is the most suitable manual of parliamentary law published for general distribution.

Round the World. With 109 illustrations. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

Here is a collection of illustrated articles on such varied subjects as "Ostrich and Ostrich Hunting," "The Great Wall of China," "Making a Great Newspaper," "Climbing the Alps," "The Ski and Ski Racing," etc. The articles are accurate in description, interestingly written, and well illustrated. For little people who have a natural bent to search out the wonderful and the curious in nature and art, the book will prove a much-prized guide.

"More Five O'Clock Stories." By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus.

The Trial of the Dragon and Other Stories.

Off to Jerusalem. By Marie Agnes Benziger.

Here are three more books—issued by Benziger Brothers, New York,—that young readers should add to their collections. The stories are told by leading Catholic writers and afford a delightful variety; from legends to stories of our own day. And all are specially intended to instruct while entertaining. "Off to Jerusalem" will help stay-at-homes to a knowledge of the holy places visited by the pilgrim, who has kept a faithful record of her travels.

Tom Losely: Boy. By Rev. J. E. Copus, S.J. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

Father Copus, formerly known to the literary world as Cuthbert, introduces us in this his latest work to a genuine boy, endowed with all those delightful traits which render our baseball-loving lads so attractive. Tom Losely will appeal to many a young heart, and the moral lessons, deftly intertwined in the thread of exciting school-boy incidents, will convey pleasant instruction to our brave, manly, youthful Americans.

The Treasure Trail. By Frank L. Pollock. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1906.

A story of the exciting adventures which marked the career of two parties in search of the gold bullion, originally stolen from the Boer government in Pretoria, and stored in a steamer sunk somewhere in the Mozambique Channel. The incidents are full of life and of absorbing interest, and the descriptions are vivid, though lacking details at times. The style, however, is inflated, and the author seems to have a fondness for "big words."

"Briefs For Our Times" is the title of a volume of brief essays or sermonettes, just published by Thomas Whittaker. The author is the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, Rector of St. John's Church, Altoona, Pa., who is also known as a journalist of no mean reputation. The essays are characterized by the epigrammatic style of the newspaper man and would make admirable "copy."

QUESTION BOX.

Please give, if possible, that famous extract from Burke about the decline of chivalry. In which of his writings does it occur?

The passage referred to is found in Burke's reflections on the Revolution in France. These reflections had their origin in a correspondence between Edmund Burke and a young gentleman at Paris, who had asked his opinion upon the important transactions which then so much occupied the attention of all men. They contain some of the finest writing in the English language. The inquirer undoubtedly wants the following: "It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy.

O, what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever.

Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness."

Do the words of Holy Scripture: "Many are called, but few chosen," mean that the majority of men will be lost?

These words are selected by our Lord for the closing reflection of two of His parables, namely, the parable of the laborers in the vineyard, and that of the marriage-feast. Some writers cite them as conclusive proof that the number of the saved will be very small. But such a conclusion does not seem warranted by the purpose of the parable, which, evidently, if we follow approved commentators, was not intended to shadow forth the comparative number of the lost and saved, for it must be noticed that in this all the laborers are rewarded and only one guest is cast out. What, then, did our Lord mean? Father Maas, in his valuable commentary upon St. Matthew, says: "Many are called, but few chosen" does not refer to the guests that had actually come to the marriage feast, since we cannot explain the one guest ejected as denoting the greater part of the guests, without doing violence to the obvious meaning of the text. Nor does it refer both to the guests that had refused to come and those that had come; for be-

sides the violence it does to the plain meaning of the text, this interpretation gives two different significations to the term "called," at least, if not to both "called" and "chosen." "Many are called, but few are chosen" refers, therefore, to the whole parable, so that the "called" are those repeatedly invited, and the "few chosen" are the invited guests that actually came. Since the parable refers to the Jewish nation, it denotes that few of its members will enter the kingdom of the Messias, a doctrine fully agreeing with the predictions of the prophets, and with the utterances of St. Paul. The complete doctrine of the parable encourages, therefore, the hearers of Jesus, since it shows that some of them will be saved; at the same time it warns those entering the kingdom of the Messias not to presume, since some of them will be lost; whether the number of the lost in the kingdom is greater than, or equal to, or less than, the number of the saved is not determined by the parable." And à Lapide remarks: "many are called, few chosen," because all who were first invited and refused to come were rejected, that is to say, all the Jews, who would not believe in Christ, to whom this parable bears special reference. Besides these, *one* was rejected, even of those who were called, and did come, who entered in, not having a wedding garment, who represents all wicked Christians? For inasmuch as Christ did not intend in this place specially to refer to these, it sufficed that by naming *one*, He should refer to that matter by the way, to signify that not all who believe in Christ shall be saved, but those only who adorn their faith with a wedding garment, that is, with love and holy works."

Please tell me, at length, the meaning of those words of the Bible: "The kingdom of Heaven is like to leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened."

Commentators like Maldonatus, a Lapide, and Coleridge, explain this parable in the following fashion: "Our Lord in this figure wishes to call attention to a change in a large mass or substance, without any external alteration in its shape or form, and without the application of any power from without. The substance of the meal has not been changed, but after the quiet insertion of the leaven it is penetrated by a new influence which affects every particle of it. Nothing has been destroyed, nothing has been removed, no new element has been introduced which constitutes a fresh and independent substance or portion. The leaven is in the whole mass, and in every atom of it. It has been absorbed, it has changed the quality of every part to which it has penetrated, and it has penetrated the whole. It has lost, so to speak, its independent existence, and in exchange for that it has qualified all round it."

Commentators have found many applications for every single word of this short parable. Some interpret it as follows: "Our Lord or the knowledge of our Lord is the leaven. Our Lord is full of the fervor of charity. He is burning with the desire of drawing all to Himself, especially those who labor and are heavily burthened, He has filled the whole earth with his knowledge, He has raised our nature to Heaven, He has drawn the hearts of men from earthly things to things celestial, and so He has made us pleasant and tasteful to God, whereas, we had before been like the accursed dust which the serpent was condemned to eat. We are capable of pleasing God by our faith, of gaining his commendation by our works, and by the same earning from Him eternal rewards. Our Blessed Lady was the first to receive this divine leaven . . . then she sped at once into the mountain parts of Judea, that St. John Baptist and his parents, Zachary and Elisabeth, might be leavened also. The voice of her salutation filled them with the Holy Ghost, and made them prophets. Then St. John began to collect disciples, and by preaching and baptism to prepare them for Christ."

Thus the little leaven has leavened, or purified the entire world.

As to the *three* measures, we find a great variety of views. To some interpreters the three measures are the three continents known to antiquity, to others, the three races of men descended from the sons of Noe or the three Laws, the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, and the Evangelical, in all of which it was possible to gain and use profitably the grace of God. In other words, in each of these the power of grace leavened and spiritually benefited those who surrendered themselves to its influence. The chief point of the parable seems to lie, not in the circumstances of application of the leaven, but in the manner itself in which the leaven works and in the effects which it produces. This image first of all teaches us that the action of grace, whether in the individual soul or in society, is nothing violent, nothing destructive, nothing subversive. Grace finds, so to say, a congenial soil in the soul of man, and it does not eject or cut down any part of our nature. In the action of the Church on society the same truth is remarkably evident. The Church takes human nature and human society as she finds them. In their origin both are divine works, and there is no essential element in them that is bad. The Church takes the family, the community, the State, and qualifies them by her own divine power for the ends for which they were originally established. "In all the leaven spiritualizes and elevates the entire mass."

"Blessed was she on whose retirement broke
That Angel-form, the star-portending morn;
And blessed she upon whose bosom woke
And slept the Eternal Child, the Virgin-born,
Who, like a robe, the Heaven of Heavens had worn."

By William J. Edmondson. Copyright by George M. Edmondson, Cleveland, Ohio.

"Nor Bethlehem nor Nazareth
Apart from Mary's care;
Nor heaven itself a home for Him
Where not His mother there."

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That first Hour

By J. Gertrude Menard

Before they sing — the angels —
Their chants of new-born glee,
Ope Thou Thy lips of wisdom,
And waft a sound to me.

Before they bend — the oxen —
Thy majesty to see,
Lift up Thine eyes of meekness,
And cast a look on me.

Before he comes — good Joseph,
Who soon must foster Thee —
Unveil Thy brow of glory,
And share its light with me.

Before they knock — the shepherds,
Who hasten o'er the lea —
Put forth Thy hand of mercy,
And bless and strengthen me.

"When God His heavenly throne forsook
Our ransom dear to be,
For His own shrine on earth He took
This maid of Galilee."

Sonrel.

"Oh, sweet the springing lily-bud
In early summer day;
And sweet the gently perfumed airs
That round the roses play;
But sweeter still the Blossom white
That opens fair to-day."

"Love came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, love divine,
Love was born at Christmas,
Star and angels gave the sign."

"Love shall be our token,
Love be yours, and love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
Love the universal sign."

Bouguereau.

"Let your love be wide as His,
With the whole world round His knees,
Gather into your warm heart
All His creatures, not a part;
So your love shall be like His."

Britt.

"Let my heart the cradle be
Of Thy bleak Nativity!
Tossed by wintry tempests wild,
If it rock Thee, Holy Child,
Then as grows the outer din
Greater peace shall reign within."

Carlo Dolci.

"Veiling in human flesh the Godhead's splendor,
To-day, as in those distant ages dim,
The Babe of Bethlehem, with entreaty tender,
Draws all men unto Him."

H J. Sinkel.

"Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name to magnify,
Till in Heaven ye sing before Him
Glory be to God most high."

Sassoferrato.

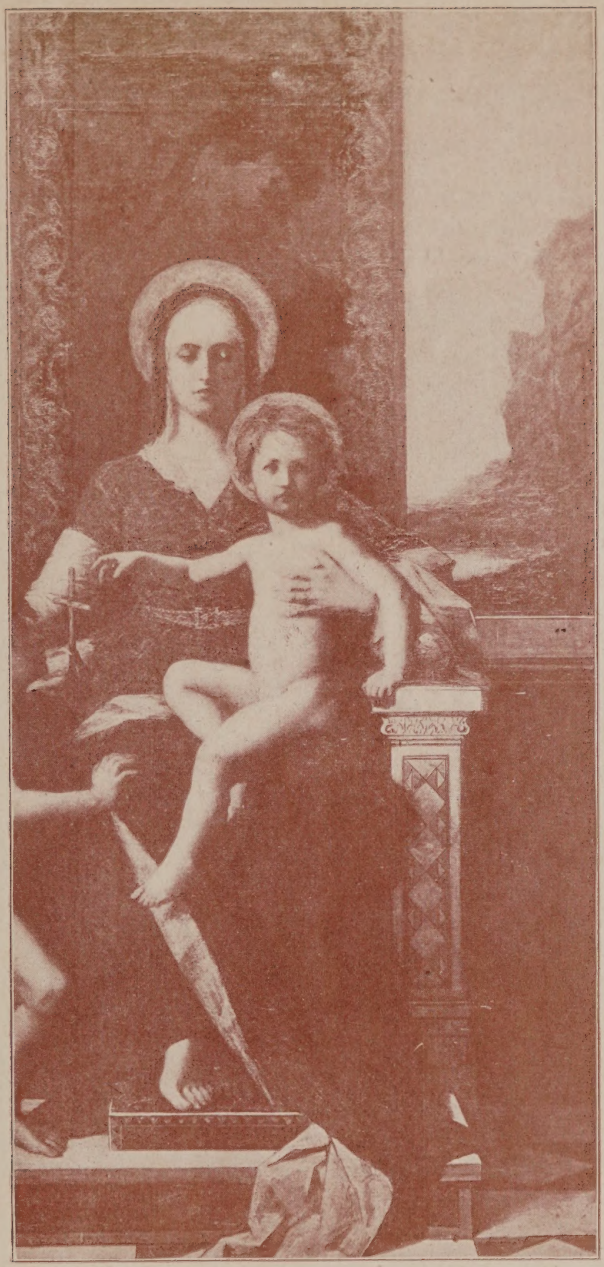
"He who will our Saviour praise
And honor Mary too,
Must heavenward his spirit raise
And say the Rosary through."

Bouguereau.

"And, waking or asleep,
Upon His mother's breast,
For love of her, each mother-sheep
And baby-lamb He blessed."

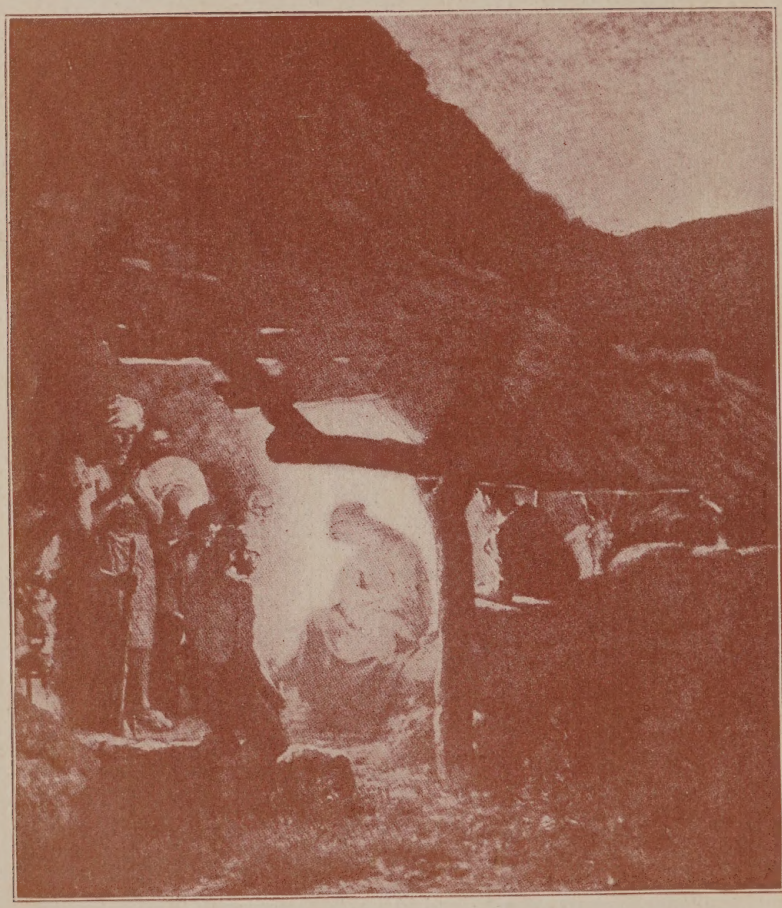
Bouguereau.

Madonna blest!
All spotless art thou as a snow-white cloud—
Madonna blest—
That thrones the Golden Sunshine on its breast,
And sails full swiftly, when the winds pipe loud,
Or floats in blue, a lone Isle, fair and proud,
Madonna Blest.



Humbert.

"In His great loving kindness
All peoples have a share,
His noontide is about us,
His peace is in the air;
He heals the broken-hearted,
He gives the darkened light,
A little Child has led us
Through fields for harvest white."



E. Ravel.

THE DESERT AND THE SOWN.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER VII.

Sarah awoke the next morning with a sense of approaching calamity weighing heavily upon her. It took her some time to find the cause, but when she finally recalled the unexpected appearance of her uncle in the room the previous night, she buried her face in the covers and pictured the various punishments he might mete out to the young offenders. When she met him at breakfast an hour later she was forced to confess that he did not look as terrible as her imagination had been picturing him; at times she thought there was a smile lurking around the corners of his mouth as he gravely regarded her and Nettie.

But all thought of the incident of the night was soon lost in the excitement incident to going to church. Services were held once every month in the town, and that Sunday, which brought the widely separated Catholic families together, was twice a holiday. It was demanded by the occasion that they should reach the church early; not so much to give additional time to devotion, as to afford opportunity for conversation. In fact, the church was usually deserted until the ringing of the bell, except by some of the more devout women, and men too old to care for gossip concerning mundane things.

Sarah was thrilled by the thought of going to church. Immediately after breakfast she began to dress; it would be a disaster to be late. It did not occur to her that household duties must be attended to on Sunday also, and while her aunt and cousins wrestled with the work she got into her clothes in the pitiful way of a motherless child.

"My goodness, Sarah! you look like a scarecrow," observed Nettie, appearing in the room, with a broom in her hand. "You'd better get that dress off before Alice comes up."

"But Nettie, I want to get ready for church," cried Sarah. "Aren't they going to let me go?"

"Of course, baby. Everybody's got to go to church in this house." Nettie attacked the carpet with reckless energy. "But you must be dressed right. What would people say if we were to take you to church with your dress buttoned up crooked, and your hair not half combed? It doesn't matter if you go that way around home, but it's different going to church."

As Sarah retired to a corner to escape the dust, her spirits fell. She had a secret conviction that when the time came for the others to dress she would be neglected.

"Well, I'll just stay as I am, Nettie," she wisely observed, "until Cousin Alice does come up."

This happened sooner than she expected, and under energetic hands the child underwent a speedy transformation. Her face was scrubbed until it shone, and her soft brown curls were primly gathered back into two tight plaits, which arrangement, notwithstanding the two bows of ribbon, proved most unsatisfactory to the wearer. Her frock was starched unmercifully, and though it made a delightfully crinkly noise when she moved, the seams at the arm-holes and around the neck were decidedly uncomfortable. But when the chip hat, gay with flowers and ribbons, was placed upon her little head, all the misery of tightly drawn hair and raw-edged seams was forgotten. Aunt Dilly had first awakened in Sarah's breast a proper sense of admiration for a chip hat

by her repeated stories of the beauty of such headgear; and in season and out, the child had pleaded with her father to buy one for her. He remembered her request on his journey to his bride, and the letter to his lawyer friend contained the order for a chip hat. The lawyer's wife had selected it, and even the critical Nettie admitted it was a most wonderful creation. Her only regret was that she must wear it on her head instead of carrying it in her hands.

When Alice had finished with her, she bade the little girl go downstairs to be out of the way. When passing the parlor Sarah noticed that the door was ajar, and the glimpse of the cool room prompted her to step within. As she crossed the threshold she paused in surprise and alarm, for at the other end of the room was her uncle reading by the light streaming in through a broken slat in the shutter. And the book in his hand was the one he had taken from Nettie the night before! For a long moment Sarah stood, then she crept out to the back porch and sitting down on the bench took counsel with the faithful Rover. She could not understand if it were wrong for Nettie to read the book, why Nettie's father should read it.

"Now my aunt will come in upon him the way he came upon Nettie," she confided to the dog, "and she will carry off the book. And maybe she will go off to the spring house and begin to read it, and some time Cousin Alice will come upon her and take it away. Then it will be awful, for Cousin Alice won't waste time with the book. She will be dreadfully angry, and won't let Nettie go to see Ida any more. I wish Ida hadn't given Nettie the book."

An hour later Alice's voice was heard in the hall.

"Father! Father!" she called. "Mother, where is father, anyhow? Here it's half-past eight o'clock and we are all dressed, and he hasn't hitched up yet! Where can he be? He never did anything like this in his life."

Sarah's heart seemed to stand still. Discovery was imminent, and the disappointment of not getting to church in time was in prospect when Mr. Kenny came hurriedly from the parlor and began to apologize to his severe daughter.

"Why, father you have no tie! I am sure I don't know what is coming over this house," she declared as she marshaled him into the room where his wife was struggling with her lace collar. From her place on the porch Sarah could hear Alice's voice complaining of the indifference of the entire household,—except herself,— to the virtue of promptitude and the appreciation of time. She had dressed Sarah, helped Nettie, and made her own toilet while Grace was not half through, and her parents were not ready. They ought to get up an hour earlier on church Sundays.

Sarah heard her uncle striding quickly out of the room and across the porch, on his way to the stable. He seemed repentant, and her heart melted. "My poor uncle is very sorry, Rover," she confided to the dog. "He won't do it any more; at least, when he thinks Cousin Alice is around. But I do hope he hid the book. I wonder if he has got it with him. There will be no standing Cousin Alice if she finds out what he was doing."

Presently the surrey, drawn by Billy, was brought around, and forgetful of her late fears, Sarah was ready to dance with joy. She was really going to church, to ride in that "bee-autiful" surrey, and see all the people! Then she gave a little gasp, for Grace had stepped out to the portico on which they were standing waiting for her. She had never seen any one so beautiful as her cousin as she stood on the doorstep with the morning sun shining on her exquisite face and dainty blue gown. Sarah marveled that the

others should hasten down to where the carriage stood, as if blind to the vision. She followed, her face kindling with admiration for the fair girl walking before her. Then her uncle lifted her to the place between himself and Alice, on the front seat, and Billy started.

The wonder of that first church-going was never quite forgotten. Years afterward, when her eyes had grown tired of the majestic monuments erected by the hands of men, the marvel of the simple village altar would repossess her. The immensity of the building at first overpowered her, and when her eyes rested on the altar a difficulty presented itself. How could they nail those gold scallops on the marble? The plaster-of-Paris angels afforded some comfort. How lovely they looked! What beautiful wings they had, but how did they manage to get their flowing dresses on over them? The wings were like those of the butterfly, and she knew that any attempt to bend a butterfly's wings meant to crush them; how, then, did the angels get into their raiment? Vases of delicately tinted velvet flowers encased in glass globes stood on the altar, and Sarah thought no garden had ever grown flowers quite so beautiful. As she gazed, she wondered how the flowers had been placed under the glass, and the longer she thought of it the more impossible the feat appeared.

A sharp nudge from Nettie roused her from her reverie.

"Get up!" she whispered. "They'll think you are putting on."

Sarah had forgotten that she was still on her knees, and as she scrambled into the pew she was confused to see that Grace and Alice had risen. She felt that she had been guilty of a grave breach of manners, and the red dyed her cheeks. Her embarrassment was heightened by Nettie's next remark.

"Only the old women, and girls who pretend to be pious, kneel as long as you did. Ask mother if we may go out."

"I'd rather stay here," demurred Sarah.

"I wouldn't. I want to go up to Ida's and tell her about the book."

Mrs. Kenny gave permission, and the two children trotted down the narrow bare aisle and out into the sunshine. Sarah saw her uncle standing in a group of men, who were leisurely smoking their clay pipes. She wondered that they, who had no tyrannical cousin to obey, should prefer those improvised seats in the shade, when they might go into the cool, quiet church, and she voiced the thought to Nettie.

"They would get tired to death having to keep still that long," explained Nettie.

"I could stay in there forever. I did not think there was anything so bee-autiful in the world."

"Don't let anybody hear you say that, Sarah. They would think you were from the backwoods. Nobody thinks the church is nice. Everybody wants a new one, but Father Walton says he is too old to begin such hard work. We've got the worst-looking church in town. Even the *niggers* lead us. They've got a brick church with a steeple and a bell. Of course we all built it for them; and Ben Anderson says their bell isn't any better than his dinner-bell. But I'd rather a dinner-bell in a steeple than the sort of bell we have. It's just the Mass bell, you know, rung at the door. Ben Anderson says that is the way they call in the scholars at the college. At our school the teacher knocks on the side of the house with her ruler."

Nettie's feet had kept time with her tongue, but as they approached the house where Ida lived, her steps grew slower.

"She will be awfully mad when she hears about the book. And you must help me out, Sarah. You know I was

very careful, but I couldn't help it that father saw the light. I reckon we might have put a rug at the bottom of the door, but I never thought of it."

Sarah longed to quiet her cousin's fears by telling of Mr. Kenny's own interest in the story, but it seemed a betrayal of her uncle's secret, so she held her peace. As Nettie expected, Ida flew into a passion, declaring she would never lend her another book unless this one were immediately returned. Ida, splendid in Sunday finery, was inexorable, and the pair turned disconsolately from the house, the angry girl refusing to accompany them back to church. Nettie's discomfiture was evident in her silence, and it was reflected on the sensitive face of her cousin. But presently this feeling slipped from Sarah, who remembered the beauty of the church which she supposed she was immediately to enter. Such, however, was not the will of her cousin.

"Nobody goes in until the bell rings," she said; and seeing the churchyard, Sarah recognized the truth of the statement. The crowd of smoking men had been augmented, and there was an occasional group of elderly women holding deep converse in various parts of the yard. The young men and women, however, were in greater prominence, and their low laughter filled the place with music. It floated in through the open door, and the saintly old priest, sitting in the confessional, heard it with one ear while the other was bent to the guileless story of the penitent at his feet. Ignorant they might be of many things, those people, young and old, but well he knew the faith of their forefathers burned strongly in their bosoms, and guided their feet in the path of goodness and simplicity.

Sarah was properly impressed by the vast concourse she beheld, and she clung to Nettie, lest she should get lost. Nettie, undaunted by numbers, walked carelessly from group to group, speaking to the young men and women with a freedom which Sarah profoundly admired, but which filled Alice with inward wrath.

"Look at Alice over there!" exclaimed Nettie, *sotto voce*. "Her eyes are like daggers. She would like to order me into the church, but she won't, because Mr. Archer is with her, and she tries to pretend she is an angel when he is around. Some time I am going to tell him all about her."

"O Nettie, please don't!" cried Sarah, clasping her hands on her breast. "Think how bad it would make Cousin Alice feel."

"She doesn't mind how she makes me feel," objected Nettie. "There's Ben Anderson coming! He always gets in late, so everybody will be here to see him and his fine horses. Aren't they dandies! And isn't he handsome!"

Sarah, turning her head, saw a high-stepping pair of black horses drawing a light phæton, from which a young man, whose bearing proclaimed self-importance, stepped; and then she knew not why, her eyes were drawn from the spectacle to another direction, and clutching Nettie's arms she cried aloud.

"Lord! Nettie, there he is!"

Nettie shook off the little hand, while her face turned red with anger. Happily only a few older women near them heard the exclamations, which modified Nettie's wrath somewhat, although she said sternly:

"Sarah, if you don't stop swearing and hollering out like that, I am going to get mother to take you into Father Walton."

A pained expression came into the child's face, and she said no more. Nettie, as she beheld the man whom they had encountered under the locust tree, was conscious of a pleasing sensation.

Perhaps he would recognize her. That would produce a sensation, for it was evident from his appearance that he was a person of importance, while the way the people stared at him showed they also appreciated the fact. Her heart gave a bound as she saw him steering his course to where she and Sarah were standing.

"He is coming to us, sure enough," she whispered to Sarah. "Now don't act queer, Sarah. It's going to be a romance."

Sarah, who had read a chapter not seen by her cousin, realized that Nettie's figure in the story would not be a prominent one, but she gave no admission to the fact. The smile had come to the stranger's face, and Sarah felt that she was being drawn into his very life. The sensation made her catch Nettie's hand, and try to screen herself from him, but as he stopped by them he slipped Sarah's other hand into his and gently brought her from her hiding position.

"Well, little ladies!" he said, lifting his hat, the act thrilling Nettie's soul, "I am glad to find you in such a good place to-day. It is a good place, isn't it, Sarah?"

"It is bee-autiful, sir!" she exclaimed, and all the while she wondered that one could smile and talk, and yet wear such a sorrowful look.

"You have quite a large crowd here to-day," he observed, his eyes traveling slowly over the people. "Are there many more in the church?"

"O yes, sir," said Nettie, her voice vibrating with pleasure. "Nearly all the old women are in the church."

"And are there no young women in there?" he inquired.

"One or two, maybe."

"Why are they not out here with the others?" he inquired, his gaze still sweeping the crowd which in turn was surveying him.

"Some of them are pious, and some of them think themselves too fine to talk to people," said Nettie.

"What are their names?" he asked.

Nettie glibly repeated the names of the few girls who for reasons of their own preferred sitting in the church to standing in the yard.

"Are there no others?" he asked, the cloud on his face deepening.

"That's all!" she answered.

"And Cousin Grace, Nettie," said Sarah, timidly.

"Grace isn't," she began; but as her hasty glance around showed that her sister was not in the churchyard, she stopped, while the color deepened on her cheeks.

"Isn't here, eh? Under which head does your sister come, Miss Nettie—the pious or the proud?"

"Neither!" said Nettie, promptly. "She always comes out and talks to her friends."

"Why is she not out to-day?"

Sarah noticed that his eyes were feverishly bright.

"I don't know," said Nettie, slowly, her excitement lost in surprise at her sister's conduct.

"Is she here to-day?"

"Of course she is," said Nettie, indignantly. "Do you think she is a heathen?"

"God forbid!" he answered, solemnly. "I thought she might be sick."

"If she were sick, she would come to church," declared Nettie. "She has never missed coming to church in her life."

Sarah, whose eyes never left him, saw the stranger move nervously at the assertion, and he was too preoccupied to make any comment. Then, pulling himself up, he asked:

"Did you go to town that day, little ladies?"

"Yes, sir," replied Nettie, "and we had

a good time. Sarah enjoyed herself very much."

"And she didn't get scared and scream if a dog jumped into the water?"

"There wasn't any water along the way, and no dog to jump into it, if there had been," said Nettie, regarding the speaker coolly. That he was laughing at Sarah, she was assured, and family feeling was strong in the impulsive girl.

"But if the conditions had existed, Sarah would have cried," he said. "Wouldn't you, Sarah?"

"Yes, sir," said Sarah, "for he might get drowned."

The man laughed softly.

"Did you ever see a ship, Sarah?" he asked. "When I was a boy I always wanted a ship. I wanted it so hard that the fairies took pity on me, and one day when I went out to the pond there was the prettiest ship imaginable in the water. Maybe I wasn't glad. Now wouldn't it be nice if the fairies would send you a ship, too?"

"It would be bee-autiful!" declared Sarah, clasping her little hands over her breast.

"That's what it would be," he asserted. "Now while you are in church today, I am going to hunt around and see if I can find any fairies. If I do, I shall ask them to send you a ship. When the church services are over, you will see me standing there by that tree, and you must come over to me and I'll tell you what the fairies said. Will you?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" cried Sarah, ecstatically.

As she spoke, the altar boy appeared at the door with a silver bell in his hand. At its first sound Nettie turned quickly toward the church, drawing Sarah with her.

Sarah scarcely found her position comfortable, wedged in the pew between Nettie and Grace; but discomfort was soon lost in the marvels of the scene before her. The vestments of the priest were truly wonderful, and wonderful his movements, which the people seemed to understand so thoroughly, kneeling and standing and sitting without word of command from any one. The silence of the church at times affected her so intensely that she felt she must cry out or it would crush her; but, fortunately, she held control over her emotions, for the conversation of Dr. Haywood with her had drawn sufficient attention for the day to Mr. Kenny's little niece. A pretty child she was, they decided, and it behooved Mrs. Kenny to get her daughters off her hands if she proposed to keep Sarah until she was grown. And it was strange, they remarked, that two such good-looking and capable girls as Grace and Alice should not be married, or at least thinking of matrimony. They had decided that Ben Anderson would make a desirable husband for Grace, and they speculated as to the cause of the coldness that had grown up between the young pair. "She will stand in her own light if she lets him slip away," they averred, and adroitly conveyed that opinion to the mother. Mrs. Kenny said nothing, partly because she did not know the reason for Grace's sudden dislike of the young man, wholly because she was too proud to discuss her daughter's matrimonial prospects with any one. She was reticent on the subject, even with her husband.

Ben Anderson's pew was directly in front of Mr. Kenny's, and occasionally Mrs. Kenny's eyes would stray from the altar to the young man kneeling in front of her husband. He was tall and straight and manly, and his shapely black head was good to look upon. She felt her heart warm towards him, who had neither mother nor sister to look after him, but lived alone in the big house with the Negro servants and his dogs. House and servants and dogs had been inherit-

ed from an uncle who had adopted the penniless orphan, and then thoughtfully departed this life as the heir was entering upon manhood, leaving the lucky nephew to the enjoyment of his good fortune. This fortune the young man was willing to share with Grace Kenny; yet he was not going to fling it at her, and at the first sign of withdrawal from a friendship which had brought happiness to him, and which had not appeared distasteful to her, he had readily submitted to her unexpressed wish. If it brought regret, no one saw any indications of it.

As she sat behind him that morning, Grace tried not to see the black head and erect shoulders, but every time her eyes were lifted from her prayerbook she must behold them. That solid form seemed like a wall of fate rising before her whose eyes were filled with the memory of another. She tried to banish such thoughts, but the heart is a tyrant, and early instructs the spirit that while its rule lasts it is supreme.

All too soon for Sarah the services ended, and she sighed as she saw the people leaving their pews, and heard Nettie's "Come on, Sarah. It's over for this time." The tone of relief grated on the little girl.

As she felt the sunshine on her face once more, she suddenly remembered her engagement with the stranger, who stood waiting, under the tree, smiling at her. The eyes and smile again exerted their mesmeric influence, and, unobserved by the careful Nettie, she slipped between the crowds and joined him.

"The fairies will bring you a beautiful ship if you will give this note to your Cousin Grace without any one seeing you. The fairies have a great secret to tell her, and they wrote it down on this piece of paper. If you give it to her safely, the fairies will always be your friends."

He had taken her hand, and, unseen by any one, he pressed the note into it and then closed her pink fingers over it.

"Be careful, Sarah, and good-by."

He was gone, leaving her standing alone under the tree, with that vast crowd between her and her guardian. Sarah felt a strong inclination to cry. Her little form grew tense, and her features rigid, while the cold crept along her veins. It was then she heard a gentle voice asking:

"Whose little girl are you?"

Lifting her face, she saw the priest who had held her wondering mind during the past hour.

"Nobody's now, sir, since my father got married," she answered.

"What is your name, my child?" he asked, struck by her quaint reply.

"Sarah Kenny."

"Ah! I remember now—Tom Kenny's daughter, who has come to live with her uncle. Are you happy in your new home?"

"Yes, sir, I reckon so," she answered slowly. "My uncle gave me Rover, and maybe the fairies will bring me a beautiful ship."

"With a good dog and a beautiful ship a little girl ought to be happy," he said, smiling down on her. Sarah smiled in response, and the face of the girl he had married to Tom Kenny years ago seemed to look up at Father Walton from under the chip hat.

"Do you like to come to church?"

"I dearly love it!" cried Sarah. "I could stay in the church all day. I never saw anything so bee-autiful in all my life."

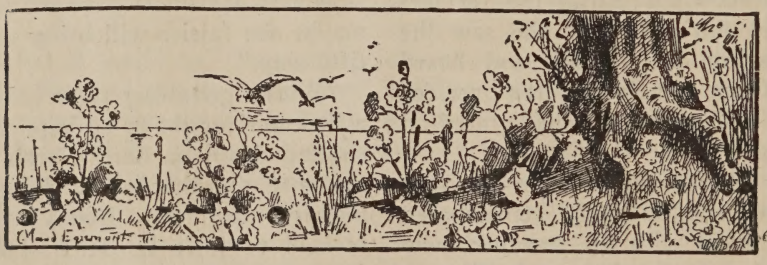
"Always feel that way about your church, Sarah. It is a good place to spend one's days in, as you will learn as you grow older. Our dear Lord is there, waiting to receive us, and to give us all the things we need. Here is your aunt coming for you!"

He shook hands with Mrs. Kenny, and they talked for a few minutes; then he passed on to the house at the other end of the street, where his noonday breakfast was waiting for him.

The throng was dispersing, and as Sarah and her aunt drew near the surrey, the child was somewhat surprised to see Grace standing beside it, talking and laughing with Ben Anderson, while Nettie from her place on the seat looked on with dancing eyes.

"It was I brought him to Grace," she whispered to Sarah, who had climbed up the step. "He was talking to Miss Dane and Sister Mildred. Miss Dane isn't a Catholic, but she comes to our church sometimes, because she hasn't any other place to go. I just hate to see her talking to him, because she thinks she has taken him away from Grace, when I know she didn't. So I went up to him and said: 'Mr. Anderson, that was I bowed at you the other morning.' He laughed, and said he knew it was. And then I told him Grace was mad at me, because she thought he would think it was she who bowed, and she said she was going to tell father. He laughed again, and said he reckoned he would have to go over and tell Miss Grace of her mistake. We walked right over to where Grace was, and the first thing I knew they were talking and laughing just as they used to do; and then he asked her to go out driving with him this afternoon, and she said that she would. Ben Anderson is all right, and he won't forget me for bringing him back to Grace. I shouldn't wonder if he gave me some candy. Oh, goodness! I do wish they would hurry. I am nearly starved, aren't you?"

(To be continued.)



TO THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

BY S. L. EMERY.

That longed-for day come swiftly,
Lord, for Thee,
When all men shall be one, the
Whole world wide;
And Thou of the long travail of Thy soul
Shalt see,
And shalt be satisfied!

THE LAW OF A CHILD.

BY THE REV. H. F. BLUNT.

Little Jacky Cushing sat on the gate post, thinking hard. Jacky was in a quandary. For the first time in his five years he had seen his father angry, real, downright angry. Jacky was not much of a philosopher yet, but it did not take a great big man philosopher to deduce the conclusion that something terrible must have happened to put his father in such an unusual state of mind. He knew that all the trouble was caused by the next house.

Somebody had bought the old Fillmore mansion, and that somebody must be an awful man, for his father said all kinds of bad things about him and used long, funny words that sounded like swear words and—anyway, Jacky knew there was something wrong about the neighbors who were going to live next door. And that is why he climbed to the post and sat wistfully gazing at the next house, trying hard to discover why it had cast such a gloom on his own home.

He was deep in the problem when he was aroused by the sound of footsteps upon the brick sidewalk, and looking up, he saw a man coming toward him. He was a stranger to Jacky, who knew almost everybody in the little town, and that fact alone set him wondering as to the identity of this man, who was dressed quite differently from any other man, for he had a collar that was buttoned behind, and a big black necktie, and a long coat all black. Jacky took in all these details before the stranger spoke.

"Hello, little man!"

It was such a pleasant voice, accompanied by such a good-natured smile, that it broke down all barriers to the lad's heart and made a confidant of him immediately.

"Hello!" responded Jacky, smiling as broadly in his turn.

"And what may your name be?" the stranger continued.

"John Alexander Curtis Cushing—but everybody calls me Jacky. It's shorter."

"Yes, it's a little shorter, and Jacky's a fine name. They used to call me Jacky once."

"So?" said Jacky, evidently impressed. "But say, where do you live? I never seed you before."

"I'm going to live right next door to you, Jacky."

"In the Fillmore house?"

"Yes."

Jacky's manner suddenly changed. This must be the very same man about whom his father said such horrid things. But he did not seem to be a bad man. He had a pleasant face and a nice voice, and he talked to little boys just as if he enjoyed it. Nevertheless, his father must be right, and Jacky immediately made his profession of faith.

"Well," he said, "you must be the bad man."

"The bad man, Jacky. Why?"

"Because, dad said the awfullest things about you, and that there wasn't any luck in your coming, and that all priesters ought to be hung. Are you a priester?"

"Yes, Jacky, I am."

"Well, what is a priester?

"A priest, Jacky, is a man who tries to make people good and likes little boys like you. Here Jacky—buy some candy."

Jacky hesitated to accept the coin offered by this peculiar being. He had

scruples about being friendly with such a bad man; but the quarter—a whole quarter, for his own self—looked so shining bright, and it made his mouth water so at the vision of all he could buy for it, that it was not very strange that his scruples suddenly vanished and left him clutching the coin as the man in black walked away.

As the man turned into his house, he waved his hand at the boy, and Jacky, suddenly remembering that he had not thanked him, put his hands to his mouth and shouted boldly:

"Say, priester, thanks for the quarter."

Father Foley laughed heartily as he closed the door behind him, at this, his first welcome to his new parish. It was no news to him that the very announcement of a resident priest had thrown the whole town into an unwarranted excitement. It had been quite bearable when poor old Father Burns had come from his parish, ten miles away, to say Mass every second Sunday; but now to have the staid old New England town made into a Catholic parish with a priest to live in a home of his own! That was quite intolerable.

But the great trouble was over the house. The Catholics had bought the finest house in town, on which old Deacon Fillmore had spent a fortune; and the crime was intensified by the fact that the deed was done quietly and before anybody in the town knew that the place was up for sale.

When Richard Cushing had heard of the transaction and learned that a priest was going to be his neighbor, he flew into the rage which had caused such a sensation in Jacky's life. Nor was his anger softened when he found out that this same priest had been talking to his boy.

Jacky broke the news at the supper-table.

"Dad, you said the man next door was bad. Well, he ain't, 'cause he gave me a quarter."

"What man?"

"The priester—with the funny collar and necktie."

"He's here, is he?"

"Yes; came to-day. He's ever so nice."

"And he gave you a quarter, did he?" sneered the father.

"Yes, a whole quarter."

"Trying his funny tricks already. Wants to convert you, I suppose. Jacky, you go over there in the morning and give back that money. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Jacky understood too well. He knew his father's word was law, especially when he was so angry. But it was a hard struggle to assent to such a command. Besides, he had spent some of the quarter already,—five cents for peanuts and one cent for gum, and he had "chawed" the gum and eaten half of the peanuts. It was the burden of his meditations that night when his mother was tucking him into bed.

"Say, ma!"

"Yes, Jacky."

"I don't think that priester is a bad man. He's got a nice face, and any one that gives little boys a whole quarter—"

But the argument was too much for Jacky, and he dropped off to sleep to dream of men with funny collars who said they made little boys good and gave quarters to them to make them good, and how every little boy wanted to be good if he got a quarter every time. It was no wonder that Jacky awoke with the quarter haunting him. He did not have his accustomed jovial air at breakfast. How could he, with such a sacrifice before him? But he said not a word about it. There was a lump in his throat that threatened to do damage if he spoke, so he kept his troubles to him-

self, wondering how he could make himself right with the good man whom his father called bad.

Breakfast over, he solemnly walked out the back door, pulled aside the loose picket of the fence,—through which he and the former little neighbors often had exchanged visits,—and was soon at the back door of the next house.

"Is the priester in?" he asked of the maid who came to answer his timid knock.

"Yes, child, come in."

Father Foley was at his breakfast. He heard the voice and recognized his friend of the previous day.

"Come in here, Jacky," he called from the dining-room; and Jacky, half wondering whether he ought to obey or not, with reluctant feet went in where the man who made boys good was sitting.

Jacky did not wait for any further preamble to the little speech he had been formulating all through his breakfast.

"Dad says I can't keep that quarter, but I spent some of it."

A little hand went into one pocket and drew out the remains of the treasure,—a dime, a nickel and four coppers,—which Jacky placed by the priest's plate.

"There's your old money," he said, his mouth quivering at this enormous sacrifice.

The hand went into another pocket and drew out a paper bag, much the worse for wear, which took its place with the money.

"There's your old peanuts."

There was something else, but Jacky could not find it. His hands went into his pockets, one after the other, till all had been ransacked, but with no success. The gum was not to be had.

"Guess you'll have to go without the gum," said Jacky, and then he remembered. The gum was in his mouth.

Another second and it was being rolled into a tiny ball between the chubby hands, and was then laid with the other treasures.

"It's all chawed, and the sweeten's out of it, but you can use it yet. Gum will last a long time if you don't swoller it."

Father Foley burst into a hearty laugh and Jacky took advantage of the distraction to run from the house, heedless of Nora's calling him to have a cooky. But what was the use of taking things if you had a father that made you give them back? Out through the hole in the fence, into his own domain again, went Jacky. But he did not go near anybody in the house. He was angry with them all. He heard his mother talking in the kitchen and was tempted to tell her that he had given back everything, but he would not.

He ran upstairs to his little room, and only then did his courage fail him completely; burying his face in the pillows, he wept over the first tragedy of his life.

During the succeeding days Jacky kept out of the priester's way. He might offer him more quarters, and you can't expect a little boy to refuse such things all the time, even from a bad man. So whenever he saw Father Foley approaching, he made his escape in another direction. He felt ashamed of himself, and realized there was something not quite right in giving back what a man gives you—so what was the use of making believe you were friends when you were not?

Father Foley had observed the tragedy of the whole affair. He had laughed when the lad brought back the spoils, though he pitied the child and regretted the prejudice of which he was the victim. But he made no further attempt to gain the friendship of Jacky. Mr. Cushing was opposed to him—openly opposed to him—in fact, had aired his views about the inexpediency of allow-

ing a priest to live in the town. But Father Foley was not the man to be disquieted by such treatment. His people loved him. Gradually it became known that the new priest was bettering the town; that he was the foe of vice; ever the first for law and order. The old prejudice began to die away, and many of his most bitter opponents became his admirers.

But one man held to his preconceived notions, and that man was Jacky's father. In his heart he saw the priest as he was—the soul of kindness and honor—but his pride did not suffer him to acknowledge it. He was half ashamed that he had been so brutal with Jacky for having made friends with the priest; but the lad never broached the subject to him, and the incident of the quarter was never recalled.

Jacky, however, had ideas of his own. He could not analyze his thoughts, but he felt sure his father had made a big mistake in calling the priest a bad man. Nobody else called him that. All the little boys in his school were always talking of Father Foley's kindness to them, and if little boys did not know a good man from a bad man, well, Jacky Cushing was sadly lacking in experience. Very often he approached the broken fence—with the intention of renewing his visit—to run the risk of having Nora offer him one of those enticing cookies; but somehow or other, he guessed it was not quite square to his father, and so he refused to commit himself.

For two months he continued this struggle with himself, and then he forgot all about it; but it required no less an event than the approach of Christmas to put him in harmony with the world once more. It couldn't be expected that a boy should worry over anything at such a time, except the things he wanted Santa Claus to bring him; and of course, if a boy was cross and disobedient, old Santa was apt to slip by without noticing him; so it was best to be good and jolly even if a fellow did have to give back nineteen cents out of a quarter. But these days of eager planning were destined to have a shadow cast upon them.

Father Foley was going to have a Christmas tree. The "Irish kids" told Jacky all about it. It was to be a great big tree, not like the little scrubby pine that his father had in the front parlor every Christmas, but a real truly Christmas tree, that had something on it for everybody; and there was going to be a show and singing songs and speaking pieces. For the second time in his life Jacky wished that he could be an "Irish kid," too, and have nice generous priesters and big Christmas trees.

Christmas morning found him again tempted to forget his next-door neighbor, for the joy of a new drum and a horn, and a train of cars and ever so much candy, was balm enough for any wound; but as the day wore on, and the candy was gradually stored away, and the drum and horn and train were put by because they made so much noise, the thought of the big tree made him despise the poor little bush, now robbed of all its fruits, and pitiable in its barrenness.

He sat at the window and watched the snow falling. His father said it was the wildest storm he had ever seen on Christmas. Jacky was half glad. Perhaps it would storm and storm, and then there wouldn't be any Christmas tree, and the "Irish kids" wouldn't be crowing over him because his church didn't have Christmas trees. Why didn't his church have Christmas trees, anyway? He was tempted to ask the question at supper, but he had a clear idea that that was a religious difficulty, and hence dangerous for the priester's reputation; and so he ate his supper in silence, and worried

along the time till the command came for him to go to bed.

But there was no sleep for Jacky. He could see that Christmas tree, big as a house, and high as the elm tree in his front yard, all like a fairyland, with ever so many lights and sparkling things and presents for everybody. He was sure there was a present there for him; that is, if Father Foley saw him there. And why shouldn't Father Foley see him there?

It was a happy thought. If he only could go to the church, and peek in, and *see* the tree, only just for a second; and perhaps he would be invited in and be given his present. Then he would come home and go to bed again, and no one at home would be the wiser.

All the company was in the parlor singing and talking and laughing. No one cared for a little boy,—only to take away his Christmas presents because he made noise with them, and then send him to bed early, away from all the good times. He just wouldn't stand it! It did not take him long to dress. It was rather a testy operation in the dark, but Jacky was never a Beau Brummel, and the fear of looking untidy was scarcely enough to keep him from a Christmas tree. It was risky perhaps to venture out in the storm without his rubbers and heavy coat, but what was the use of asking a mother to find them? She would be so unreasonable as to keep a fellow in and send him back to bed; and so Jacky crept down the back stairs and out into the night.

Hastily he glanced at the priest's house. Perhaps he would meet Father Foley. But the house was all dark; every one was at the church. It was hard on the little legs trudging along in the deep snow, but the goal was in sight, and he soon found himself at the door of the church. There it was! the gorgeous tree! Oh, so large and so beautiful! No one noticed him, so Jacky walked in boldly and took a seat in the last pew, where he remained, eagerly watching the tree and the improvised stage, where the entertainment was going on. He soon forgot that he was an intruder, so interesting was the glorious spectacle, which quite surpassed all his former experiences. All too soon it ended. But then began the most interesting part of the performance—the coming of Santa Claus to distribute his presents. Jacky clapped his hands for joy. He wondered if Father Foley had told Santa about him. But perhaps Father Foley did not like him after he gave back the money? Despite his misgivings, Jacky sat there, and listened to the names of the "Irish kids" being called, and saw them go up to receive a smile and a gift from old Santa. But alas! no John Alexander Curtis Cushing was called. A lump arose in the lad's throat. The priest did not like him any more, and so, while the children were singing the *Adeste Fidelis* to close the evening's performance, Jacky ran out and down the street, angry with the priest, with Santa, and with that old Christmas tree; and there was something like the sob of a child mingling with the moan of the night wind.

. . . . . .

When Father Foley, happy at the success of his first Christmas tree, turned homeward, the snow was still falling. The streets were blocked, and he made his way with difficulty. As he passed the Cushing house, involuntarily he glanced up at Jacky's window.

"Poor Jacky!" he said to himself. "I hope he enjoyed Santa Claus."

Jacky! Was he dreaming? No, it could not be! and yet it was,—it was Jacky lying there at the gate, apparently lifeless! In a moment he had the boy in his arms, and bearing him to the house still brilliantly lighted, he rang the

bell violently. Impatient of the delay, the priest thought it was an age before the door was opened, by Mr. Cushing himself.

"It's Jacky," said Father Foley; "he was lying in the snow, and is nearly frozen."

The father was silent; his heart seemed to stop beating as he beheld his little son in the enemy's arms. Then—"Thank God he is alive," he whispered, brokenly. "I will take him upstairs before I tell his mother. You will come—Father?"

The priest nodded assent and followed to Jacky's room. In a moment his overcoat was off, and he was working over the boy while Mr. Cushing sought his wife. When he returned, Jacky's eyes were open, eagerly taking in the strange scene, while his little brain was trying hard to understand the presence of his father's enemy, the "priester." Later he told them all—his longing for the Christmas tree, his departure, his disappointment, and then the struggle homeward, when he fell at the gate, unable to rise or to call for help.

"You have saved my boy's life, Father," said Mr. Cushing, as he grasped the priest's hand and held it, "and I thank you, and ask you to forgive my—my brutality. Hereafter I hope we will be friends as well as neighbors."

"I hope so," said the priest, "for Jacky and I were always friends."

Jacky could hardly believe his senses. Was he dreaming again? Did he really see his father shaking hands with the priester? And did his father say the priester saved his life? The priester was a good man after all, and little boys were right sometimes. That fact brought more joy to Jacky than if he had received all the Irish Christmas tree.

"Good-night, Jacky," said the priest, turning to go.

"Good-night, priester," said Jacky, "but, say, I suppose you ain't got that nineteen cents I lent you that day."

And Jacky got back his nineteen cents with interest.

THE CHRISTMAS FLIGHT OF OULD AIGLE MORE.

BY HONOR WALSH.

Wisha, Christmas at Killarney, an' me not there to see
The scarlet berries burnin' on the shinin' holly-tree,
The mountains risin' grandly,—old Torc atop of all,—
The heather on the hillside, the haw against the wall!
Yea, Christmas at Killarney, an' the heart o' me as free
As when I plucked the glist'nin' wreaths from off the holly-tree!

They've holly on the pa'ements here, as like Killarney's leaf
As a colleen's like a withered hag,—bad cess from Time, the thief!
Yet the hag was onct a girsha, but these branches dull an' gray
Were never green an' shinin' like the holly far away;
Och, the dwarfed ould Jarsey bushes, ye could strip them on yer knees!
Ah-h-h! to be in far Killarney with the royal holly-trees!

Bad cess from Time, again say I, that steals our youth away,
That puts the money in our fist, but leaves us ould an' gray!
That spoils our dream of goin' home when all seems comin' true;
Ould Aigle More, sure, who'd ye find of all the friends ye knew?
With Con an' Luke an' Mary dead, an' Tom an' Pat asthray,—
Strange faces make an ould man sad the blessed Christmas Day!

I'd like to go, I'd like to go, an' the money's in my purse,—
Eh, the empty homes an' teemin' graves! Could black ould Time do worse?
I'd greatly fear to wander back an' find a lonely place,
An' never clasp a kinsman's hand or meet an ould friend's face;
I'd dread to miss the bloomin' cheeks, the curls I used to know,
Or see their ghosts in wrinkled skin an' scanty locks of snow.

Bad cess from Time! Sure here's myself would fright a colleen sore,—
A bent ould man the sturdy lad that onct was "Aigle" More!
"Aigle" that used to skim Lough Leane, an' climb the Reeks for game;
"Dan More can fly," the ould Earl said; "let 'Aigle' be his name."
Oh the Aigle's Nest, Killarney! an' the Isles an' Lakes below!
An' the wran-boys gatherin' holly in the Christmas long ago!

Ould Aigle More, ould weary child that's lost yer way an' slept
Till on yer slumbers unbeknownst, the years an' changes crept,—
O find the way! go find the way, asleep or wide awake,
An' pluck arbutus in the glen, an' holly in the brake,
Go back, an' be a lad again where all yer world was true,
When mountains led to heaven, an' the lakes held heaven's blue!

Here, snow an' sleet are colder than the hearts of stranger men,
Here, hard frosht grips the country till the April comes again;—
O for holly at Killarney! an' ne'er a bit o' snow,
With the sea-wind blowin' blithely till yer cheeks are all aglow;
Afar from sallow faces an' the clink o' yellow brass,—
O to be at ould Killarney with yer fut upon the grass!

There's Innisfallen in my dreams!—I wondher will I go?
The ould Earl's dead, the young Earl's ould, an' ne'er a lad I'll know.
I'm beckoned, by the hills o' youth, that cannot sthray or die,
An' Gap, an' Bridge, an' Abbey walls, an' Mary's grave near by!
'Tis all my own, Killarney! where, next year, may I be
To pluck an ould man's Christmas wreath from off the holly-tree!

PESSIMI-OPTIMI.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM J. ENNIS, S.J.

O rivers that restlessly run to the sea,
Like the river of Life to Eternity,
By Botolph you flow,
With its crime and its woe,
Where passion and pain
Are the heart's sad refrain,
Where the young and the old
Worship idols of gold,
Where Honesty's cries
Are strangled with lies,
And the wealthy man's food
Is the poor man's drained blood.

Ah, rivers that restlessly run to the sea,
Like the river of Life to Eternity,
With burdens like these do ye greet the strange ships?
Your waters are poisoned with Circean lips.

Weavers of measures and makers of song!
Why weave ye the darkness? Why sing in the night?
Your tongues are envenomed; your souls are in blight.
Sing the great city's sweetness, the great city's light,
To the rivers now rhythmically running along.

Thus, rivers that restlessly run to the sea,
Like the river of Life to Eternity,
Speak a message of comfort to aliens in fears
From the city which weeps for the cities in tears.

BRINGING DOWN WOOD IN WINTER.

CHRISTMAS IN LE VALAIS.

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

We had come to the tiny Alpine village for our summer vacation. Fascinated by the beauty of Le Valais and the patriarchal life of the peasants, we determined to spend a winter in this land of eternal snow. Chancing to speak of a Christmas tree to Reine, our maid-of-all-work, we found, to our amazement, that she had never seen one, and we immediately voted that the village children should no longer remain in such dense ignorance.

"Just think, they have never seen a Christmas tree!" "How lovely it will be to watch them." "Elizabeth is so excited, she wants to send to Paris for the whole outfit!" "We can get the candles and ornaments in Lausanne." "I shall make a hundred cornucopias. I can use white sketching paper and paint them." "Let's get to work this evening."

So it was decided. Every evening we pasted and cut and painted. The artist expended all her ingenuity improvising toys or designing wonderful "creations" for the dolls which we made out of paint rags. Two weeks before Christmas there was a heavy fall of snow. Many of the peasants were unable to cut their way through the huge drifts. For the

BRINGING THE CATTLE DOWN IN THE FALL.

first time since we had come to the village the High Mass on Sunday was not crowded. "It must be very bad on the mountains, if the peasants can't get down for Mass," said the artist. "Reine told me they always came, except when there was danger of an avalanche; that she had often walked down the mountain when the drifts were higher than her head. They might be 'snowed in' all week, but when Sunday came the men would tunnel a path through the drifts and the women would follow—arriving wet and draggled but happy to hear another Mass. I have never lived among such pious peasants. Did you know that many belong to the Third Order of St. Francis?"

"Oh, yes. Even Jean-Louis, our postman. When I went to his house to ask about my trunk* I saw his framed certificate."

"I am not surprised," said Elizabeth, "he looks like one of Perugino's saints."

The brightest, most dazzling sunshine had no effect on the banked-up snowdrifts. As Christmas drew near we were in despair.

"Whoever heard of a Christmas tree without candles," sighed the artist.

"Why not light it with electricity?" suggested Reine. "It is so wonderful, mademoiselle, it does everything for us. Why, only a short time ago we had no light but that given by little wicks dipped in oil. When the summer visitors brought

AGATHE MARIETTAN.

*They send trunks by mail in Switzerland.

WHERE WE HAD OUR CHRISTMAS TREE.

us lamps we thought them marvellous. Suddenly, one of them discovered that our waterfalls would make for us the electric light. Yes, and my sister who keeps the inn has an electric stove and an electric iron. Oh, it is too wonderful!"

"And do you know, Reine, that it was an American, Mr. Edison, who invented all these things?"

"Then will you not thank him for me, when you return to your great country? Tell Monsieur Edison that we poor peasants of Le Valais owe him very much, and that we thank him from our hearts."

"How fortunate that we have electricity in our chalet. Let us make little paper oranges as they do in Paris, each one with a light inside. They will be much prettier than candles."

Next morning we started early to interview the electrician, who lived in the works over by the saw-mill. Jean-Louis drew us on his big sled, and soon we returned in triumph, bearing tools, electrical material, and a protesting electrician. Pierre and Jean-Marie, the brothers of Reine, had already brought our tree down the mountain. Such a beautiful, tall pine! We had to bend the topmost branches even though our living room possessed one of the highest fireplaces in Le Valais. We called it a fireplace, for want of a better name. It was really the entire room which converged like a funnel to an opening in the roof, under which the fire was built. A square board attached to a long pole could be drawn over this opening when it rained or snowed. As it was the only outlet for smoke we did not wonder at the blackened walls in the houses of the peasants. Ours had not been used since the chalet was first rented to "summer people," who demanded an outside chimney, windows to light the living room instead of depending on a door which must be closed in stormy weather, and many other such "luxuries."

By four o'clock on Christmas Eve all was in readiness. From our windows we watched the arriving peasants, their swinging lanterns gleaming like stars, for night had already closed in on the mountain-bound village. They were assembling in the house of Monsieur le Curé, who was to lead them to our door. As the sound of happy voices drew near, we pressed our electric button.

"A miracle! a miracle," shouted the children.

IN LE VALAIS.

And was it not a miracle? In the heart of the Alps, under the shadow of the vast glaciers, and using the great forces which they generated, the mind of man had created light. For a moment, we, too, were overwhelmed by the suddenly revealed beauty of the gleaming tree, then our duties as hostesses brought us back to the practical world, to the children crowding into our little home. Through the open windows the parents on the porches watched them as they received their presents. Disguised as Santa Claus, the artist gave to each some useful article, numbered to correspond with a doll or toy. Our only disappointment was the silence of the little ones. After their first outburst of astonishment, they remained unmoved by our wildest endeavors to awaken their enthusiasm. Except for their low murmured "merci!" as they took their presents, they were absolutely speechless. Nor were their parents much more demonstrative. "It is just their way," said the kind-hearted Curé, when all had departed. "They are too happy, too excited, to talk. Just give them time to recover from their astonishment. Why we will hear of that tree for the next twenty-five years."

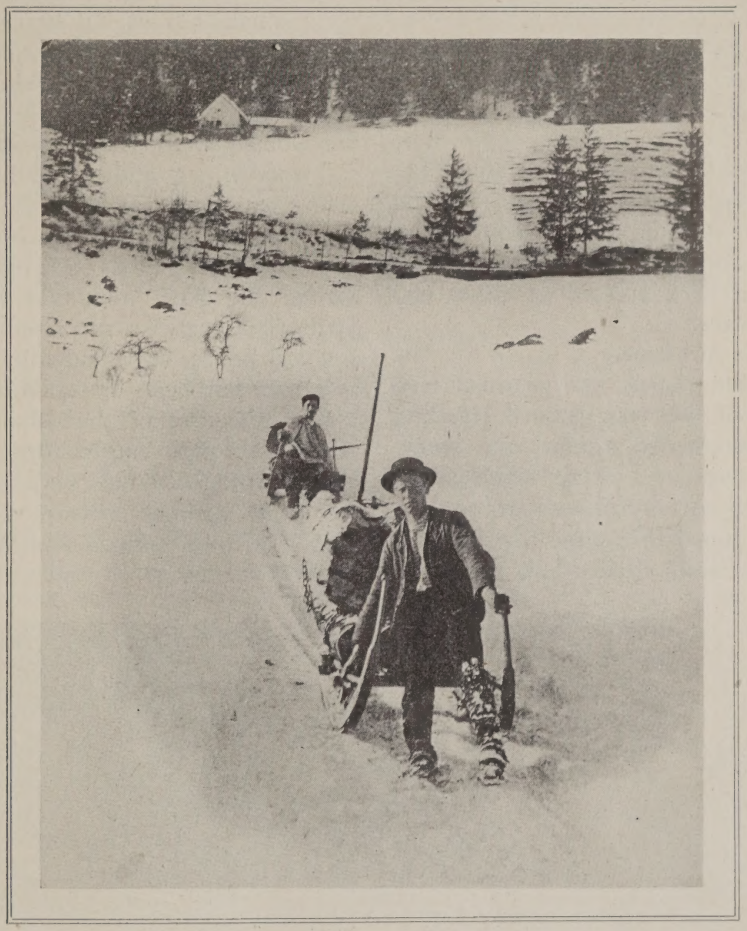
Returning from our Christmas Mass we found Marie Konig in the kitchen. "The tree was so beautiful, mademoiselle, like heaven. And what kindness to our little ones!"

As she was leaving she shyly drew from the folds of her dress three tiny sacred pictures. "They are all that I have—but you will not refuse them?"

Before we could thank her, Rose Perrin came in carrying a little basket. "It is butter that I have just made—perhaps there is none quite so fresh in the village."

All day the peasants came with their simple offerings and loving hearts. How often we had heard them accused of lack of gratitude, by the "summer people." "They never appreciate what we do for them, but simply try to make every possible cent out of us," was an oft-repeated remark. Doubtless the sight of so much wealth did tempt them to gain all that was possible from the rich English and Americans. Money seemed to them a magic wand. Only a few years before it was practically unknown, their entire commerce having been one of barter,—so many cows for a coveted piece of land, a hundred sheep in exchange for a chalet, two large round cheese for a neighbor's chickens. But the cows and

sheep and chickens meant unremitting toil. All these things could now be gained with a few pieces of gold or silver. Small wonder that the rich strangers were regarded as lawful prey. Artists seldom see this side of life; they are regarded by the poor as fellow-workers, and everywhere receive a loving welcome from the peasants. Scarcely a day passed that we were not shown some kindness by those of Le Valais. During the summer we had taken a tiny chalet far up the mountain, Reine and her mother sleeping in the hay-loft in order to give us the two rooms in which they had lived. Very few peasant chalets possess more than two rooms,—a tiny kitchen and a living room. In the latter the beds are built in tiers, the lower ones pulling out like huge bureau drawers. These are filled with hay, which makes a fairly comfortable bed. But as we had written that we would remain several months, Pierre and Jean-Marie had carried springs and mattresses on their backs up the steep mountain, a climb from the village of four hours! Three times a week Jean-Marie appear-



"WE RETURNED IN TRIUMPH WITH A PROTESTING ELECTRICIAN."

ed with a large pack strapped on his back, and great was the rejoicing when it contained letters from our dear America. With plenty of milk, fresh butter and eggs, he easily carried what other provisions we needed. We had no neighbors, the nearest peasant chalet being a climb up or down of more than an hour. Occasionally, tourists, who were ascending the Dent du Midi, stopped with their guides. Otherwise we saw neither English nor Americans until we went down in the early fall. It happened to be the eve of one of their numerous fêtes and the little village was in gala array. The bishop was to come from Lausanne, and triumphal arches of pine boughs had been erected at either end of the one street.

We were awakened at dawn by the unaccustomed noise of passing feet. Looking out we saw the descending peasants silhouetted against the snow-covered mountains, whose white peaks were turning to faintest rose and amber. They all stopped to change their clothes in the queer little chalets built as store-houses for their Sunday costumes. We build out-houses for our animals, but in Le Valais the cows and pigs are kept under the roof of their owners, and what would be our stable is by them dedicated to clothes. Cooking, eating, sleeping in one room the peasants could not keep their clothing fresh and clean in their small houses. Often several of the poorer families unite and erect in common, one of these windowless little chalets. The men then take one room, the women another. Each has his special wooden peg, and can find his clothes in the semi-darkness, the only light coming from the doors which open on the never absent piazzas. When we first visited the high mountain districts of Switzerland we were surprised to find the smallest houses surrounded by these narrow open porches. We soon learned that the architecture of the Alps had been adapted through long centuries of snow-bound winters to the needs of the people. The slanting roofs shed the snow while the huge stones with which they are covered are to prevent the too rapid

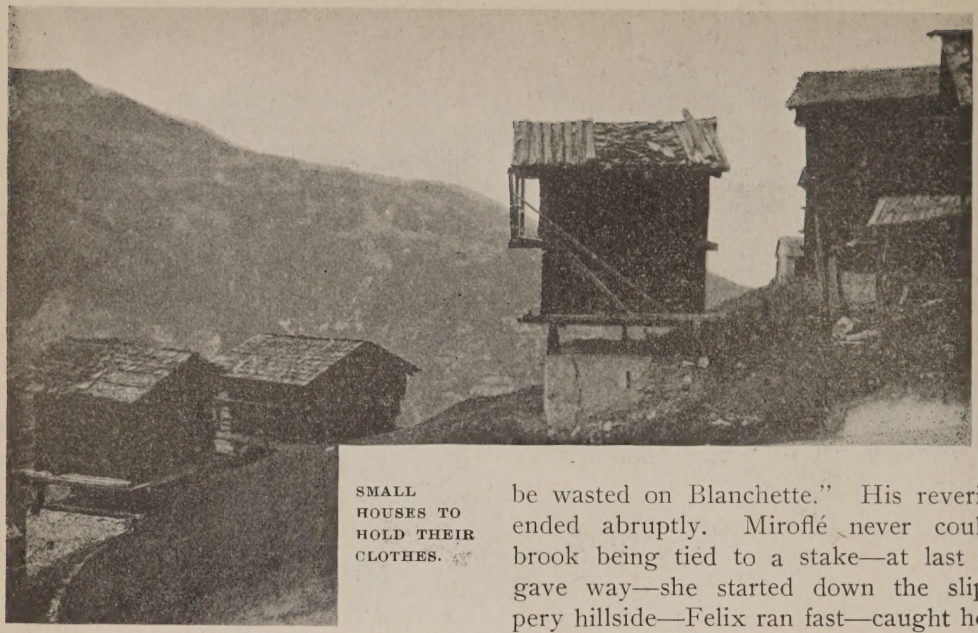
OUR NEAREST NEIGHBOR.

THE ONE STREET OF OUR LITTLE VILLAGE.

sliding of the ice, when it melts in the spring. As the snow often covers their door-ways the animals are kept under the same roof as the family, which also covers the hay-loft. On the upper porches the snow-bound peasants can dry their clothes. Thus one is able to live many weeks in comparative comfort without crossing the threshold of his home.

In this cold white solitude the minds of these simple peasants are uplifted to Him Whose power is revealed in the mighty avalanches and the majestic mountains with snow-covered heights lost in the blue heavens. They inherit the sublime faith of the martyrs whose blood once watered the plains of Le Valais, hundreds of the early Christians having been put to death here by the Emperor Maximien. Tradition says they had been converted by St. Peter, who came from Rome to preach Christ's gospel of love to these mountain people. In 1009 a church was erected in Bourg St. Pierre in commemoration of his visit. That all this region was once a Roman province is proven by the existing ruins of their temples, and by the beautiful Italian type that re-appears in many of the peasants whom we knew.

Felix with his soft black eyes and radiant smile was clearly of that race. So, too, was the little Rosalie who had stolen his heart. It was at the cattle fair that I first suspected his interest in her. When we arrived he was standing beside the young girl, a look of radiant happiness upon his manly face. He had just made a fine sale, four of his cows had been purchased by the rich owner of La Mousse. Rosalie, too, had had good luck, her pretty face was flushed, her eyes glowing. From time to time she turned and patted the cow that she had just sold. "There, there, Blanchette. I will lead thee to thy new home. It is not far off. I will see thee every day. How happy I am, Felix, that father would not sell Blanchette to the Frenchman, though he offered ten francs more. Had he taken her to that far-away home we never could have seen dear old Bosky. I could not stand it, to part with her



SMALL HOUSES TO HOLD THEIR CLOTHES.

forever." Felix gazed at the girl with loving admiration. "How tender-hearted, how lovely is my little Rosalie," said his glance. "If le bon Dieu will but hear my prayer her love will not always be wasted on Blanchette." His reverie ended abruptly. Miroflé never could brook being tied to a stake—at last it gave way—she started down the slippery hillside—Felix ran fast—caught her rope, and returned in triumph with the tugging, struggling Miroflé. Ah, Felix! why did you turn to gaze at Rosalie? A sudden jerk from the enraged cow, and over he went—rolling down and down the muddy incline. Much rain had fallen during the night, and the ascending cattle had made of the roadway a slippery batter. The men ran to his assistance, and Miroflé was securely staked. But, alas! in the dancing eyes of Rosalie the returning lover read no pity for his downfall. Poor, shy, awkward Felix turned crimson beneath her scornful gaze. "How could you have been so cruel, Rosalie?" "But, mademoiselle, it was so funny—Felix was *so* mad, and the old cow so obstinate. Why didn't he pick himself up, instead of rolling around in the mud? Oh, it was *too* ridiculous," and peal upon peal of silvery laughter echoed through our rafters. After all, the little Rosalie's heart is not so very hard. That evening I saw her standing in our garden, Felix's arm about her waist. I saw it quite clearly, for the clouds had lifted and the moon was coming up over the mountains.

ISIDORE, AGED EIGHTY.

It is a wonderful, never to be forgotten

pageant, this moon rising in Le Valais. Scarcely has the crimson after-glow faded from the white heights, when a faint silver light glistens on the frozen snow. Slowly, majestically, in an ether of darkest blue, the moon sails upward flooding our valley with a brilliant white light. In this shining radiance the mysterious splendor of the mountains seems to carry man's heart to God, their Creator. The peasants who live beneath their shadow, who belong to the soul of the Alps, unconsciously become poets in their appreciation and love of their mountain country. "I am nearer to God, mademoiselle," replied an old woman, when I asked her why she lived alone so far from the village. "I can talk to Him better when I am alone with my cows in the high mountains." Yet these people are not lacking in practical commonsense. They possess a most ideal Republic and their government is a true democracy. They believe in progress and manage their worldly affairs in what they consider a very modern spirit.

Isidore, who was almost eighty, had many a hearty laugh over the stupidity of "the mountain people," as the villagers call those who live on the heights. "They never care to progress, nor to see what's going on in the world." "Then, you, Isidore, have seen the world?" "Well, I've walked about a good deal. I've never seen the Lake (Geneva) but I've been to St. Maurice. Once I was invited by Monsieur le Juge to go there on the steam cars. *It wouldn't have cost me one cent.* But I preferred to start at daybreak and walk. I like to see the world, and I am strong for walking, but my head is not steady enough to go on steam cars. I should have vertigo if I went that fast." Isidore and I became great friends and I often think of the dear old man as he looked on the day he came to say farewell. I had invited him to take afternoon tea with us and he had donned his fête-day clothes, a costume handed down by past generations. How proud he looked sitting in our small balcony, and what stories he told us of his early youth when he watched his father's flocks on the mountains—a simple life, but full of charm, of mystery, and of danger. Many are lost in the falling avalanches, the blinding snow storms, the sliding earth which dislodges the rocks from over-hanging ledges.

As in the days of Moses, this patriarchal people follow their flocks from field to field. Early in the spring the cattle must be driven up the mountain. When summer comes they must go still higher, to graze on the rocky hillsides, so steep that you wonder they can cling to the ragged peaks. The entire family goes with them, living in their mountain chalets. "You move *five* times each year?" I asked, in dismay, as visions of furniture carts and dismantled rooms arose before me. "Oh, that's not much trouble," replied the cheerful Elise. "The worst part is moving the chickens. They never want to leave their old home, so we tie them up in bags and carry them on our backs."

"But, your furniture?"

"We don't have what you call furniture in the mountain chalets, mademoiselle. The beds and tables and benches are built in with the rooms. When we leave our chalet at Mettéqui everything is in order, so that when we return in the spring all that we do is to make the beds and set the old clock going—*et voila*—we are quite settled. As for clothes we usually keep one suit in each chalet. In the high mountains we wear trousers, because it is too difficult to work in the cow stable in skirts."

"But that is the men's work, Elise."

"Oh, no, they are too busy in the fields."

"And you women, do you not work in the fields?"

"Yes, of course, but we are up by two o'clock in summer, and have the stables cleaned and the cows milked before we make the fire for breakfast."

"I think the men might at least help with the milking."

"But they never have."

"Then you should tell them it was time that they began."

"I fear that they would only laugh at us and say that was not a man's work," replied the pretty young peasant, who had come down to the village to sell her butter, carrying it in a wicker basket strapped on her back. "If they lived in America they would soon learn to take better care of their wives and mothers."

"It is true that we women work too hard. We never live to be old. That is why many of us refuse to marry."

"You are not afraid of being called old maids?"

At this she laughed merrily. "People try to teaze us and say, 'See the old maids,' but we only laugh and reply, 'Yes, see the old maids.' But you well know that old maids are far better off than those who marry. If le bon Dieu should send a man whom I felt obliged to marry He would be sending me a real misfortune. A woman who is married must work very hard. The richer her husband the more cows she has to milk. And she must care for him and her children as well as the cows. Oh, it would indeed be a misfortune were the dear Lord to send me a husband."

We thought that she was right when we climbed to the house of Agathe Mariéttan and found her cutting hay. In response to the shouts of her seven-year-old boy she came hurrying up the hill, a huge scythe over her shoulder. "And to think that I have nothing in the house to offer you. Almost always we have milk, but to-day, not a drop. Had I but known you were coming I would have bought some tea. You must pay me another visit when I can give you something to eat."

We hastened to assure her that we had our tea and had only come for a little call. "We enjoy talking with you, Agathe, because your life and customs are so different from ours in America."

"And where is that country, mademoiselle?"

"Have you never heard of the United States of America?"

"Yes, but I never knew just where they belonged."

"They belong in a place where the men cut the hay and take care of the cattle."

"But my husband has always been delicate. When we were first married, he hired men for the harvest. We were poor, and I was not accustomed to overseeing help, so I determined to do it all myself. I cut the grass and carried it home on my head; then I milked the cows and cooked the supper; by that time it was ten o'clock and I had to be up by two or half-past."

"How could you live with but four hours' sleep?"

"That was only during the summer. I do the same now when we are harvesting."

"At least you can make up for it in winter by sleeping ten hours."

"Oh, no; for we must spin and weave in winter, besides knitting the stockings. I have no knitting machine and one *must* wear stockings. It is not so hard now that my girls are old enough to help. When the babies first began to come *that* was the hard time. I used to carry them to the fields and lay them on the soft earth while I worked. I have had fourteen children, all born in this room.

But God was good to us, seven He took to Himself."

"Oh, Agathe, how terrible for you to lose seven children."

"But they are in Paradise. Our dear Lord was very good to take them when they were young and innocent."

"Were you not afraid to live so far up the mountain with no doctor near?"

"We have never had any illness, *chére* mademoiselle. My husband is not strong enough to work, but he has never been sick enough to send for the doctor, thank God."

"Did you not have a doctor when the children died?"

"They were babies, mademoiselle. All mothers know what is best for their babies."

Reine had told us of the peasants' prejudice regarding physicians, so I did not pursue the subject.

"It is the animals that cause me most trouble. If they get cold or go without food they die, and that is a terrible loss. If any must go hungry it is my husband and myself, not the animals. Five times each day in winter I feed the pigs and three times the cows. Giroflé and Bouquet are very particular; they will never eat anything cold, so I must keep the fire always on the hearth. Yet I am very happy. I do not object to hard work, it makes the time pass quickly. If le bon Dieu only keeps me well, so that I can work to the end, I shall be content. But we must strive to be content, even when sick, because it is the good God's will. Is it not true, mademoiselle, that whether we are poor or rich, sick or well, if we only accept what He sends we will be happy?"

Their belief that whatever comes to them is sent by God enables these peasants to endure without complaint the hardships of their daily lives. Deeply religious, they possess an abiding joy in the faith handed down to them from the early martyrs of Le Valais. Living close to the most stupendous manifestations of Nature's power, under the shadow of the mighty Alps, their souls join in the mountain's eternal hymn of praise —Sursum Corda!

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF JACK-IN-THE-BOX AND THE RUBBER LADY.

BY MAUD REGAN.

It was to the Rubber Lady it first occurred that the altitude of their present quarters implied a lamentable descent in the social scale.

For a few moments she abandoned herself to the misery of this discovery, her faded blue eyes wandering about the attic for corroborative details which were not far to seek. No curtains screened the windows save those of the spiders' weaving, no pictures pleasantly arrested the attention, no deep luxurious chairs invited to repose; in fact, the inventory of missing comforts would prove so long, it might be simpler to enumerate such furnishings as redeemed the room from utter bareness. These were a couple of unreliable chairs—one of diminutive proportions,—a wash-hand-stand, a deal table, littered with a few books and a confusion of papers, and a low iron bed, on which a man tossed feverishly.

So young a man, you would scarcely have believed the little golden-haired morsel regarding him with troubled brown eyes could really have been his son, save for an extraordinary resemblance, which, despite the ravages of illness in the older face, indubitably proclaimed their relationship.

Her worst forebodings verified by an exhaustive survey of these surroundings, the Rubber Lady arranged her worsted frock, adjusted her hat so that it concealed the tin-encircled orifice whence her "head tones" emanated, and tapped genteelly on the portals which enshrined Jack-in-the-Box.

His precipitate response to such a summons was a shock to which all the years of their friendship had not quite inured her tender sensibilities. It was one of fate's little ironies which Jack deeply deplored, that he, whose instincts were all Chesterfieldian, should be forced to burst upon people in so undignified a fashion, when, as he ruefully explained, "*so* much depended upon first impressions."

The fears which the Rubber Lady communicated to him found prompt confirmation. "True! true!" he exclaimed. "Living so secluded an existence I had not hitherto been conscious of it, but we certainly *do* seem to have come down in the world."

Then, as is the common wont of persons so circumstanced, they fell to contrasting the austerities of their present lot with the luxuries of their former existence, an existence to which their eyes had opened on a certain Christmas—"Let me see—I should say quite twenty-five years ago."

"Hardly so much," rejoined the Rubber Lady, coughing discreetly, "else I should not retain so vivid a recollection of every detail, nor of the room which had a Southern exposure, and was hung with rose-patterned chintz. The carpet resembled moss in color and texture, and there was a leaping grate fire before which two low chairs were drawn very close together, while a most distinguished seeming man conversed in subdued tones with the loveliest woman I have ever seen."

"They spoke low because of the Boy," said Jack-in-the-Box. "That room was his nursery and he lay asleep in the little white bed, with flushed cheeks and tumbled golden curls. A whole row of baby socks were strung across the chimney piece, but they couldn't find a place for us in any of them, and that's how we

came to be outside and saw it all. Realizing the importance of first impressions, they had very wisely left my door ajar, lest my abrupt appearance should startle the Boy and create a prejudice against me which it would be difficult to eradicate."

"Do you recollect," said the Rubber Lady, with the ghost of a blush, "how the man slipped his arm about the girl's waist, and they stole softly to the bedside and stood a long while looking down, with, oh, such pride and tenderness?"

"Perfectly," responded Jack, "and his father's very words as they turned away. "Splendid little chap. He's going to be a credit to us, Edith."

"And do you think he has been?" said the Rubber Lady in troubled accents.

"I am not quite clear on that point. Sometimes I fancy continued pressure on my head is inducing some cerebral affection. I have such odd lapses of memory and certain phases of my existence seem utter blanks. I know that something most unfortunate occurred. It was in the nature of a—a—dear me, what *do* they call it when one marries completely out of one's own sphere?"

"A mésalliance?" she suggested, with a troubled glance at the tossing figure on the bed.

The result of their joint observations being fragmentary at best, it might be well to explain that the small occupant of the chintz-hung nursery was the only child of Richard Everett Fairfax, newly called to the bench of the Supreme Court, at an age unparalleled in the history of that august institution.

Behind him lay a long line of aristocratic Southern traditions, and before—well it had been a question what more fate might offer to one whose wife was well born, beautiful and gentle, whose fortune ample, to whom the friendship of the great came as an inheritance, of the learned as a selection, till the question was answered by the advent of the boy.

At his christening supper some one advised a return to the old-world expedient of sacrificing a most cherished possession by way of peace offering to the jealous fate who looks askance on too much worldly blessedness.

"That Romney portrait of your grandmother, Fairfax," suggested an artist friend, "or your collection of first editions!" "Or your great-aunt's pearls, Edith," came the laughing chorus.

"Any or all," said the young mother, gently, "if only fate will be kind to the boy."

They had named him Ralph, but it was as "the Boy" he came to be exclusively known; "the Boy" with an indescribable inflection of pride, in the father's resonant tones, "the Boy" with a world of tenderness in the mother's low sweet voice; "the Boy" in reverential accents from the family servants—always and everywhere, "the Boy," as though all the world held only him.

Jack-in-the-Box could have told you what wise solicitude hedged his childish days, what traditions of honor were held before him, what standards of scholarship as his years advanced. He could have spoken of the romps they used to hold in the fire-lit dusk, the Boy, and the stately slender woman upon whom her distinguished husband's social world was so insistent in its demands.

But the Rubber Lady would have been more likely to remember just how she wore her coronet of golden braids, and how soft and lustrous were the silks, and filmy and fragrant the laces, which the Boy crushed recklessly and unrebuked in the fervor of his parting embrace.

The judge standing aloof upon the hearth rug would survey the picture with an assumed toleration which veiled an unbounded pride.

"Hostages to fortune, Edith! Who was it wrote that of children? How he understood, how he understood!"

"Dear, sometimes you frighten me when you talk like that," she said, crossing swiftly to his side, and laying an appealing hand on his shoulder. "Don't centre too many hopes on the Boy. He may never be clever, or eminent, or distinguished, in any way. Don't be so proud of him—only try to love him, as I do."

"Why Edith, Edith," he said, stroking her hair softly, "you are fanciful and unlike yourself to-night."

. . . . . .

The Boy was perhaps sixteen when his mother died. He had a morbid horror of all emotional expression, and the aching loneliness which made him cry aloud to the unanswering dark, and clench his hands till nail bit into palm, passed all unguessed. Thus the grief which should have drawn father and son more closely together seemed the first small rift in the lute of their perfect understanding.

"It is strange how quietly he takes his mother's death," said the judge, with a touch of bitterness. "I shall send him to college this fall, and then I shall be more alone than ever—alone in this great echoing house with my work, and my memories."

The habit of solitude fastened upon him during the four years of the Boy's brilliant scholastic career. Old friends finding him abstracted, unresponsive, beneath the unfailing courtesy of his exterior, gradually ceased to invade his seclusion.

The long evenings he gave to study, and gradually came to be regarded as the ultimate authority in all the ramifications of his intricate profession, though it is questionable whether a consciousness of this afforded him any personal gratification.

Work was a narcotic the ache at his heart unceasingly demanded, and the resultant distinction was so much capital on which the Boy perhaps might trade.

"It is something to have a name behind one—the flight will be easier for him than for most fledglings," was his mental estimate of the Boy's opportunities.

He had drifted into the habit of spending his evenings in the old nursery, which Ralph still retained as his own room. His mother's portrait smiled down upon the hearth rug where she had been wont to hear his queer boyish confidences. A huge chest of drawers contained an odd assortment of his treasures—a few old toys, quantities of books representing the different stages of his literary pilgrimage, cricket bats, racquets, gloves, foils, masks.

"He has had pretty nearly everything there is," said the judge whimsically, surveying the incongruous assortment of his son's possessions, a week or two before the Boy was to enter for his "finals" in the law school.

A hundred plans for his future revolved in the father's mind, and as he rejected one for still another more brilliantly promising, his eyes would turn to the smiling eyes in the portrait, as though seeking some message of encouragement or comprehension.

"It's lonely work at best, Edith, lonely work," he sighed, lapsing into a reverie which was broken only by the entrance of a servant with the evening mail.

With the swiftness of long custom he ran through the heap of letters lying upon the tray, making mental notes of their contents,—the invitations he must decline—the picture dealer he must see lest that Morland print pass into other hands,—that firm of eminent lawyers he must interview with reference to the suggested partnership for Ralph—"a truly exceptional opening," the judge commented.

"And now for the Boy!" he said, run-

ning his paper knife through the last bulky envelope, with the twilight of a smile which vanished as he read.

In the few moments consumed by its perusal, the years—those clamorous creditors he had so long defrauded to the wonder and admiration of his associates—demanded and received their usurious toll. He read the letter a second time, carefully, deliberately, the gray shade settling upon his face, the stern lines etching themselves more deeply the while.

Then he rang for the old housekeeper. "Thompson," he said, "I've had bad news of—of Mr. Ralph. Will you pack everything you find here excepting my wife's portrait and send them to—" he wiped his glasses once or twice and referred to the letter in his hand for an address which he presently gave her.

"Everything, sir?" asked the old housekeeper, trembling very much, "such things as these, sir?" her hand falling upon Jack-in-the-Box and the Rubber Lady.

"Everything!" answered the judge, with a little catch in his voice. "And, Thompson—we will—never speak of him again, please."

For the Boy in a single moment had frustrated the plans of a life-time. The Boy had married "the sweetest, truest girl," his letter proclaimed her, but beneath love's young raptures the judge's mind gripped the vital facts. She had been Miss Nobody of No Where, and the Boy was his only son.

He stood a moment on the hearth rug, his whole figure drooping eloquently, his hands nervously twisting the toys which the old housekeeper had laid on the mantel shelf as she left him.

"So nature deals with us, and takes away our playthings one by one." From some dim corner of memory the words came to him—"takes away—our playthings one—by—one," he said with a lingering glance at his wife's portrait, as he passed from the Boy's empty room.

Jack-in-the-Box and the Rubber Lady could have told you much of the half-dozen years which had elapsed since that bitter day. They had huddled together for comfort amid those alien surroundings in which the Boy, with head held high, and chin that quivered childishly, had read the cold courteous phrases in which his father repudiated him.

"I was unfortunate in not winning your confidence." "For all my reputed astuteness I was a ready dupe." Such sentences cut like whip lashes, their keenest sting lying perhaps in the fact that there was not one word the Boy could challenge as unjust.

"I understand it is to the daughter of your landlady you have chosen to give your mother's name. Of her I say nothing. She is your wife and therefore safe against my criticism."

Her husband's world had not been so reticent, characterizing her conduct as "mercenary" and "designing," and by all the harsh words the world applies to a Beggar Maid who aspires to King Cophetua. But in her case they were unmerited, as she explained to the Boy three years later, when Dickie was just beginning to take an intelligent interest in the sorties of Jack-in-the-Box, and whisper tender speeches in the enraptured ear of the Rubber Lady. The girl and boy who were his parents had already learned many things of him. The Boy was beginning to stretch out hands of comprehension to that other father in the chintz-hung nursery who used to build such splendid plans for his own future, and the girl to realize with a pang how much more smoothly life might have run for Dickie if he had had a different mother.

Without funds, or the weight of paternal influence, there had been no opening for the Boy in his chosen profession, and,

in an age where every one specializes, small demand for his unskilled labor in other fields. And so, drifting from one ill-paid clerkship to another, he had found the last three years beset by worries of whose very existence he had not hitherto known.

His harassed young face had been a mute reproach to the girl, and when she fell ill of typhoid it seemed to her Heaven was opening a way of escape from the perplexities in which she had involved the two she best loved. But that he should think as she, was a drop of bitterness her cup was spared.

"Ralph," she said once, "when we married I was too young to realize all you were sacrificing for me. It was only after Dickie came I began to understand. Are you sure, dear, you've never been sorry?"

If the Boy was certain of anything, it was of that, and the knowledge made her so happy that when the doctor confirmed her own forebodings she only said to her husband:

"Lots and lots of people live to be very old and never have half such happiness as I've known. Our three years together have been beautiful. Perhaps God fitted all my good times into them, so that I should have had my share when He took me, to make things easier for you and Dickie. He is just *your* boy. There isn't the least trace in him that could remind people of his mother," she said, with a triumph wholly pitiful, and then she turned her face away, that she might not see him playing with the Rubber Lady, and be torn by a wild regret for the happiness she might not hold.

. . . . . .

During those months, when the world stretched before the Boy one vast desolation, whatever there lingered in the child's mind of mother-memory was gradually effaced.

Sturdy, resourceful, sunny, he had come to five years on the December day when the Rubber Lady confided to Jack-in-the-Box her fears that affairs were reaching a climax. For she had seen him come and go latterly on errands strange to one of his name.

One by one the treasures had been abstracted from the chest which was part of a golden past, concerning which his father was so reticent, and borne to an adjacent pawn-shop, where Dickie was receiving his first business training. He was also versed in small sordid details which had not intruded themselves on the Boy's childhood—that the rent, for example, was an item for which one provided by rigid economy in the matter of light and coals.

Sometimes he would confide his perplexities on this score to Jack-in-the-Box, who, being himself a householder, might be expected to hold sound views. He particularly felt the need of a confidant when his father fell ill and lost interest in such matters.

It was a curious illness. One day he would insist upon rising and donning his thin great coat, and dash off to the mysterious office, and the next would lie with burning brow and chattering teeth, listlessly following the child's movements with eyes unnaturally bright. And at these times, even to Dickie's inexperience, a doctor seemed desirable. But his father waved the suggestion aside, "Doctors are luxuries for the rich, Dickie lad! They tell you to take wines and jellies and not to worry. Not to worry!" and he laughed unmusically.

The child lapsed into serious thought. So it was wines and jellies that made folk well! He knew a grocery store where such things were to be had for a consideration. It had a big plate-glass window—a very beguiling holly-trimmed, orange-piled window, where an evergreen tree bearing a magic fruitage of tinsel balls and brilliant candles had

sprung up gourd-like in a night. And he knew a Tom Tiddler's ground where money was to be found,—three golden balls swung over its portal. He feared he would need a great deal of money this time, more than he had ever had before, and his little forehead was anxiously crinkled in an effort to fit together the various bits of the puzzle.

Suddenly his eyes fell upon Jack-in-the-Box and he gave such a gasp as the little prince may have done in the tower when he besought, "Oh, Hubert, not mine eyes!" For a very terrible sacrifice had suggested itself, before which even his stout heart quailed.

Well might the Rubber Lady quiver with apprehension, since never in all her genteel existence had she dreamed of ending her days among the heterogeneous society of a pawn-shop window.

"I love you better than anything in the world 'cept father," said Dickie, soberly, "but I'm 'fraid I'll have to sell you."

He sadly shut Jack's door, pressed a fervent kiss on the cheek of the Rubbber Lady, and with wet eyes and drooping lips, stole downstairs and out into the street, where sleighs dashed madly to and fro to a tinkling accompaniment of bells, where postmen bent beneath the weight of holiday mail, and jests were bandied and greetings flung.

"Why, it's Christmas time," said the Rubber Lady breathlessly.

"Makes me feel like a boy again," called Jack, gaily; "I believe every toy feels young at Christmas, just like the old trees do in the springtime when the sap begins to run."

But however young they may have felt, to the sordid eyes of the second-hand man they seemed hopelessly old fashioned and undesirable.

"Couldn't give you a cent a cart-load for 'em, youngster. No demand for 'em at all. Folks comes here to buy queer things, cracked cups and old candlesticks and brass preservin' kettles for jardineers —but land, these things ud be takin' up room on my shelves forever."

For one moment the child in his small way felt as Abraham may have done when his sacrificial hand was arrested. The next, he remembered the grocer's window, and yielded to despair. "Oh, if he'd only left my lid open, first impressions are so important," moaned Jack, who had thrown himself into the breach with the loyalty of an old retainer.

But the Rubber Lady had swooned away. "Out of the way, young 'un!" called the second-hand dealer, not unkindly. A "carriage customer" was entering the shop, a tall broad-shouldered elderly man, slightly stooping, with grizzled mustache, and eyes that were very blue and piercing behind their gold-rimmed glasses. He was clad from neck to heel in a fur-lined, fur-trimmed ulster, and the shop-keeper's practiced eye recognized him for the type of customer that buys old calf-bound books and yellowing engravings at one's own valuation.

"Out of the way, young 'un!" but the warning came too late, for Dickie, with the courage of despair, was offering this dignified personage his own despised and rejected wares.

"I'm sure if you have a little boy he'd like them, sir. They're not the least bit broken, I've always taken such care of them. And they're very di-vert-ing." Dickie brought out the big word rather uncertainly, and stood looking up with expectant eyes.

Meanwhile the revived Rubber Lady was guilty for the first and only time in her existence of a lapse in manners. She nudged Jack-in-the-Box wildly.

"Why it's he!" she exclaimed, incoherent with excitement, "older of course, but *surely* you remember—the gentleman from the rose-patterned nursery."

The old man stood, bewildered, gazing upon this golden-haired vision from the long ago that looked up at him with the Boy's very eyes.

"What is your name, little man?" he said at last, huskily.

"Dickie—I mean Richard Everett Fairfax. It seems a big name," said the child, apologetically, "but father called me that after the best man he ever knew, and he says if I try hard I may grow up to it."

"Where does father live?" pursued the old man unsteadily. "We may have things to say to each other."

"It isn't far, but we don't see much company," said the child, courteously. "Father's ill. That's why I'm trying to sell Jack and my Rubber Lady. He said he should have wines and jellies, and then he laughed. P'raps you're some one from the office?" concluded Dickie wistfully.

To the lasting indignation of the second-hand man, the "carriage customer" turned abruptly, and taking Dickie's hand, crossed his threshold and stepped into the waiting sleigh without even glancing at his wares. The soft rugs, the rapid motion, the sleek horses—Dickie's first taste of luxury went to his head like wine, but being a quiet little fellow he made no outcry, only hugged close his recovered treasures and shut his eyes to guard against waking up. "It's quite a climb, sir," he said civilly when the dream was over, and they stood at the foot of the long ascent.

But the old foot was first on the stair, and it was the old man who flung wide the attic door and stood a moment noting each sordid detail, through a gathering mist.

The haggard young face upon the pillows looked at him apathetically. So many shapes crowded around his bed, he was weary counting them.

But this one drew nearer, nearer, passed a strong arm behind his shoulder, and whispered brokenly an old forgotten name—only that once, and again, "My Boy." Then he knew it all was real. "Dad! oh dad!" he cried weakly, and in the momentary selfishness of a great joy even Dickie was forgotten. So he stole away to explain matters to Jack-in-the-Box and the Rubber Lady who understood so much better than he.

"We will go back to the rose-patterned nursery," said the Rubber Lady.

"We will begin life afresh!" said Jack-in-the-Box stoutly.

And because, to the weakened Boy, the effort seemed scarcely worth while, the Judge called to him the tiny child with the big name he must worthily "grow up to." "When one has given such a hostage to fortune," he said proudly, "it would be a coward's part to sink out of the fight."

A FASHION ARTIST'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

"Hurrah, it's Christmas Eve! Three hours more, and we shall say goodby to the 'fashion ladies!' Then, fun, frolic, and all manner of good things!"

The voice of Miss Grieg, the little, "head-artist," from the West, rang out with a lilting note, her bright eyes sparkled, and she forgot the drudgery of her work.

Drudgery indeed it was for a Paris student who had had a picture in the Salon, to be sitting here painting heads on costume figures at so much apiece. But, neither to this young, hard-luck heroine, nor the other artists in the busy studio of the "*Haut-Ton* Fashion Company," was the monotony of the work quite so irksome as usual this afternoon.

Gay they always were, with the light-hearted comradeship of Bohemia which makes the most of its joys and accepts its trials with a cheerful philosophy. But to-day, one might fancy that the helpful Christmas elves had invaded the long room, so deftly swept the pencils of the sketchers, the pens of the finishers, the brushes of the colorists. A special spirit of good-will was in the air, and many merry words were bandied back and forth.

Long ago, the red-faced German foreman had abandoned any attempt to enforce a rule of silence. Work; unceasing work; that is all he insisted upon now.

Perhaps no more cosmopolitan workroom than this or a more heterogeneous band of workers could be found, even in the great cosmopolitan city of New York to which, in the season, each day brings ship-loads of new citizens from all parts of the world.

"Yes, eet is ze Christmas Eve," repeated Giovanni Ferrucci, who among his fellows shone by reflected light as the friend of a great tenor, and the husband of a soprano of the Metropolitan Opera. "In Rome, my ceety, on this night, the pifferari or shepherds come down from ze Abbruzzi mountains into ze streets, singing, in a carol taught from generation to generation among them, the story of the first Christmas among the hills of Palestine."

"I once spent a Christmas in England," said the little "head-artist." "At the country-house where I had the fortune to be staying, the festivities were carried out in the traditional manner. We had the mummers, the Lord of Misrule, the Yule Log, the mistletoe,—"

"The legend of the mistletoe comes from Scandinavia where a sprig of the plant is supposed to protect the wearer from all harm," interrupted Miss Nordstrom, a native of far-off Norway.

"In Russia, after the veneration of the icons, the peasants spend the time in drinking and quarrelling," said Ivan, a boy from Lithuania.

"Ah, Dresden is the place to spend Christmas," interposed the stout foreman, forgetting his pompous dignity in the joy of reminiscence. "There is nothing like the merriness of the Christmas market after the mid-night service. That is the land of Knecht Ruppert, of Peknichol who punishes the unworthy, of the legend of the Krist-Kindlein, the Christ Child Who comes through the forest bearing upon His shoulders the Christmas Tree laden with gifts."

In the chatter and badinage that thus went on, almost without interruption, one young woman alone took no part. Neat, even to primness, pale from too much in-door application, but clear-eyed

and self-contained, Lucia Corliss steadily continued "making faces," this being her specialty. Noticing her pre-occupation, one of the workers cried suddenly, —"Why, Miss Corliss, while we have been chattering like magpies, you have not spoken a word! How do you spend Christmas down in Maine?"

The girl raised her head.

"Oh, we gather around the hearth-fire and tell stories, or have a dance, or go sleighing," she replied, without animation and, the next moment, setting her lips in a resolute expression, bent over her drawing again.

The long afternoon came to an end at last. Cordial Christmas wishes and friendly little tokens of remembrance flew to and fro in the studio as blithely as the sparrows in the Square outside.

The fair-haired Norwegian exile of fortune presented her nearest neighbors with tiny, daintily-painted aquarelles of scenes in her own country; the Salon artist followed up this festive example with views of the Forest of Fontainebleu; the little Jewess, as eager as any to have part in the social observance of the season, produced small souvenirs for her companions, and even the comparative stranger, who appeared so absorbed in her own affairs, had not forgotten that the spirit of Christmas is the spirit of thoughtfulness for others.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" The joyful words fell thick as the snow-flakes around Miss Corliss and her friend, Helen Van Wyck, as they came down the stairs and, anon, were lost in the vortex of the Broadway crowd.

For a minute or two they pushed on, intent only upon making their way. But when, having escaped from a net-work of trolley-tracks, they started across the Square, Helen exclaimed in the exuberance of her happiness: "You know my romance, Lucia. I can hardly realize that in six weeks I am to be married. Jack says he will be more than content if I meet him at the altar in calico, but I am going to have the ideal bridal gown, white satin, with illusion, orange blossoms and all, and I shall be all the better satisfied because I have earned it myself."

"I congratulate you, dear."

The tone was sincere but a trifle absent.

Helen turned a quick glance upon the girl beside her.

"Lucia, you are homesick," she said.

They were now in the middle of the open space which represents the heart of literary and musical, as well as of prosperous, gay New York. The dusk had already fallen. The trees, which had been golden and russet when Lucia saw them first, were hung with Christmas wreaths of snow; the Lafayette statue had a new mantle, spotless as Bayard's shield, and the lawns of withered grass had become a white expanse that shone like silver where the rays of the arc lights fell upon it.

"You will admit this is not a cheerful holiday greeting," hesitatingly remarked Lucia, with a sudden yearning for sympathy.

Pausing under one of the lights, while hundreds of men and women hurrying home from work passed upon the walk, Helen read the letter thrust into her hand.

"Dear Child:—

"Your mother will not tell you, so I must. She has been ailing for some time. If she remains here all winter the consequences will, I fear, be serious. She tells me she cannot afford to go away, but I hear you are succeeding in New York and making money. Send for your mother and take her south.

The change to a milder air is necessary to restore her health. Always your friend, dear Lucia,

"WILLIAM FAIRBANKS."

"Dr. Fairbanks has been our physician for years, and he knows mother's constitution," explained the girl.

She drew a hand across her cheek as if brushing off a snow-flake, but it was a tear she wiped away.

Helen Van Wyck knew only too well that the success of a "maker of faces" for the *"Haut-Ton* Fashion Company" would warrant no such roseate plan as the old doctor proposed. But she was resourceful.

"Why should not Lucia take her mother to the mild climate of Washington? There, a government position was to be had for the asking, according to her point of view. Anyhow, Jack knew a Congressman and several men prominent in politics, and he would be ready to do what he could to secure it for her."

The argument of hope is the best of all. Under the spell of this definite project her listener's spirits rose.

"Jack says, 'the armor of cheerfulness is a great help in conquering difficulties,'" continued Helen, as the friends reached the street corner where their ways parted. "Well, good-night, dear. Perhaps, after all, to-morrow may bring you some unexpected happiness, so I wish you, again, 'A joyful Christmas.'"

With a nod and a smile, she went on, along the "White Mile of Broadway" which by night, ablaze with myriad electric lamps and signs, is, even when the skies are darkest, as light as in the day.

Lucia turned down a side street. The air was filled with a fine sleet but, as she walked on, her thoughts dwelt, for a moment, upon the time when she had come to the city.

Again it was a September day, and, out of the noise, the glare, the ever-hastening crowds of the great thoroughfare, she stepped into an office building and, upon the wall-directory found the address of the Fashion Company. An elevator-trip skyward brought her to an interview with the manager, who sent her down to the work-room.

"Ach himmel! Anodder what knows noddings," cried the rubicund foreman, as he set her to work. "See what you can do with this lay-out, but do not spoil the plate."

The girl's artist soul rebelled as she slipped into the chair assigned her. But artist-souls are at a discount in the battle for bread.

Ferrucci, the swart little Italian who sat near her, thrusting his head forward like a crow, said pleasantly,—pointing to the card-board sheet of "fashion ladies" which she was supposed to endow with individuality,—"Nevair mind ze drawing, but make zem chic."

Then, with a kindly wish to banish her sense of strangeness, he proceeded to acquaint her with the personalities of some of the workers.

"And who is that pretty girl over there," she asked.

"Oh, zat is Mees Van Wyck, ze best paid of ze sketchers. Eet is said she work for ze plaizure; but me, I find eet imposseeble zat one find ze plaizure in work," he replied, with Latin indolence.

The beauty of the September day seemed at its best on that first evening as Lucia went out across the Square. A breeze swept through the long side-streets from river to river; in the western sky cloud-ships of violet and flame-color sailed upon a beryl sea, and in one of them her heart sailed away to a little town in Maine, to home and mother.

Yet, in reality, a cloud had arisen between that home and her. An estrange-

ment had come between Lucia and the loving yet Puritanical mother who, denying to the girl the liberty of thought for which the Pilgrims crossed the seas, could not reconcile herself to the step her daughter had taken. For, six months earlier, Lucia had embraced the faith which was that of her forefathers, long before the days of the Puritans.

From this time, at home she met with a friction unknown before; her very presence seemed to cause unhappiness to the widowed mother whose only child she was, whose solace she had hitherto been.

So, with a modest confidence in her artistic talent and a degree of training, Lucia had come to New York, the Mecca of so many who would achieve independence.

Of these things she was thinking, while looking on the autumn sunset, when a voice at her elbow said,—

"Since we are going the same way we may as well walk home together."

"I have not any home. I board," she answered, turning about, to find herself looking into the brown eyes of Helen Van Wyck.

Helen laughed.

"So do I," she said. "I have no one in the world but an aunt and Jack. My brother? No, he's my *fiance,* but we will speak of him another time."

They had been friends from that hour. But, it is one thing to cherish and another to really know a friend.

The cheery Helen sometimes seemed, to the sterner nature of the daughter of New England, almost frivolous; even though Lucia soon learned that "the best paid of the sketchers" worked many long hours a day, not "for the pleasure of it," but to provide the simple outfit with which she was to begin her new life, her one extravagant item being that in which, as in the mirror of the future, she saw herself a bride decked out in all a bride's conventional loveliness.

"Helen is like a butterfly caught in a net," her friend often thought, "or like one of the little birds of gay plumage the gypsy-woman on the street-corner has tamed to tell fortunes. You admire their industry in pulling out the cards, or drawing up the strings of the diminutive buckets of grain and water in their cages, but you feel all the time that they cannot take life seriously."

Now, on this Christmas Eve, continuing on her way, Lucia came to the church above whose wide doorway stands the statue of a Great Missionary, holding aloft the Cross as a summons to the pressing crowds upon the pavement to pause and heed, even as more than three centuries ago he delivered the Message of Christmas and the Christ-Child to the multitudes of darkest India.

Lucia entered the church and spent a short time in preparation for the morrow.

Half an hour later, as she turned toward her boarding-house, she was in the centre of the shopping district of the masses. At one corner a Santa-Claus of the Volunteers of America, pointing to his cardboard chimney, asked a few pennies for the homeless poor; at another a Salvation Army lassie rang a bell vigorously to attract attention to an iron kettle hanging from a crane, while in a sweet, tired voice she pleaded with prosperous humanity to feed thirty thousand of the "unemployed" who would otherwise go hungry on Christmas Day.

What need to go to Dresden for the Christmas Market? Was not the present scene like a Holiday Fair of All Nations? At the booths that lined the curb olive-skinned Italians sold holly and mistletoe; stout Germans paraded up and down, inveighing the passers-by into purchasing the mechanical toys that fascinate children; Portuguese sold chest-

nuts and oranges. French waffle venders cried their wares; Russian Jews offered for sale the tinsel ornaments for Christmas trees; blind men, pathetic reminders that life had its sorrows even in holiday time, peddled pencils and shoe-strings.

Lucia was not so hardened to this latter familiar spectacle that she could pass them by to-night.

At the boarding-house, the cheerless dinner was soon over. The majority of the boarders had gone to spend Christmas with friends and relatives. When Lucia returned to her narrow, hall room, she turned out the gas that she might not see its dreariness.

She had sent her mother a pretty gift. Would word come to tell her at least that it was received? Her weekly letters had remained unanswered. Thanksgiving, still the great day of reunion in many parts of New England, the time for the adjusting of family differences, had gone by without a response to her affectionate overtures. She must find some way to heal the breach and to earn the means to carry out the injunctions of the old physician. And, yet, she must still unwaveringly follow *the Magi-star of conscience.*

This was to be, in a manner, Lucia's first Christmas at Bethlehem; her first Christmas in "the House of the Breaking of Bread."

No public Midnight Mass was to be said at the Church of the "Apostle of the Indies," but before dawn, there would be the lovely "Mass of the Angels."

The thought of it was like balm to the tear-stained eyelids of the lonely girl as, an hour later, she fell asleep.

When Lucia awoke it was yet dark. From afar off came to her ears the noises of the great city that never rests, the whirr of the trolley cars, the rumble of the elevated trains.

Kneeling by the window she pressed her face against the pane. The skies were still lowering, but the electric lamps made the walks quite light, and the unbroken wall of brown stone opposite looked like a row of shadow-houses. The snow covered the ground like a carpet spread for the coming of a royal guest, and many people were abroad.

As she prepared to join this early throng, from the tower of a church not far distant rang out a voice—the voice of the Christmas chimes. Her heart leaped with gladness.

"Glory to God," sang the bells, as once the morning stars sang together,—"Glory to God,—and on Earth,—Peace."

Above the turmoil, the wealth and poverty, the sin and strife, the goodness and charity of the great city, as of old above the Judean hills, the air was vibrant with the blessed Message of Christmas Day—the message of gladness and mutual helpfulness and grateful love.

Later in the forenoon, the young artist from New England was summoned to the hall of the boarding-house to receipt for a package brought by a district telegraph boy.

Having dismissed him with the expected "tip," she carried the package to her room and tore off the wrapper. It inclosed a popular book of the season and a few words from Helen Van Wyck.

In some mystification she read the note.

"Dear Heart:—To-morrow, Jack will begin to make inquiries about the Washington position. Please accept, now, this little remembrance with its illustrations. It makes my Christmas incomparably happy to know that you can take your mother to a milder climate without delay, and thus her precious life may be prolonged.

"From one who has no mother but loves You and Yours."

Lucia opened the book. The illustrations were three, crisp, new fifty dollar notes—laid between the leaves.

Overcome with surprise and emotion, she sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

When she raised her head her eyes still glistened, but through the tears shone the peace of one whose burden is lightened.

Pride and a sturdy self-respect would not permit the acceptance of the sum outright, even though it was so delicately pressed upon her. Yet she would take it as a loan, for what it offered was precious. But, notwithstanding that she would at some time not far distant, she hoped, return facsimiles of these *illustrations,* she felt that she had received a Christmas gift—that was indeed a proof of the love of a friend.

More than this, she understood. Ah, yes, in a flash of comprehension, she divined that in the early dawn, at the "Mass of the Angels" as truly as any bride of the cloister or bride of earth ever dedicated her shimmering satins or rich brocades to the service of the altar, Helen Van Wyck had offered to the Christ of Bethlehem the sacrifice of her bridal splendor and a girl's cherished day-dream; that on her wedding morning she would go to her young husband simply adorned but nobler that if attired as a queen.

Yet she must be happy to-day, as happy as was Lucia when, well on in the afternoon, there came to her from a little town "Way down in Maine," a telegram that said,

"God bless my daughter and grant her a glad Christmas."

CHRISTMAS.

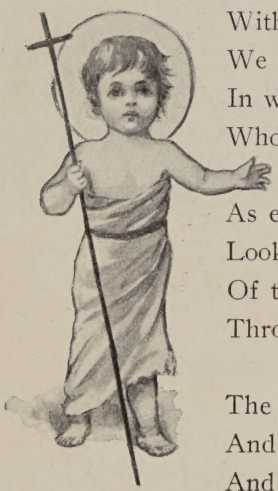
BY MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

Love's in the air,
Love's on the tongue,
Love's in the heart,
And all are young.

Love rings the bell,
Tinsels the sod;
And lost in Love
Earth findeth God.

The Legend of the Holly

BY HELEN HUGHES.



With flower and wreath and taper
We made the old church gay,
In welcome to the Christ Child
Who came on Christmas Day.

As evening closed, the altars
Looked fair in the rosy light
Of the lamp that keeps the vigil
Through the solemn hours of night.

The long aisles lay in shadow,
And the last light foot had flown,
And just for a precious moment
I knelt in the dusk alone.

The roses breathed a perfume,
Like incense on the air,
And the green and red of the holly
Stood out like words of prayer.

And then, like a strain of music,
Came a legend back to me
From the misty land of childhood—
The tale of the holly tree.

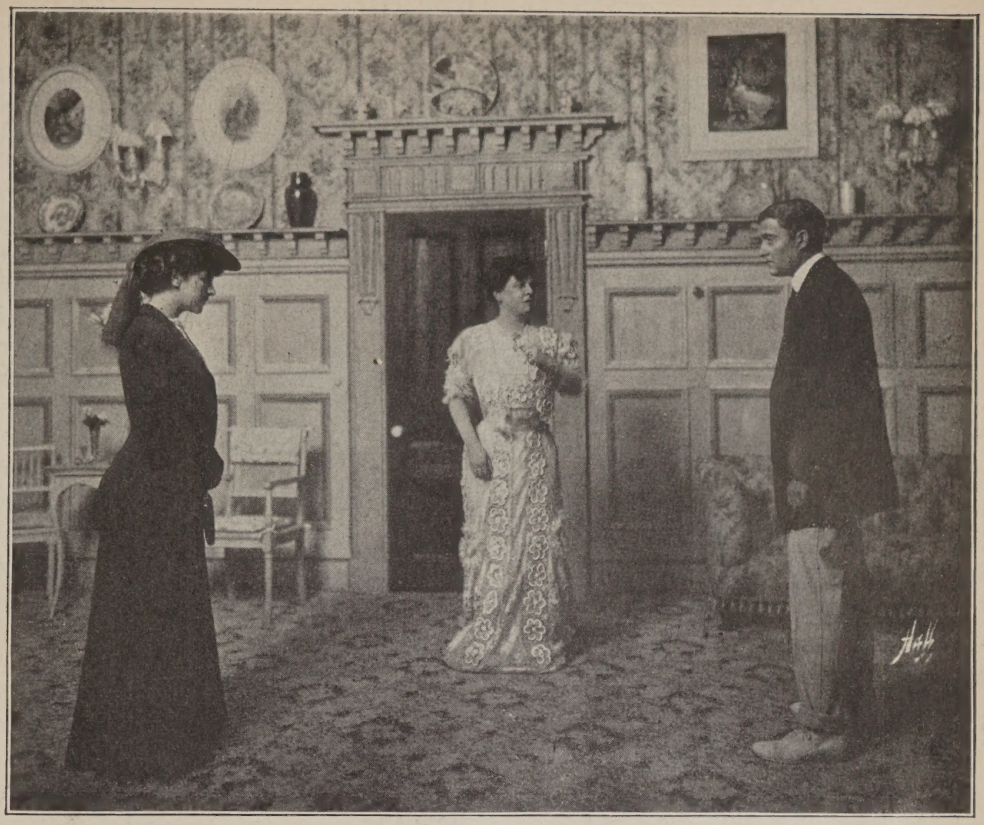
'Tis said when Joseph and Mary
Were fleeing with the Child,
From the wrath of cruel Herod,
O'er the desert, waste and wild,

From the soldiers quick pursuing
They hid 'neath a holly tree,
And it spread its harsh, dry branches
And brown leaves lovingly

Over the helpless wanderers
And close round the little Child,
And the soldiers passed, unseeing,
Away o'er the desert wild.

Then the gentle Mother, Mary,
Prayed to her Child that He
Would give—for its kindly shelter—
A gift to the holly tree.

And lo! its dusty foliage
Was turned to richest green,
And the berries gleamed like rubies
The glossy leaves between!



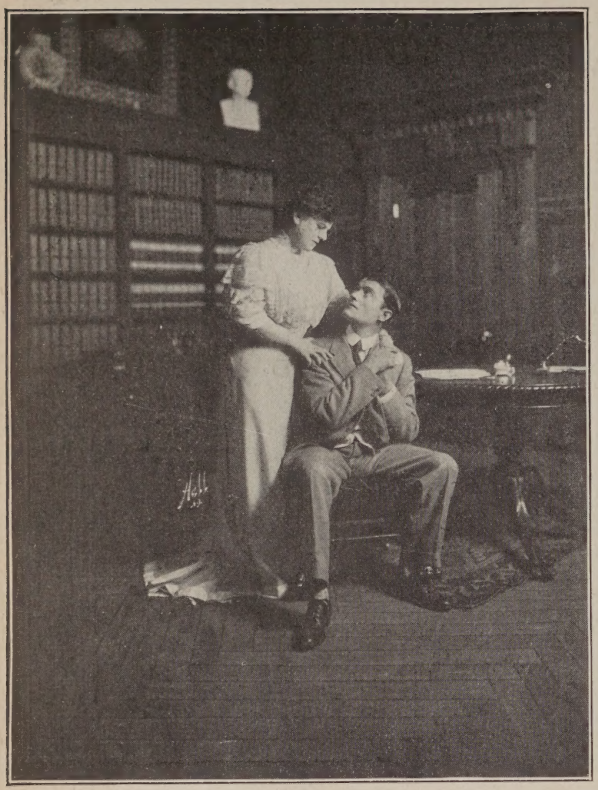
Doris Kaye. Jessie Millward. Richard Bennett.

SCENE FROM "THE HYPOCRITES."

THREE ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

This is the condition to which Charles Frohman has brought himself, and other managers have helped, that the plays in ten of our leading theatres are of English manufacture, and that the English invasion of our stage was never so pronounced as this season. The pursuit of success, or of the dollar, or of high profit, should bear the blame. The contention of the managers, that it is so easy to translate English successes to the American stage, is highly commercial, but not patriotic, not complimentary to managerial industry, cleverness and power. If any American dramatist had written Pinero's *His House in Order*, he would never have got it presented; readers would never have gone beyond the first act. If Clyde Fitch or Augustus Thomas had offered *The Hypocrites*, by Henry Arthur Jones, he would have been strongly advised to take a vacation until his talents returned. If Bishop Potter had written the *Cæsar and Cleopatra* of George Bernard Shaw, and had put up the money for a month's run on Broadway, he would have been turned down and out as a fool. They are all delightful plays, but not strictly in the American way. It is the severest comment on our managers, and on the condition generally, that no American dramatist could



Jessie Millward. Richard Bennett.

"THE HYPOCRITES."

get accepted by our managers, or our public, plays of their grade of interest and merit.

One can imagine the expression on the face of a Frohman play reader on first seeing the title of Shaw's latest play, *Cæsar and Cleopatra;* what quips he would utter about Mark Antony and young Octavius; and how he would air his history touching the age of the Roman and the Egyptian. His verdict would be emphatically that no audience would listen to it. Yet audiences listen to it with considerable pleasure, and critics have found much to admire in the singular play. It is English, you know. But if with our managers the English may write what they please, and the Americans may not, there is an end to any chance for an American drama. Fortunately some managers are without the means and the opportunity to indulge in English drama purely. They must buy in the home market. In consequence, this season the American output has made a better showing, artistically and financially, than the English, of which I shall speak at a later date, when results are better known. To classical readers Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra* is the funniest thing that has ever reached this town. No one ever thought of the two names in conjunction, as they do not specially suggest romance. Cæsar was fifty and bald when he took over Egypt and gave Cleopatra her chance for fame. With the poets and dramatists and writers the theme has always been Antony and Cleopatra, as exemplars of great passion and awful tragedy; Antony the fool that threw an empire away for Cleopatra, and Cleopatra the fool that permitted him to do it.

Cæsar was the true great man, and Antony his clown, the one a brute and the other a sage. Only a nature like Cæsar's would know deep feeling, yet the romancers would not use him as the symbol of feeling. The cynical nature of Shaw deliberately employed the symbol rejected by the average writer, and he flings it scornfully at the world in the theme of the play. It is worth the reading, this sarcastic, humorous, half-pathetic drama of real life. Shaw laughs at everything in the world through its lines. He is the true scoffer, an utter ignoramus in philosophy and religion, and as blatant on these subjects as the noted American Ingersoll. He would make a good modern Voltaire if he had a mind. The first act of this play opens in the palace of

Cleopatra in some place of exile on the borders of Syria. News comes that Cæsar has just invaded Egypt, and terror reigns in the palace. Cleopatra happens at the moment to be wandering about the desert in the neighborhood of the smaller Sphinx and is not aware of the approach of the Romans. Cæsar has left his troops to find their way under the commanders,

addresses him in the soft, low, cautious voice of a kindly but frightened maid.

Cleo.—Old Gentleman.

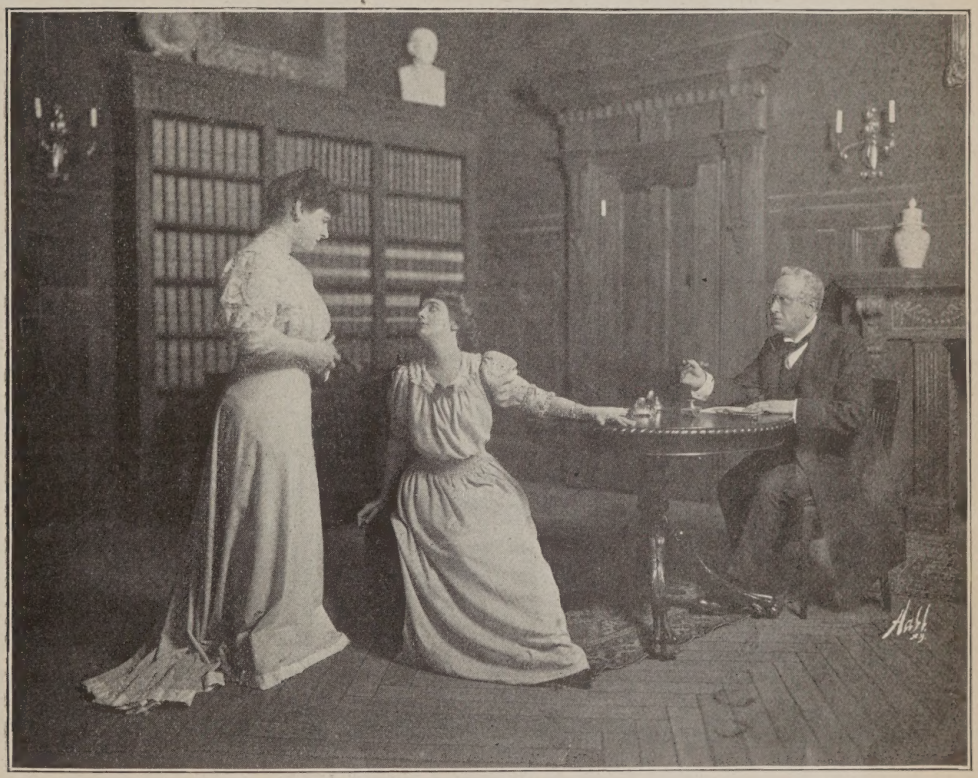
Cæsar (*starting violently*).—Immortal gods!

Cleo.—Old gentleman, don't run away.

Cæsar.—'Old gentleman, don't run away.' This to Julius Cæsar!

Cleo. (*urgently*).—Old gentleman.

Cæsar.—Sphinx, you presume on your cen-



Jessie Millward. Doris Kane. Arthur Lewis.

"THE HYPOCRITES."

and has gone mooning about the desert until he encounters the Sphinx and Cleopatra. His spoken address to the Sphinx is so odd and ambiguous that one is not sure whether Shaw is ridiculing Napoleon, or the writers on the great man, or mankind in general. Cæsar, not seeing Cleopatra in the shadow of the great paws, is astonished when the lofty figure

turies. I am younger than you, though your voice is but a girl's voice yet.

Cleo.—Climb up here quickly or the Romans will eat you.

The acquaintance thus made is continued on the same plane and eventually lands Cleopatra on the throne of Egypt. The Queen's idea of Cæsar and the Romans is expressed naïvely.

Cæsar.—Are you afraid of the Romans?

Cleo.—Oh, they would eat us if they caught us. They are barbarians. Their chief is called Julius Cæsar. His father was a tiger and his mother a burning mountain; and his nose is like an elephant's trunk. (*Caesar rubs his nose.*) They all have long noses, ivory tusks, and little tails, and seven arms with a hundred arrows in each; and they live on human flesh.

In the second act Cæsar attends an audience with Ptolemy, the brother, husband and rival of Cleopatra, and endeavors to settle the dispute between them as to their respective rights to the throne. Ptolemy is a boy of ten, as his sister is a girl of sixteen. Here is the dialogue between the majestic members of the court and Cæsar.

Cæsar.—You say the matter has been at issue for a year, Pothinus. May I take ten minutes at it?

Pothinus.—You will do your pleasure, doubtless.

Cæsar.—Call Totateeta.

Rufio.—Ho, there, Teetatota.

(*Pfatateeta enters arrogantly.*)

Pfatateeta.—Who pronounces the name of Pfatateeta, the Queen's chief nurse?

Cæsar.—Nobody can pronounce it, Tota, except yourself. Where is your mistress?

Cleo. (*appearing suddenly*).—Am I to behave like a Queen?

Cæsar.—Yes.

(*She drags Ptolemy off the chair of state and seats herself proudly.*)

Ptolemy (*weeping*).—Cæsar, this is how she treats me always. If I am a King why is she allowed to take everything from me?

VIOLA ALLEN AS IMOGEN IN "CYMBELINE."

Cleo.—You are not to be King, little crybaby. You are to be eaten by the Romans.

Cæsar.—Come here, my boy, and stand by me.

Cleo. (*jealous and furious*).—Take your throne. I don't want it. Go this instant and sit down in your place.

Cæsar.—Go, Ptolemy. Always take a throne when it is offered to you.

Rufio.—I hope you will have the good sense to follow your own advice when we return to Rome, Cæsar.

This gentle fooling continues throughout the play, which, however, is most se-

rious at all times, for Cæsar's position in Alexandria is not altogether secure. In the struggle to make it so, the famous library of Alexandria catches fire, and Theodotus rushes to Cæsar for help.

Cæsar.—I am an author myself, and I tell you it is better that the Egyptians should live their lives than dream them away with the help of books.

Cæsar.—Ay, and build the future with its ruins. But harken, Theodotus, teacher of kings. You who have valued Pompey's head no more than a shepherd values an onion, and who now kneel to me, with tears in your old eyes, to plead for a few sheepskins scrawled with errors. I cannot spare you a man or a bucket of water just now; but you shall pass freely out of the palace, and away with you to Achillas. Borrow his legions to put out the fire.

Imogen (Viola Allen). Guiderius (Douglas Gerard). Belarius (Leslie Allen). Arviragus (Frederick Roland).

THE CAVE SCENE—"CYMBELINE."

Theodotus (*kneeling*).—Cæsar, once in ten generations of men the world gains an immortal book.

Cæsar.—If it did not flatter mankind, the common executioner would burn it.

Theo.—Without history, death would lay you beside your meanest soldier.

Cæsar.—Death will do that in any case. I ask no better grave.

Theo.—What is burning there is the memory of mankind.

Cæsar.—A shameful memory. Let it burn.

Theo.—Will you destroy the past?

The character of Cæsar seems to be perfectly drawn, in heroic mould, but not in romantic incident or romantic language. It is a sad portrait, dignified indeed, but heavy with the melancholy of a great soul that has exhausted all the possibilities of life and time. The incredible lightness, duplicity, cunning, passion and cruelty of Cleopatra are well portrayed and may forever stand in the

drama as a corrective of the Shakesperean Cleopatra. She is horrible even in her youth. The last scene of the play is a happy fling at the popular notions in her regard. Cæsar is departing for Rome after his conquest.

Cæsar. . . . Come, Cleopatra, forgive me and bid me farewell; and I will send you a man, Roman from head to heel and Roman of the noblest! not old and ripe for the knife; not lean in the arms and cold in the heart; not hiding a bald head under his conqueror's laurels; not stooped with the weight of the world on his shoulders; but brisk and fresh, strong and young, hoping in the morning, fighting in the day, and revelling in the evening. Will you take such an one in exchange for Cæsar?

Cleo.—His name, his name!

Cæsar.—Shall it be Mark Antony?

(*She goes wild with joy.*)

Rufio.—You are a bad hand at a bargain, mistress, if you will swap Cæsar for Antony.

(*Caesar goes aboard and the ship sails away.*)

Apollodorus.—No tears, dearest Queen. They stab your servant to the heart. He will return some day.

Cleo.—I hope not. But I can't help crying all the same.

Forbes Robertson and his wife gave a splendid rendition of this curious play, which it would take many chapters adequately to describe, both in its text and its presentation. The audience laughed incessantly at the strange, wild, sarcastic humor in which it abounds, the witty shots at modern foibles, the satire on modern stagecraft. The revelation of Egyptian nature in Cleopatra was rather vivid, the character of Cæsar most impressive. The matter of the play had all the interest and dash of that other mili-

Caius Lucius (Burke Clarke). Cloten (Sidney Herbert). Cymbeline (Henry J. Hadfield). Queen (Alison S. Kipworth).

HALL OF CYMBELINE'S PALACE. ACT II.

tary play, *Arms and the Man*, once played by Mansfield and now in the repertoire of Arnold Daly. *Cæsar and Cleopatra* may be put down as one of the most curious plays of the last half century.

Henry Arthur Jones scored a success with a play of modern life called *The Hypocrites*. The chief characters were the hypocrites of an English country town, composed of the Squire of the place, his ambitious wife, the rector of the parish, the Squire's irregular son, and the doctor's wife. The young gentleman who worried the hypocrites into discomfort and woe was the curate, Rev. Edgar Linnell, a man of honor and determination. It was a most unpleasant play. Mrs. Wilmore, the Squire's wife, arranged a good match for her son with Helen Plugenet, the daughter of a wealthy baronet. The Wilmores needed the advantages of such a union, for mortgages were coming due. The Squire had the life of the curate worried out of him by his orders to do this and to do that, or to take the alternative and get out of the parish, for this was in the days when the living was in the hands of the Squire. Everything was going smoothly, however, and respectability was moving towards its reward, when suddenly Helen got doubts about the previous career of her intended and began to make inquiries. At this delicate moment Rachel Neve appears upon the scene with incredible claims to consideration from the guilty Lennard, the Squire's son. He had betrayed her and sent her off to Canada. She gives away her story to the exasperated and indignant and highly puritanical curate. The manner in which he used his information, and the tremendous pains taken by Mrs. Wilmore to discredit him, lead up to a very melodramatic climax, which nearly bowled out the curate, but really did up the Wilmores, ended the relations with the Plugenets, and did justice to Rachel Neve, who became the wife of Lennard Wilmore.

The play achieved a success in New York, although really a tiresome affair. Written by an American playwright, no manager would have touched it, but it was so English, you know. Its best moment depended upon situations and motives purely theatric. One felt that the author in working up to a situation cheerfully sacrificed everything to reach it. Henry Arthur Jones is a playwright of brains and ideals. He read a paper the other day, at Harvard, on the modern English drama, and laid great stress on the opposition of religious people to the drama as its greatest hindrance to development, and one reason for its present paralysis and imbecility. Such a statement does not argue well for Henry's perspicacity. Religious people and their opposition have just one effect upon the stage: they keep other people from attending dramatic performances. Upon the natural development of the drama they have not the slightest influence, because they simply keep away from it, will have nothing to do with it. In English-speaking countries the moral playgoers insist that plays shall be fairly clean in subject and treatment, and they manage to hold down the harpies who would like to make money out of filth. These are the people of whom Henry really complains, inasmuch as they will not permit him and his fellows to write on indelicate or suggestive themes, a la Pinero in his last grand fiasco. *The Hypocrites* gets just such a hold on an audience as *The Duel* and plays of that sort get when they are well acted. It is first cousin to *His House in Order*, lacking the delicacy and precision of that admirable drama, but possessing more fire.

The event of the month was the appearance of Viola Allen in a revival of *Cymbeline*, the third of the English plays presented here, and the only one about whose merit there can be no discussion. It is over a decade since this Shakesper-

ean drama had its last presentation from Margaret Mather. It is not a pleasant play to modern taste, nor is it among the best in the great artist's repertory; but it gives fine opportunities to a clever actor and a clever actress, and the infrequency of its appearance makes it a novelty to the public. Miss Annie Russell made a mistake when she elected to appear as Puck in so well known a drama as *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* She should have chosen the unusual and the infrequent, as Miss Allen chose *Cymbeline.* It was finely done. Old Britain was pictured rudely in the various scenes. The palace of Cymbeline consisted of rude stone walls with rude hangings, rude ornaments, carved wood ceilings supported by hewn stone; and the views abroad showed extensive and unpopulated meadows, downs, seashores, ornamented with the stone monuments of the Druids. In contrast with this barbarous comfort stood the Roman scenes, all splendor, luxury, delicacy, taste. The grand effect in both scenes was harmony of coloring and character. The expression of the play by Miss Allen and the company came as near to perfection as the *King Lear* of Mantell.

Not all its members were able to deal effectively with the blank verse. Only the best-trained actors own the ability to deliver verse of any sort without mouthing. Richard Mansfield himself has never learned the art, and has to play second on that score to less able actors. Viola Allen gave a most charming portrait of Imogen, the daughter of old Cymbeline. This is at least the third Shakesperean portrait which she has placed in her gallery of achievement. Her Rosalind had merit, her Hermione had power and pathos, her Viola sweetness, her Perdita wonderful charm; they seemed to be summed up in her Imogen, the most feminine of all her portraits. She bids fair to become the successor of Modjeska in Shakesperean rôles. Julia Marlowe is her only rival. It is more than pleasant to watch her upward progress toward a lofty goal, for undoubtedly Viola Allen is bent upon playing as much of Shakespeare as audiences will take from her. In time, therefore, we should have Lady Macbeth and Desdemona, played with fervor if not with tragic genius. Her chief support in Cymbeline came from her father, Leslie Allen, who in the part of the noble Belarius, gave intense satisfaction to lovers of Shakespeare. In a day when actresses of capacity are giving more time to money-making than to the way of perfection in art, Miss Allen deserves the highest commendation for her brave policy.

The dramatic season opened with tremendous clamor in the press, and a frightful waste of electricity in the region of Times Square. As has already been mentioned in these pages, the theatrical region, what with theatres, restaurants, traffic and glaring light, has become a mild inferno. All the popular hotels seem to be in the district. And to see the place at eight o'clock in the evening would give the impression that all the world congregates there at that hour. Yet only sixteen per cent of the entire population of this city, transient and actual, attend the play; while only eight per cent attend in the rest of the country. So an authority told me. The managers have, therefore, no need to weep with Alexander for lack of something to conquer. Quite a number of real American plays swept into the city on a wave of success, and something shall be said about their nature and destiny later on. The Playgoers held their first meeting of the season in the Hotel Astor to discuss American playwrights, and at their second meeting paid particular attention to *The Hypocrites.* The fact is mentioned because this is the one club among the innumerable clubs in this city which discusses the passing play; and, therefore, the managers dread it, while the actors with ambitions keep far off from its portals.

BARBARA'S TRIUMPH.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

"They were your mother's—they hev' her name in 'em—an' o' course you hev' a right to 'em. But, Deacon Jones sez they're the devil's invention."

"Oh, Uncle John! Deacon Jones doesn't know what he's talking about."

"Tut, tut, Barb'ry; not so fast. An old head's wiser'n a young un."

"Deacon Jones never read a novel in his life—he told me so. You can't pass judgment on a thing of which you have no actual knowledge. That is plain enough," persisted Barbara, who was unusually clear-headed and logical for a girl of twelve.

"Now, looky here, Barb'ry," said Uncle John, rubbing his chin reflectively, "I hain't got nothin' to say 'bout yer mother's books—though my conscience don't jest approve o' them. Es I sed afore, they was yer mother's. But I tell you in plain words, I won't hev' no more books brought inter this house. Novels air novels! An' I ain't a-goin' to be dictated to in my own house by a slip uv a gal. I've bother enough 'thout that. That raskill o' a Landis is a pesterin' me to death 'bout the line fence. He thinks I'd orter giv' him a hull foot o' ground clean across the south medder. But I'll show him! I'll go to law first."

And easy-going, good-natured Uncle John stormed out of the kitchen, slamming the door behind him.

Barbara stood staring after him, a look of defiance in her bright eyes. In her hand was a copy of "Robinson Crusoe" that had been given her by her teacher as a "reward of merit." She had read it through several times, but Uncle John never happened to catch sight of the bright red cover until that morning.

"I don't care if he *is* my uncle, he is a regular old fogy!" she exclaimed, angrily. Then, remembering all his kindness, her heart suddenly relented; and, going to the window, she gazed after him with a feeling of pity.

"He is worried about that quarrel with Mr. Landis," she thought. "Poor Uncle John! I wish he were different."

Barbara lived with her uncle and aunt in a queer old-fashioned house, half hidden among trees, that had been the home of the Sanders for three generations. The old place was dear to the hearts of Uncle John and Aunt Belinda; not because of its associations, or through any feeling of sentiment, but simply because they had always lived there. They were simple, well-meaning people, but narrow and bigoted in all their views. What had been good enough in their father's and grandfather's time, was good enough for them.

Uncle John read the local paper, a farm journal, and the "Hagerstown Almanac," and never dreamed that there was anything else in the world worth reading.

Aunt Belinda studied out the quilt patterns in the "Household Department" of the farm journal, and read with breathless interest the letters telling how to treat young chickens, or how some farmer's wife succeeded in raising early vegetables.

They meant to be kind to Barbara, but it was not a pleasant atmosphere for a bright, ambitious girl.

Her father and mother died within a few days of each other, when she was five years old, and Uncle John and Aunt Belinda, her father's brother and sister, the only relatives she had in the world, brought her home to live with them. She was now nearly twelve; but she felt

no nearer the hearts of her aunt and uncle than when she first made their acquaintance. They lived their quiet, repressed life, with its ever-recurring round of duties, and expected her to fall into the same monotonous groove.

But Barbara was like her mother, and Aunt Belinda had never thought much of "brother Frank's wife."

"It's a pitty thet she hed to take after her maw," she was wont to complain. "She hain't a bit like John er me. Barb'ry—she thinks thet eight o'clock 's too soon to go to bed, an' thet thar ain't no use in gittin' up at five. I've been a-goin' to bed, an' a gittin' up at them hours fer forty-seven years, an' I haint agoin' ter change now!" and her mouth would close with a snap which seemed to say "that settles it!"

The child was naturally of a studious nature. She stood at the head of her class in the district school, and was a great favorite with her teachers.

The three or four books that had belonged to her mother were her treasure-trove. She read them over and over, with never-flagging interest. Her penchant for reading was a constant thorn in the flesh to good Aunt Belinda. She could not reconcile it with her ideas of thrift and industry.

"Barb'ry Sanders! You're bound to turn out a lazy good-fer-nothin', spite uv all we ken do!" she exclaimed that same morning, coming upon the child unawares, as she sat poring over her book, oblivious of her surroundings, and of the lapse of time. "Your Uncle John an' me never read a book in our life, an' we git along 'bout as well 's most folks."

"Didn't you really ever read a book, Aunt Belinda?" Barbara asked in a tone of pity that nettled her aunt.

"No I didn't!" she snapped, "I've allus hed somethin' better to do."

Barbara made no reply, but that evening, when they gathered around the lamp in the sitting-room—Aunt Belinda with her everlasting knitting, and Uncle John absently twirling his thumbs—she opened her book, and clearing her throat, said:

"Aunt Belinda, I've been thinking it is selfish of me to enjoy these books all to myself. You haven't time to read them yourself, so I am going to read aloud evenings to you and Uncle John."

"Sakes alive! What ails the child?" exclaimed Aunt Belinda, dropping her knitting into her lap, and staring at her niece over her spectacles, as though she thought she had taken leave of her senses.

"I reckon we're too sensible, Belindy an' me, to keer fer sech tomfoolery," Uncle John said in his slow, drawling tone, twirling his thumbs a trifle faster. "I've lived nigh onto fifty years 'thout readin' a novel, an' I reckon I kin manage to live 'thout hearin' one read now."

"Oh, Uncle John, you—"

"I've hearn sed thet the devil is in 'em," said Aunt Belinda with a snort, "an' I don't keer ter hear nothin' 'bout thet gentleman."

"It isn't fair to condemn a thing unheard," Barbara maintained stoutly.

"Uncle John," she went on, appealing to that gentleman, whose thumbs were twirling excitedly, but who showed no other sign of disturbance, "You are a believer in fair play. You show it in the treatment of the men in your employ, and even in your treatment of the animals under your care. Now I appeal to you to show a little fair play toward me by listening to this book and then judging for yourself. If, when I have finished, you do not care to hear any more, I promise not to bother you again."

A dead silence followed her words. The only sound heard was the click of Aunt Belinda's needles, as they flew in and out with lightning-like rapidity. Her face was a study. But her woman's curiosity got the better of her hard practical

common sense; and, dropping her knitting into her lap, she said:

"Now, John, thet seems fair nuff. I hain't got no use fer novels, but 'tain't's though we wasted our time a-readin' 'em ourselves! She reads 'em anyway—her maw did afore her—an' when we can't stop her, it kinder seem's though we'd orter know sunthin' 'bout 'em. You an' me's her nateral guardiens, an' ef we don't see to sech things, who's a-goin' to?"

Uncle John did not reply at once. His ruddy face was redder than usual, if that were possible, and his thumbs were going round and round like the spokes in a revolving wheel.

"Well, Belindy," he said at last, with a more pronounced drawl than usual, "seein' thet you put it in the light of a dooty, I reckon I'll hev ter give in. But I tell you aforehand, I ain't goin' ter be took in by no sich tomfoolery." He coughed and cleared his throat. "Si Jinkins read a novel onct, an' in the end, on the very last page, wus writ in big letters the word 'Fool'!"

"Well, if we find thet we've bin 'fools,' too, John, we'll jest keep it ter ourselves," said Aunt Belinda, grimly.

Barbara was so delighted with her success that she began reading at once without waiting for further parley.

It was "The Mill on the Floss." She had chosen that because it was her favorite of the four books in her possession. And the homely characters depicted therein awakened the interest of both her listeners from the beginning. Uncle John felt the liveliest interest in "Mr. Tulliver," and Aunt Belinda's heart went out at once to little "Maggie." Their interest grew and deepened with each succeeding chapter. Uncle John had forgotten to twirl his thumbs, and Aunt Belinda's knitting lay unheeded in her lap, when the clock on the mantle pealed out ten loud reproachful strokes.

"Sakes alive! Ten o'clock!" screamed Aunt Belinda, nearly falling off her chair. "Two hull hours past bedtime—an' it didn't seem two minnits! I didn't think I'd be sech an' old fool es to lose sleep fer a novel. Well, well," she said, setting things to rights, as was her practice, before retiring, "I'd like to hear what them two silly aunts hev got to say—but we'll hev to wait till to-morrow night fer thet; I don't believe Maggie's maw's got real good sense—ner them aunts o' hern either, fer thet matter!"

Uncle John made no remark, but his face wore a rather sheepish expression, as he climbed upon a chair to wind the clock, as was his custom every night. He had really been so interested in the story that he had not noticed the lapse of time. But he would not admit it for the world.

The next day was stormy; it snowed and sleeted; indeed, it was the spent end of a genuine Western blizzard. Aunt Belinda would not allow Barbara, who had a slight cold, to go to school. Uncle John pottered around all forenoon, shelling corn for the chickens, and doing all sorts of little odd jobs to kill time. His thoughts kept running on "The Mill on the Floss."

He had had a great desire to be a miller when he was a young man. But his brother Frank, Barbara's father, did not take kindly to farming; so it was left to him to run the place. He was greatly interested in Mr. Tulliver. "He's a pritty fair sort uv a man, but a leetle headstrong," he said to himself.

He wondered how he was "a-gittin' along with them law-suits." He argued the case to himself and pictured how he would act if he were in Mr. Tulliver's place.

Though he always took a nap after dinner in his arm-chair, before the fire, somehow he did not feel sleepy to-day. So he twirled his thumbs, glancing every

now and then at the clock, which he had never known to run so slowly. "It needs 'iling," he thought.

After a while, when the dishes were washed and the kitchen set in order, Aunt Belinda and Barbara came into the sitting-room. Aunt Belinda took up her knitting and Barbara settled down to some kind of crochet-work.

Uncle John watched them for a while, his thumbs twirling at an unusual rate. He cleared his throat and fidgeted for some time, and at last he said, in a shame-faced sort of way, "Barb'ry, thet croshy-work you're doin' hain't much 'count, no how. S'pose you git yer book an' read a while."

"All right, Uncle John! I'd lots rather read than crochet," Barbara said brightly, putting her work away at once. She was delighted. Aunt Belinda had been talking about "little Maggie an' them crazy aunts o' hern" all day. She had almost forgotten in this new interest to speculate upon the probable duration of the storm, or to wonder what effect it would have upon the coming fruit crop.

People in the country who do not read, and are not in touch with the great outside world, find the weather a topic of absorbing interest.

Uncle John and Aunt Belinda forgot their forty odd years, and entered into Maggie's griefs, and Tom's trials at school, with all the enthusiasm of children. And, when Barbara came to the part when poor Mr. Tulliver lost his lawsuit, and with it, all of his property, Uncle John smote the arm of his chair with his open palm, exclaiming:

"Gosh! now, thet's too bad! 'Tain't right thet them raskils sh'd a-beat him!"

Aunt Belinda winked and blinked, to keep the tears from falling—tears that would come in her great sympathy for Maggie, when she went to the school to fetch Tom, and to tell him of their great loss, and of their father's illness.

But the tears vanished and her eyes flashed indignantly when the aunts met in consultation, and "Aunt Glegg" and "Aunt Pullet" expressed themselves so unfeelingly regarding their sister's affairs.

"Why can't they hold their tongues?" she exclaimed, indignantly, "ef they hev got the Dodson blood in 'em! 'Tain't no better'n other blood, es I kin see. They'll hector thet pore half-witted critter 'til she goes clean ravin' crazy."

Aunt Belinda felt a sort of contempt for easy-going Bessy Tulliver, such a feeling as a strong, capable woman is apt to have for her more lackadaisical sister. She hardly knew if she liked or disliked Tom. He was "turnin' out better 'n" she expected, but she did not approve his manner toward Maggie. "He feels the Dodson blood in 'im, too," she said, setting her lips grimly.

Barbara had a low, sympathetic voice, crude and uncultured, yet possessing the rare quality of conveying every emotion that stirred her own heart, to the hearts of her listeners. Reading aloud was the next best thing to reading to herself; and as usual she lost herself and her surroundings, and breathed in the very atmosphere of Dorlcote Mill, sharing every fresh grief and sorrow that came to the Tulliver family, as though she were a member of that family herself.

No wonder her simple-hearted listeners, hearing for the first time of the trials and struggles and temptations tugging at the heart-strings of those others whose lives were so like, and yet so unlike, their own, no wonder they forgot themselves and the lapse of time. With Barbara, they were living on the banks of the Floss in the shadow of Dorlcote Mill.

But they were suddenly brought back to a realization of their surroundings by

the opening of the kitchen door, and the entrance of the hired man with a pail of foamy milk in each hand.

"Sakes alive! ef it ain't nigh five o'clock," cried Aunt Belinda, springing to her feet with more agility than grace. "John Sanders, who'd a thunk it?"

"I don't keer, Belindy," said Uncle John, recklessly, "Jim'll hev the chores dun, an' it don't matter ef supper is a leetle late."

The next day the brother and sister were alone, Barbara being at school, and Jim, the hired man, working in the barn.

Aunt Belinda was knitting as usual, and Uncle John was leaning forward in his big chair, with his elbows resting upon its arms, the tips of his out-spread fingers meeting in a speculative manner. His thumbs for once were still. He sat in that position for some time, staring thoughtfully into the fire.

They had finished the book the night before. The tragic ending of all Mr. Tulliver's plans, and the deeper tragedy of poor Maggie's life, left an impression upon his mind that he found hard to shake off. His thoughts flowed in a new channel. He had gotten out of the old, monotonous rut, and everything seemed so different, viewed from this new standpoint.

The quarrel with Landis seemed rather foolish. Such old friends and neighbors had no business quarreling and going to law. He'd "tell Landis so."

Having reached this magnanimous conclusion with regard to his neighbor, Uncle John leaned back in his chair, twirling his thumbs in a meditative manner.

"Belindy," he said, suddenly breaking the long silence, "I reckon there be novels *an'* novels."

MOONDHARRIG BY THE SUIR: A BALLAD OF KILKENNY.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

Lonely 'tis to me by the Avondhu and Lee;
Dull the hours I travel by the Shannon's waters pure,
The days are slow to come,
And I longing to be home,
In the County of Kilkenny—in Moondharrig by the Suir.

Ormonde glens are fair, and the green fields of Kildare;
Beauteous is Wicklow, while her mighty hills endure;
To me more pleasing far
The fairy meadows are,
And gentle streams that sparkle, in Moondharrig by the Suir.

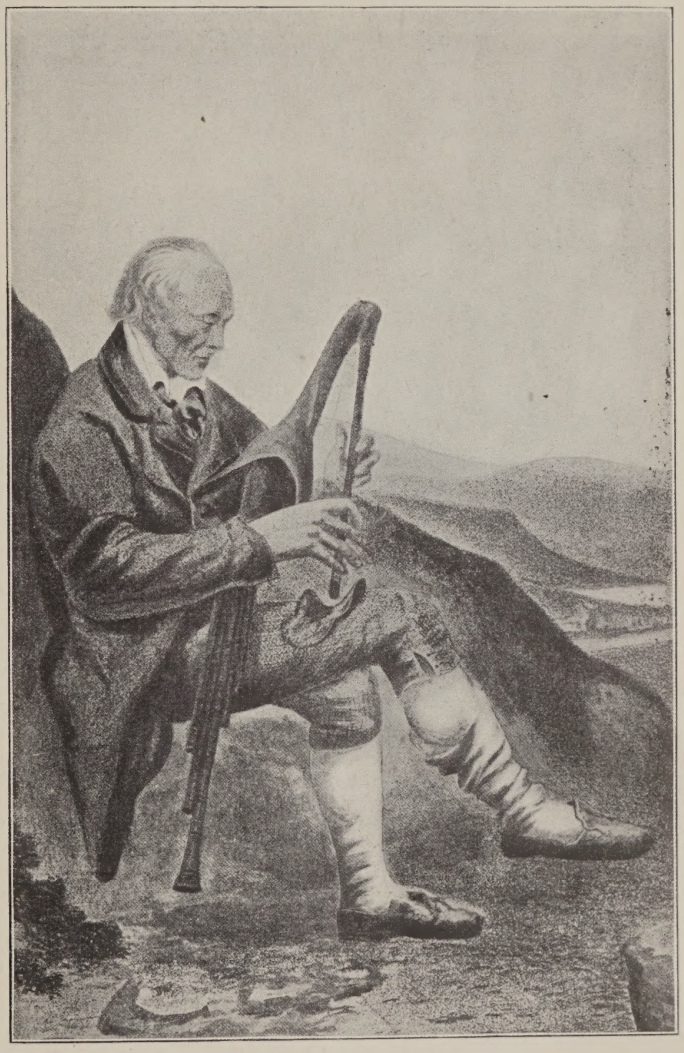
Pleasant there is spring, when the feathered warblers sing,
And over many a mossy bank pale primroses allure,
When the cuckoo's voice is heard,
And the soul of man is stirred
To worship his Creator, in Moondharrig by the Suir!

Glad is summer time, when the clover and the thyme
Breathe a breath of Eden that a broken heart would cure;
When a haunting, dreamy haze
Crowns the glory of the days;
And through *Tir-na-n-og* we wander, in Moondharrig by the Suir!

Sweet is autumn there, in the mellow golden air,
When the grain is yellow, and the fruits of earth mature;
When from the fairy mounds
The *Keol-Shee* resounds,
Beneath the moon of harvest, in Moondharrig by the Suir!

Mild the winter blows, when the silent-falling snows
Clothe the glittering landscape in a vesture bright and pure;
From every mountain-pass
Come the joyous flock to Mass,
When Christmas bells are ringing, in Moondharrig by the Suir!

Dear to me the friends, where my own loved river wends;
Precious all the manly hearts that hold her fame secure.
O'er many a stubborn field
That Gaelic slogan pealed:
"Make way for old Kilkenny! 'tis Moondharrig by the Suir!"



Wirrasthrue this tide! that in Breffny I must bide,
Piping to the dancers from Sleedhu to Gortnalure!
While home this Christmas Day
The loving neighbors say:
"God guard old Shaun the Piper!" in Moondharrig by the Suir!

REV. MICHAEL J. HENRY.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

During the past twelve months the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary opened its doors to nearly fifteen hundred Irish girls, who had landed at Ellis Island. Of all the activities of the Church in this country there are few more effective or more singularly interesting than this great work for the protection of young women on the threshold of a new life—one fraught with numerous perils for the innocent and inexperienced. To realize fully what this mission does one must make a personal visit to the State St. Home and watch the arrival of the groups of young girls, after the immigration officials have permitted them to leave the Island.

The great landing station for steerage passengers is Ellis Island, New York harbor. Here, almost daily, may be seen thousands from every land, gathered like anxious children at a mother's hem. The immigrants are accommodated in a handsome pile of buildings, well equipped and specially designed for their present use. Within this structure the candidates are examined by federal officials under a system that has been improved year by year.

No longer in the lead in point of numbers, the Irish immigration is still large, considering the population at home. According to the records in the department of statistics at Ellis Island, the Irish Immigrants for the year preceding June 30, 1906, numbered 28,772, including 6,559 who were here before. In the total were 14,617 males and 14,155 females. Of these, 1,171 were under the age of 14; 26,356 were between the ages of 14 and 44; and 1,245 were 45 years or over. The entire money brought amounted to $773,077.00.

The chief aim of the Mission of the Rosary from the beginning has been to guard the faith and morals of the Irish immigrant girl, and, if necessary, to afford her temporary shelter and hospitality. This it has accomplished faithfully and well, with much other good besides. From continent to continent its influence extends. Steamship and railroad companies recognize this, and, as a result, are the more vigilant in protecting the immigrant. The Mission is now established twenty-three years, and, from its founding to the present, every ship that brought Irish immigrants to New York

was met at the landing by one or more of its representatives. The girls are interviewed briefly, their names and destination recorded, and information helpful to their guidance and safety conveyed.

A friendly word from the priest, whose very presence inspires confidence, an assurance that relatives will be notified, that with a little patience everything will be well, and the heart is happier and the world much brighter. All the Irish girls not discharged before half-past four in the afternoon, as well as those going to points farther than New York, but unable to resume their journey, are taken to the Home and kept free of charge until reputable relatives or friends call for them, or until communication with such is established.

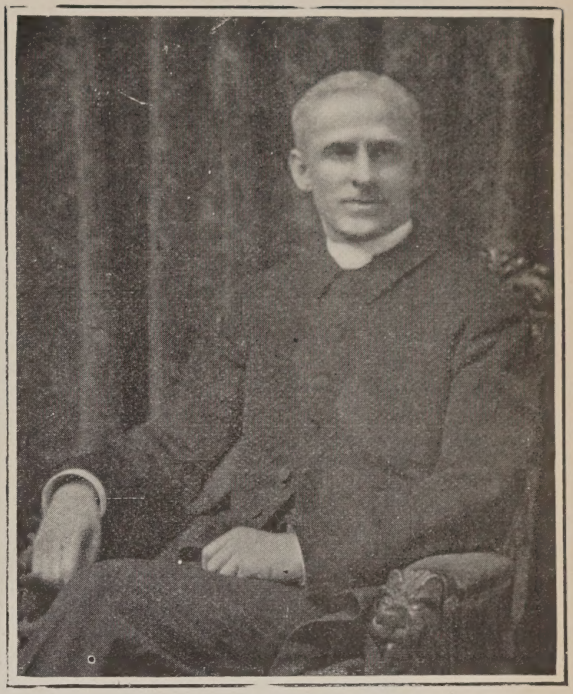
For those who have no relatives or friends, as well as for those who have, but who wish to get work without delay, the Mission secures employment in good families. It is well to add here that Protestant girls from Ireland, England and Scotland have often been willing guests, and that there never has been nor ever will be the least discrimination shown or interference with their religious belief. Within the last twelvemonth the total number of girls received was 1,474, and for 337 of these positions were obtained.

The cost of maintenance is met chiefly by responses to the appeal in the annual report, and from membership fees in the Rosary Society.

The moving spirit of this great work is the Rev. Michael J. Henry, who has perhaps the widest circle of acquaintances in all America, for remote indeed is the place where his name is not known and revered. In the last report of the Mission this zealous director of the Mission pays a tender tribute to the memory of Mr. Patrick McCool, who for more than twenty years had been the agent of the Mission at Ellis Island. "He served his country and he loved his kind."

In an appreciative sketch of the Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., Dr. Maurice Francis Egan speaks of the reverend editor of *The Messenger* as "a crusader of the twentieth century, a broadswordsman with the pen."

As editor and publicist, Father Wynne has endeavored to obtain for Catholics fair and accurate statements of their doctrine, history, and activities in every sphere of life.



REV. JOHN J. WYNNE, S. J.

Father Wynne's editorial duties have prevented him from taking an active part in the sacred ministry. When he occasionally appears in the pulpit or on the platform, he speaks as a rule in behalf of some of the popular movements in which he is interested, as, for instance, for the organization of societies of Catholic men, the co-operation of clergy and laity, and a more lively interest on the part of Catholics in public questions.

He is also interested in the cause of the beatification of the early North American missionaries—Brebeuf, Jogues, Lallemant and their companions, and he superintends the pilgrimages to the Shrine at Auriesville, N. Y., the site of Father Jogues' captivity and martyrdom. Into the cause Father Wynne has thrown himself with all the fervor of a nature which loves action, and reverences the glory of the house of God.

Father Wynne was born in New York City, September 30, 1859, and educated in the schools of the Christian Brothers and in the College of St. Francis Xavier of that city, taking his degree of B.A. in 1876. Soon after, he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at West Park on the Hudson, where, after the ordinary two years of the novitiate, he spent a year reviewing his classical

studies. The following three years he devoted to the study of mental philosophy, mathematics and the natural sciences. In 1882 he was appointed professor of physics and mathematics in the college from which he was graduated, and in the following year he became professor in the classical department of the college. In 1886 he was appointed to teach higher mathematics in Boston College, and the year following he resumed his studies of theology and Sacred Scripture in Woodstock, Md.

Ordained priest August 25, 1890, he remained still another year at Woodstock, and, in August, 1891, he was appointed assistant to the Director of the Apostleship of Prayer in the United States. In 1892 he became Director of this work, and editor of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart.* This magazine, which had already become the popular organ of the devotion which it recommends, he developed, not only as a devotional but also as a literary periodical until, in 1902, it became necessary to establish an entirely new periodical, known as the *Messenger*, which is devoted to various Catholic literary

Courtesy Literary Digest.

REV. BERNARD VAUGHAN, S. J.

MRS. NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY AND HER THREE SONS.

interests, while the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* limits its scope to the work of the Apostleship of Prayer.

For a time Father Wynne acted as associate editor of the "Encyclopedia Americana," but only in the capacity of reviser of erroneous statements about Catholic matters. He resigned this charge when he became a member of the board of editors of the "Catholic Encyclopedia," a task to which he proposes to devote himself most sedulously for the next five or six years. At the end of that time, he hopes to see his labors crowned by the completion of a work which shall fulfil all reasonable expectations.

The Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S.J.—whose pulpit utterances on the doings of society attracted so much attention,—when preaching recently at Lancaster, England, declared that apostasy was the great sin of England. The Government, intoxicated by success, was attempting to turn Christ out of the schools, Christianity without dogma being Christianity without Christ. Denouncing such teaching, the reverend speaker compared the action of England to that of infidel France.

In a book on famous preachers the author thus characterizes Father Vaughan's sermons:

"Glowing eloquence poured from the heart. No notes, no manuscript. Well built withal; no pulpit pedantry."

Preaching once in Manchester, Father Vaughan used a striking illustration from the card-table. "Life," he said, "is not unlike a game of whist. Some are playing for riches, and for these diamonds are trumps. Some are playing for love, and for these hearts are trumps. Some are playing for power and dominion, and for these clubs are trumps." Pausing in his homily, the preacher added: "But there is a fourth hand and this is the most important in the game. This hand is taken by the Angel of Death, and for him spades are trumps. Shall you be able to say, when spades are turned up, 'O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?' "

Two years ago, a poem, "Ad Filium," appeared in *The Irish Monthly*—that casket of literary treasures—and, for months after, it circulated through the press, Irish and American, the tender, wistful expression of mother-love appealing to all hearts. The author of it, Nora Tynan O'Mahony, is so well known to readers of DONAHOE'S that in publishing this picture of her and her little sons we feel that we are simply gratifying the desire of friends to meet one whom they have long known through her work.

In her happy married life, absorbed in maternal cares and devoted to the interests of her brilliant young husband, the late John O'Mahony, a rising light of the Irish

Bar, Mrs. O'Mahony had little leisure for literary pursuits, though her infrequent contributions had attracted the favorable comment of no less a literary critic than the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., editor of *The Irish Monthly*.

"This fifth of the Poets I Have Known," wrote Father Russell, in his appreciation of Katherine Tynan Hinkson, "has not absorbed all the literary talent of her family. I remember an exquisite sketch, "A Tramp,' in the Westminster *Gazette*, by Alice Tynan Flood; and another married sister, Nora (Mrs. O'Mahony) has published some short stories almost worthy of being gathered into a second 'Cluster of Nuts.' "

Since these words of commendation were written, Mrs. O'Mahony has achieved notable successes in literary work, appearing often in leading American publications. Many of her best short stories were written for DONAHOE'S, and have been reprinted extensively. Mrs. O'Mahony has much of the lightness and charm that distinguish Mrs. Hinkson's delightful stories of Irish life, and yet there is a depth of thought, a true earnest sympathy with the sorrows of her people that only one who has known sorrow could fittingly portray in words.

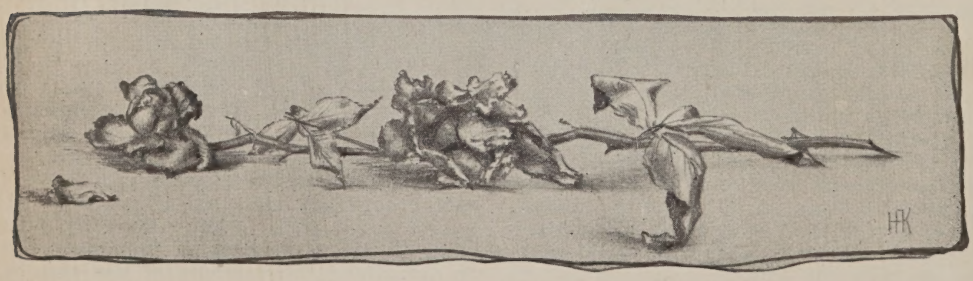
The solace and comfort that children bring, and the hope and dreams and fears taking shape through mother-love are so beautifully expressed in "Ad Filium" that we reprint the poem with the picture of the little son who inspired it.

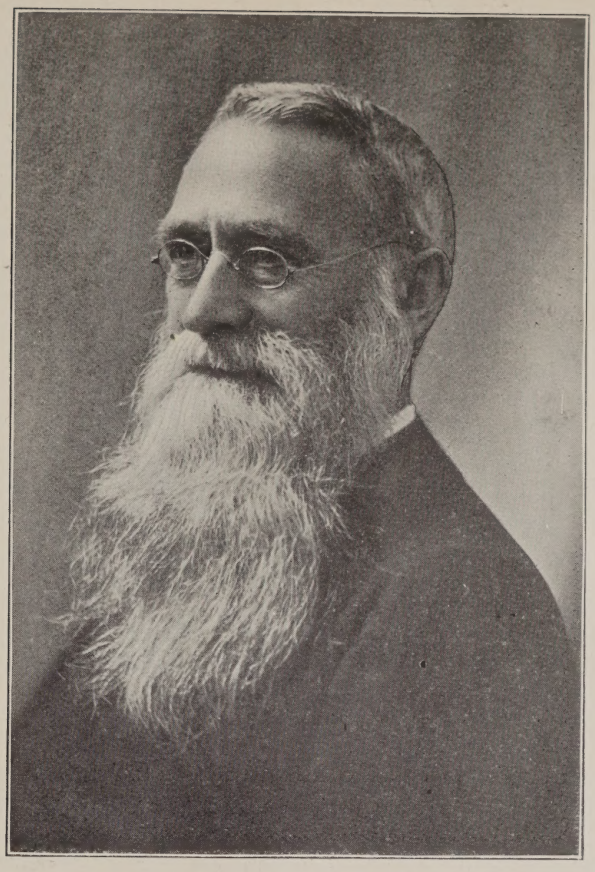
O little son, love of my heart most tender!
I would you grew
Less fragile, less seraphically slender.
O eyes of blue!
I would you held less thought within your sweetness.
O gentle, loving heart!
I would you showed less wisdom, in completeness
Your years could not impart.

Two other sons have I, O happy woman!
Two others, strong and tall;
Donal the merry, Barry, bold and human,
Careless of all
The days may hold for him; but you, my Cullen!
Thoughtful beyond your years,
When life grows sad, and skies loom dark and sullen,
Your mother's fears

Awake, and she would gladly come and hide you
Within her arms
From what of this world's sorrow may betide you,
From war's alarms—
From all the troubles that the days may bring you
When she is dead,
And never more a crooning song may sing you,
O dear brown head!

My little son, love of my heart most tender,
I would you grew
Less flower-like, less ethereally slender,
O heart so true!
I wish you held less wisdom in completeness
Within your eyes;
But, oh! my son, I would not lose your sweetness
To have you otherwise.





REV. L. L. CONRARDY.

CHINESE LEPERS.

BY E. F. G.

A sheet of note-paper, closely written over in a fine hand, lies before me. It is time-worn, yellowed, and broken from much folding, but the message it conveys—of love for the unfortunate—is as timely now as when Father Damien penned the letter, nearly twenty years ago, in Molokai, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. The fingers that traced the characters were even then crippled by leprosy, but the victim wasted no space in deploring his condition. Instead, he tells of his joy and content, and speaks of himself as the "spoiled child of Providence," declaring that nothing earth could offer would induce him to change his state. Thought for the lepers is evident in every line, and his need for help is urgent, yet he places before his would-be associate a plain, unvarnished statement of facts that would have caused a less courageous spirit to quail. But Father Conrardy, to whom the letter was addressed, was imbued with zeal for the work, and, leaving his mission in Oregon, he proceeded to Molokai to assume the arduous duties that Father Damien was soon compelled to resign to his care. Of this part of the leper priest's life, an interesting account

LEPERS, CANTON.

WOMEN LEPERS, CANTON.

was given in the November issue of DONAHOE'S, and Father Conrardy's present mission was also touched upon.

A few supplementary facts may be helpful in informing the public more fully as to the extent and nature of the work in which Father Conrardy is now engaged. In 1896 Father Pamphile, of the Congregation of the Picpus, and a brother of Father Damien, entered on the mission at Molokai, and Father Conrardy went to China, to establish a colony for the thousands of lepers who were living there in the most appalling condition.

Owing principally to the lack of money, he was unsuccessful in his efforts, and returned to Oregon. A year ago Bishop Merel of Canton (successor to Bishop Chaisse), whom Father Conrardy had met on his visit to China, invited him to make another effort to found a leper colony in his vicariate, there being from 30,000 to 40,000 lepers requiring care. Before entering on the work for the second time, the missionary is striving to procure money for the carrying out of his plans for the relief of the lepers.

Bishop Merel, writing to Father Conrardy, speaks of the efforts he had made to establish lazerretos, and of the failure of all their attempts to secure enduring results, on account of the need of funds. The Bishop thus commends the missionary's zeal, and approves his plan of visiting American cities to appeal to the charitable:

"I am exceedingly happy to learn that you are going to labor for the lepers in my Vicariate. We beg Almighty God to bless the salutary and humane work to which your zeal leads you, and I beg Him to bless abundantly all who may help you in your appeal for the unfortunate whom He calls the outcast of humanity."

Father Conrardy would start at once for his field of labor, if he was assured of an income of 2½ cents a day for each leper. He hopes to obtain sufficient means to start work with 300 lepers, the most needy of the unfortunates who appeal for relief. In the province of Canton there are 30,000 lepers, and in the city alone there are more than 10,000; 2½ cents a day will care for one of these —feed and keep and care for him in every way. Think of the trifling sum that will be needed—a fraction more than the price of the morning paper—to provide for the needs of a human being!

RT. REV. BISHOP MEREL OF CANTON, AND GROUP OF LEPERS.

A Christmas Greeting

"A merry Christmas morning
To each and every one!
The rose has kissed the dawning
And the gold is in the sun.

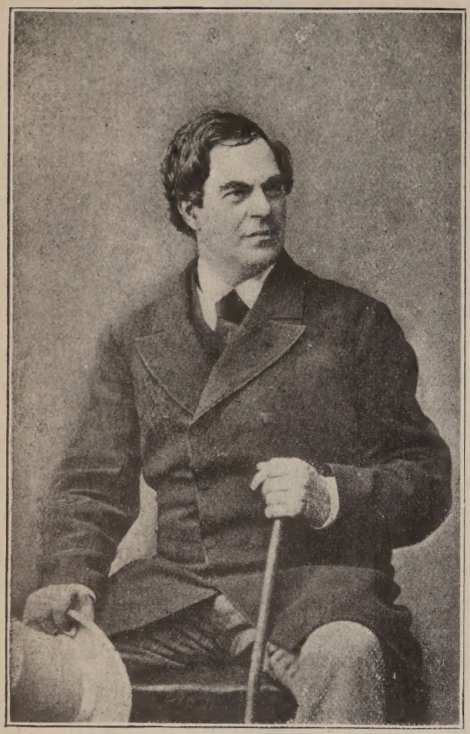
"And may the Christmas splendor
A joyous greeting bear,
Of love that's true and tender
And faith that's sweet and fair!"

BARRY SULLIVAN AS, "HAMLET."

GREAT IRISH TRAGEDIANS.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

Mr. Sillard's paper on Barry Sullivan has opened the sluice gates of memory, I dare say, in many other minds as well as my own. It takes me back to my boyhood days, the period when the drama first appealed to my opening fancy by reason of the great men and women who then represented what it meant in the world. Brooke was then reaping his great triumphs; Helen Faucit had won golden laurels; Barry Sullivan had written his name large on the scroll of fame; Charles Kean and his wife, Ellen Tree, were doing noble work; Macready had passed away; and so had his formidable rival, Edwin Forrest. Cork, where I first saw Brooke and Sullivan, teemed with romantic traditions of the stage. When I was a child I was shown the shop where, it was told, the great Edmund Kean had once pawned himself as security for a heavy drinking



BARRY SULLIVAN.

bout for himself and some congenial spirits, and I know the street where he was found lying in his royal paraphernalia,—after having been slain by Richmond—not dead but drunk, after playing Richard the Third to a magnificent audience in the old Theatre Royal. The gifted Miss O'Neill, rival of Sarah Siddons, was still alive, married splendidly to an Irish baronet, Sir Henry Wrixon Beecher, if I remember aright, and Cork people always referred to her with pride as a lady who upheld the dignity of the profession by spurning the dishonorable attentions of a certain noble duke who was desperately enamored of her in the way usual with his class. The atmosphere of Cork was at that time decidedly poetical, musical, and dramatic. Amateur theatricals were the order of the day, amateur opera, as well as amateur drama. Even the very chimney sweepers had an amateur dramatic club in a narrow alley called Christ Church Lane.

Mr. Sillard does not go into the question of Barry Sullivan's birthplace. Cork people claimed it was their city, but Sullivan himself believed he had been born in Waterford. It is certain that he had been employed as a salesman in one of the Cork "monster houses"—as department stores were then called—either Carmichael's or Todd and Burns', at the time he first took to the stage. His first appearance, I was told by some who beheld it, was in a canvas theatre set up by a man named Calcraft, somewhere on the quay near the present Athenæum. That was years before I saw him, but his fame had long been ringing in my ears. It was in 1858 it came to my lot to verify it for myself. The play was "Hamlet." It was miserably presented save as regards the title rôle. All the other actors were worse than "so, so;" for it was either Sullivan's misfortune, or his policy, to be usually associated with players immeasurably below his own status. His appearance was striking indeed. At that time his figure was extremely lithe and graceful—as supple, indeed, as the blue blade of the sword that bent under his hand when he leaned backward in amazement on first beholding the spirit which proclaimed its parentage and mission. His action was exceedingly graceful, and always appropriate and unstrained, and his elocution beautiful. But his voice was artificial—a weak voice, naturally, that had to be "made," as musicians say. His face was classic and pale, but his eyes were weak and rimmed around with red, as from cold. John Francis Maguire had the same peculiarity; and for this he was popularly referred to in Cork as "red tape." Barry Sullivan suffered from another physical drawback. His face was deeply pock-pitted; yet this was

hardly noticeable some distance from the stage. Of course actors can hide such defects better than non-professional people. Few who only saw Sullivan playing his parts would ever suspect he had any facial deformity.

This was the first play I beheld him in. Next night he played either King Lear or Claude Melnotte, I scarcely remember which. His Lear was exceedingly fine—the best piece of aged impersonation I have ever seen. He also played Shylock in the same week. This was most effective, too. He adopted Macklin's conception of the part—the high tragic one. Previous to Macklin's time the part was a low comedy one, or rather that of a buffoon whose attempts at passion are so grotesque as to make the beholders shriek with laughter. The last time I saw Sullivan was about seventeen or eighteen years ago when he was on his last tour. He then played Julian St. Pierre, the bravo, in Sheridan Knowles' play, "The Wife: A Tale of Mantua." His health was then feeble, and his impersonation of the part, in consequence, painfully disappointing, for it is one that demands a robust and energetic exponent.

In the judgment of the best qualified critics, the best of Sullivan's art was displayed in the part of Beverley in "The Gamester." His passion in the betrayal scene was, indeed, terribly real. He could also play high comedy in an elegant way, as in characters like Benedick or Jacques. This double gift was shared in by Gustavus Vaughan Brooke. He used to play a comedy part in "The Irish Attorney" with singular felicity.

The moral qualities of this great actor were as high as his gifts of genius. His life was pure and simple; his habits abstemious. He drank a glass of sherry or two during the course of such exacting plays as "Richard" and "Macbeth," where physical effort is necessary to an unusual degree in certain scenes. His manner on the stage towards subordinates was imperious, yet he was truly generous to any one in distress.

Wherever he was born, Barry Sullivan's resting place is certain. He reposes in the beautiful cemetery at Glasnevin, among the chief worthies of the Irish nation, a distinguished honor, but not undeserved. Above his tomb the people of Dublin, who loved him deeply, have erected a fine marble statue of him in his favorite character of Hamlet, with the inscription taken from "Macbeth": "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." Mr. Sullivan was a Catholic, and a devout one, I have been told; and his place of interment is therefore the most fitting one, since Glasnevin is a Catholic cemetery, gotten up by Daniel O'Connell and a Catholic company, for the use of the Catholics of Dublin.

I had seen Gustavus Vaughan Brooke play some years before I had seen Barry Sullivan. He had many physical advantages that the other tragedian lacked. His voice, for instance, was the perfection of a vocal vehicle of the emotions. At times his bare intonation in some affecting passage, as in "Love's Sacrifice," and "Othello," would set many of his listeners sobbing audibly. His "Othello" was indeed irresistible in the agony of its despair in the closing scenes; and it is not hyperbole to say there was hardly a dry eye in the house when he played the part. The bare memory of it stirs strange emotions in my own breast, although not now "given much to the melting mood." It was marvellous acting. Not even Salvini could approach it, nor any other actor I have seen essay the part. Brooke was a native of Dublin, where he was a veritable idol; but it was in Cork, where he was as much beloved, too, that I first saw him. It was in the

character of Richelieu. In this play Barry Sullivan was more successful, because more slender in physique and less powerful in voice than Brooke; but I think Edwin Booth was superior in the part to either.

The last play in which I beheld Brooke was "Coriolanus." It was one of his greatest successes. It would be simply impossible to find one more fitted by nature to portray the hardy and haughty Roman soldier and patrician, for if a sculptor were in search of a physique to depict Achilles he would scarcely have found a type more suitable than the compact, deep-chested, broad-shouldered and sinewy Trinity College athlete who nightly portrayed the Roman soldier, or the Scottish soldier, or the Venetian bravo, alternately on the boards of the "old house in Hawkins street," Dublin, to the absorbed delight of thousands. Poor Brooke was weak. The curse which proved "the gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns," as another victim, Charles Clarence Mangan, wrote, had fastened itself deep on him. But he redeemed a foolish life by a noble death. He died in a manly effort to save life, when the ship in which he was sailing for Australia, the "City of London," foundered in the Bay of Biscay. Brooke played his noblest part on her deck, by leading the workers at the pumps until all hope of saving the vessel had to be abandoned. Then "while shrieked the timid and stood still the brave," he calmly folded his weary arms and awaited his doom.

About the same period there was another star in the theatrical firmament, one generally overlooked, and I would be glad that some reparation should here be made for undeserved neglect. This star was Mr. T. C. King—a Dublin tragedian, who was a general favorite in Ireland, and England, too, for many years. In such parts as Sir Edward Mortimer, in "The Iron Chest," "Ingomar the Barbarian," and "Virginius" —notably the last named,—Mr. King had no superior. He had a most commanding presence and a stentorian voice; but his acting was marked by a lack of the lighter vein and the sense of delicacy or humor that gave Sullivan and Brooke so subtle a charm, even in the most tragic of dramas. With King the bow was always bent and muttering thunder the language of the stage hero.

Before bidding adieu to this dramatic period, it may not be inappropriate to mention here a lady who displayed unusual ability in tragic parts. She was a Miss Marriott—an Englishwoman. I saw her play Hamlet and Romeo in the same old theatre in Cork where I first saw Barry Sullivan. Her presentation of these parts was admirable, though somewhat overdone in some scenes,—a woman's weakness. She also used to play Julia in "The Hunchback," and this with much more effectiveness. She was greatly admired in all her parts.

I look back upon those old days with fond regret, for they were amongst the brightest in my life.

HER PUNISHMENT.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

The morning train from Cork to Dublin had just drawn up at the wayside station of Kilmore. There was quite a busy and lively air about the usually sleepy spot, for it was the beginning of Dublin Horse Week, and Kilmore being set in the centre of a sporting, horse-breeding country most of the gentry and a good proportion of farmers and their women-folk were city-wards bent, having sent on their horses in charge of the grooms, the previous day.

Out of the long line of closely-filled carriages, sizzling under the August sun, one passenger alone alighted. She had come in a third-class corridor-car, and as she hurried through the busy throng of well-to-do, smartly-dressed folk, carrying a poor little bundle under her arm, she had a shy, almost shamefaced air, as though not wishing to be seen or recognized. Luckily for her sensibilities, no one had time to notice her, and few would have discerned in the pale, hollow-cheeked girl with the downcast look the face or form of rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed Essie Dunleavy. True, the man who took her ticket at the gate stared, and gazed after her with a smothered exclamation as she brushed past him, but that was all.

Once out of the station, she breathed more freely in every sense of the word. The town, luckily, lay behind her, on the other side of the railway; she would meet few to gaze at or interrogate her out on the lonely bog-road toward which her feet were quickly wending. Oh, the dear bog-road, the very name of it was sweet in her ears! Often and often, with a sore ache of longing and loneliness, had she thought of it in the streets of New York; of it and its soft mossy turf, with its perfume of spearmint and meadow-sweet, and the cattle standing knee-deep in the brown pools, and the dear little brown house hiding away behind a long clamp of turf and its hedge of osiers and willow-trees. Yes, many and many a day had she thought of it; many a night, too, when heartache and trouble and the longing for home, that home which seemed as far off and inaccessible and as beautiful as Heaven itself, kept her awake through the dark, lonely hours.

And oh, how glad she was to be back! Oh, yes, glad, glad, *glad!* even though she came, not as she had pictured herself, clad in silks and laces, wearing a gold watch and bracelets and rings, and carrying a well-filled purse, but poor and empty-handed, feeling, as she told herself with a wan smile, very much like a dog in disgrace running home with his tail between his legs.

Her mother, even though she had never answered the girl's letters, would be glad to see her at last, and would soon forgive her her folly. And Conor? She thought of him with feelings of even greater shame and repentance. How could she have been so hard, so cruel, so criminal in her folly? Too late had she learned the value of her home, of her mother's love and protection, the love of him, too, who had always cared for and cherished her. What if it were *really* too late?

If Conor were married — there had been more than one girl of her acquaintance anxious to capture him—if her mother were dead? Could that be the meaning of the long silence, the apparent unforgivingness which had cut Essie to the heart and kept her proudly away long after she hungered to get back.

The thought set her heart beating so violently that it all but took her breath away; she quickened her footsteps till she almost ran.

The girl had landed at Queenstown only the day before, after a stay of a year-and-a-half in New York. Essie Dunleavy was now her widowed mother's only child. She had had one brother older than herself, a fine, handsome lad, good-hearted but wild, who had been first favorite with everyone and the most welcome of figures at wedding or christening and all such local festivities. Returning from a wedding-party on a frosty Shrove Tuesday night, he and some of the "neighboring boys" had indulged in horse-play while crossing a plank over a river, with the result that young Dick Dunleavy was precipitated into the water.

Being a good swimmer, he got out without difficulty, but so bitter was the night that his wet clothes were frozen stiff by the time he got home. Within three days he was struck down by pneumonia, and less than a week afterwards they laid him to rest beside his father in the churchyard of St. Bride.

His mother, to whom Dick had been as the sunlight of her days, had never been the same again. She lost all her old light-heartedness, the happy, cheery disposition which had helped her through all lesser sorrows than this. A heavy gloom and sadness settled down on the little household, grown so strangely dull and quiet since Dick had left it.

Essie now had to work harder than ever. The cow must be milked and tended, the chickens and ducklings cared for, the potatoes must be planted or dug out; the little scrap of meadow should be mowed, the half-acre of barley cut down and sold. Her mother had lost interest in all of these things, so Essie must needs look after them herself.

Conor O'Driscoll would gladly have taken the burden off her shoulders, and Essie knew it; but just because her mother lost no opportunity of urging his suit for him, the girl would have none of it—not yet, at least. Worse than that, the old woman out of her very solicitude and love for her daughter now sought to deny the girl all the little relaxations she had been used to enjoy in her brother's company. There must be no more dances, no more wedding or christening parties for Essie, since Dick had lost his young life through one of them.

As a result Essie grew daily more discontented, even to moroseness. It did not mend matters when her cousin Amelia Magee came home on a visit from "the States," flaunting her fine silks and laces and her diamond trinkets before foolish Essie's dazzled eyes. Why should Essie stay on slaving and grubbing for her mother in this old, played-out, one-horse country when she might be her own mistress and have such an elegant time out in the States. She guessed it wouldn't be she, Amelia Magee, who'd be content to vegetate in such a God-forgotten place for the rest of her days. Why not come out and see a bit of real life across the herring pond?

Amelia went back alone, but the seeds of discontent which she had helped to foster in Essie's heart still grew and flourished. One February night Essie had gone against her mother's wishes and commands to a neighboring dance, and did not return till the dawn was red in the sky. Her mother had spoken words to her which set the girl's face in a flame—in a week, still sullen and resentful, she had packed up her few personal belongings, bought a ticket out of the savings of years, and set off for America. She broke down at the last,

wept, and at one soft word would have stayed; but her mother had looked at her coldly, nay, stared beyond her as though the girl's trouble was not in her heart or her thoughts. So Essie dried her tears, hardened her heart, and went, without even leaving one kind word for poor Conor O'Driscoll, who knew nothing of her intention, his business having taken him into the next county at the time.

She did not find New York quite the El Dorado or the rose-garden of pleasure that her cousin's brilliant imagination had painted it. Even Amelia herself, after the first effusive greetings, seemed to cool off perceptibly in her affection for her penniless Irish cousin. Essie very soon learnt that she was expected to shift for herself.

She took a situation as "hired help," for want of something better. But since in her home experience she had never been called on to cook anything more exacting than an egg or a piece of bacon and cabbage, her culinary methods naturally were far from being up to the American standard, and she was soon compelled to look for another place. After one or two equally unsuccessful ventures, she learnt at last, by patience and many studious efforts, to please her latest employer; but owing to the heated and airless atmosphere in which her work was done, her health broke down, and she was again thrown out of employment.

Essie could never afterwards think of that awful time, when she wandered about the streets of New York, homeless and all but penniless, without feelings of misery and shame and horror. The girl was very pretty, prettier even than she knew; having the raven hair and dark-blue eyes of the typical Irish *cailin*, with, in addition, the dazzlingly clear pink-and-white skin which seems to be the birthright of girls brought up in the humid atmosphere of the Bog of Allen, and which, despite her recent illness and the American climate, still remained hers.

Many a rude stare and half-veiled insult had the girl to endure; and once, as she stood at a street corner, looking hopelessly about her, an evil-looking man had come and stood close to her, whispering in her ears horrible words which she but half understood, and at the full meaning of which she dared not even guess.

Filled with terror and a fierce hungry desire to get home, to be far away from these awful streets and squares and the dangers that threatened her, the girl hurried to the only friend in whom she could now confide—for even still her pride kept her from appealing to the cousin who had so ruthlessly shown her "the cold shoulder" as soon as her troubles began. Her appeal to the kind-hearted priest, whose parents had come from her own country, was not made in vain. Yes, he would help her. He would lend her a sufficient sum to enable her, with the few dollars she had still left, to take a passage home, and she could repay him by-and-by. So a few days later, Essie, with a glad and thankful heart, bade a last good-by to the shores of America, and turned a happy, hopeful face towards Ireland and home.

As she went quickly up the little boreen that led to the house, her heart still beating tumultuously, her eyes fell with a sudden sense of satisfaction, mingled with surprise, on the little garden that spread before the door. How sweet it was, and how well cared, it looked! There was the little hedge of sweet peas, just as she used to have it, the clinging roses and gaily flowering nasturtiums climbing up to the very roof itself, the little green window-boxes filled with scarlet geraniums and sweet-smelling musk. And yes! the roof had actually been newly thatched, a thing which, though badly needed, had not been done

for years. And there were the long trenches of potatoes, the little beds of cabbage and lettuce, of parsley and onions—all so comfortable and sweet and *homely*. Certainly the place did not seem to miss her, and her mother must indeed be well, since she was able to look after things so carefully. And then the awful thought came back again—could her mother be—gone, and some one else be here in her place?

She went to the door and knocked timorously, with a sudden new feeling of mingled fear and shyness.

"Come in," a voice answered, and Essie stepped over the threshold. A woman, her mother, sat on the "creepy-stool" before the kitchen fire, making a patchwork quilt. In the old days, Essie remembered, she had never been happy idle. She saw now with a pang that her mother had grown very old, very careworn—her hair was almost as white as the kerchief which she wore pinned across her bosom.

"Mother!" the girl cried, with a sudden rush of tears, holding out both hands blindly; but in answer to that heart cry, the old woman looked at her coldly and unmoved. Oh, was she not even yet to be forgiven!

"Come in, girl," her mother said, as though addressing a stranger. "What is there I can do for you?"

"Only to take me back, mother dear. I only want to be back, here and with you! I've been so lonely, so unhappy, away." A newly baked soda cake, fresh from the griddle, stood edgeways on a shelf of the dresser, and the smell of it made Essie feel suddenly faint and weak—she had not tasted food that day. And then:

"O mother," she went on, "I am hungry, too; may I not have something to eat?" All the fine speeches, the expressions of love and repentance which she had meant to make, were forgotten. She could only remember that she was at home, a child in her mother's house, and hungry.

Her mother, selecting a fresh piece of cotton from a basketful of pieces by her side, hardly seemed to hear her, but at that word "hungry" she looked up.

"To be sure," she said, as though suddenly understanding. "To be sure, an' welcome."

She got up heavily, cut a slice from the newly baked griddle-cake, and handed it to the girl, then went back in silence to her work.

Essie ate the cake, and wished for more. A bowlful of eggs, some butter, and a little jug of goat's milk stood near at hand; the kettle was "just on the boil." Perhaps a little later, when her mother should have relented, they could sit down happily together to a pleasant little meal. The girl's fingers itched to be making it ready, to be putting things in order as of old; but she did not understand her mother in this mood, and feared to give further offence by "making too free."

By-and-by she ventured to remove her hat and cloak, hanging them upon the well-remembered hook behind the kitchen door, then went and sat beside the fire, facing her mother. The old woman seemed disinclined to talk, and answered the girl's anxious queries only by monosyllables or not at all. After a while, Essie got up and opened her poor little bundle, still lying, as she had left it, inside the door.

"I brought you this, mother," she said, shyly unfolding before the old woman's peering eyes a little white shawl of spun silk. "It was the best I could get, and I have been storing it quite a long time for you."

"That's very kind of you, my girl," the mother answered, "but sure what use is it to me?" Essie's lip trembled.

As she stood irresolute, awkwardly

fingering the silken fringe of the shawl and biting her lips to keep back her tears, her mother looked up again from her work.

"Isn't it time for you to be going home, child? You've been here long enough," she said.

"O mother!" Essie cried, now really in tears, "isn't this my home, the only home I have, or wish to have?"

Her mother shook her head, as though scorning to answer such foolishness. But something in Essie's sorrowful face seemed to catch her attention.

"I had a little girl once," she said, "something like you, only a great deal better looking." Essie forgot to take umbrage at this. "But," her mother went on, sadly, "she went away and left me. And I had a son Dick, as fine a lad as ever stepped in shoe leather. He left me, too; but I know he'll come back in the spring. Now run away, child; don't you see I am busy? I must have the quilt ready to put on Dick's bed against he comes home."

Then all at once Essie understood. Her mother's reason had left her; she did not know her own child. There she sat, patiently stitching at the patchwork quilt, the quilt that was for Dick, poor Dick, who was sleeping his last sleep under a quilt of daisies and green grass in the quiet little churchyard of St. Bride!

Essie stilled her sobbing as a shadow darkened the doorway. Conor O'Driscoll, sunburnt and handsome, the same big, tender-hearted, patient-looking Conor, stepped in under the lintel and looked at Essie without surprise.

"I knew you were here," he said, quietly. "I was cutting turf beyond in the bog, and I knew it was you the minute I saw you coming along the road. And how have you been since, *acushla?*"

"O Conor!" Essie cried, not daring to answer the tender look in his eyes, "how long has she been like this?" with a glance towards her mother, who sat, heedless of them and their talk, entirely absorbed in her work.

"Ever since you went—maybe before," he answered, quietly. Essie caught at the faint consolation which the last two words held out to her as a drowning man will catch at a straw. "But you needn't think," he went on, seeing the look of anguish in the girl's face, "that she ever wanted for anything. I came up every day to look after things, and I got a little girl to come in the mornings to ready-up the place and bake the bit of bread for her. I think she is happy and comfortable enough, even though she's innocent." *"Innocent,"* it must be explained, is the beautiful term used by the Irish peasant when speaking of those who are mentally deficient.

"O Conor, it was all my doing! How can I forgive myself? Will God ever forgive me? And to think it was you that tended her, you that looked after the place, tilling the garden, thatching the house, and all! Oh, God bless you again and again! But what must you have thought of me all this time?" Her tears broke out afresh. All of a sudden, Conor's two great strong arms went out and drew the sobbing child to his heart.

"There, there; whisht, little girl," he said, with soothing tenderness, as she hid her wet face against his breast. "I thought of you—often enough, I can tell you, but sure I always knew you'd come back. And you needn't fret for herself. Sure it wasn't you she was thinking of at all—only Dick." This might be but melancholy consolation for Essie, but Conor meant it all for the best. "She always expects that Dick will come back, and every letter you wrote to her she would think it was from him, and would not let any one look at it. But I think she is happy enough."

"You dear, good Conor!" Essie said,

lifting a tear-stained face to look at him, proudly. "May God bless you for your goodness," she said again, out of a full heart.

"He *has* blessed me, *acushla*, when He brought you back to me," Conor answered, with simple earnestness. "Sometimes I thought of writing, but I didn't dare to hope that you'd ever care for me—"

"Conor, dear, I have *always* cared," Essie assured him, vehemently, and despite all the trouble her heart was singing a wild new song of gladness and of praise. He stooped to kiss the upturned mouth so close to his own, then drew her head again to his heart with a sigh of thankfulness.

And now Conor O'Driscoll is the happiest of men. Essie is very happy, too, far happier, she often tells herself, than she ever deserved to be. But at the heart of her happiness is ever a sting of pain and remorse for the trouble she brought to her mother. Yet, could Essie only realize it, the old woman, being "innocent," is happier than most people, all the happier now since in Conor O'Driscoll and his wife, living lovingly together under her roof, she sees only her dead son and the daughter who had left her and come back.

FIDELIS.

BY AMADEUS, O.S.F.

No need to say, "Remember me";
  Forget I could not if I tried,—
In ev'ry flow'r thy face I see;
  By ev'ry breeze thy name is sighed.
And all that's sweet, and bright, and fair,
  But waken mem'ries fond and deep,
I see and hear thee ev'rywhere,
  And, in my heart, thy place I keep.

Dost think the flow'r forgets the sun
  When through the night it may not shine?
And thou, who art my Faithful One,
  Hast thou a doubt that I am thine?
Can I forget my very heart,—
  For this is what thou art to me!
Impossible!—for where thou art,
  My loving thought must ever be!

A LITTLE IRISH CLASS.

THE NATIONAL SCHOOLS OF IRELAND.

BY ALICE L. MILLIGAN.

At a time when the political outlook in Ireland has reached a critical stage, it may seem superfluous to some that the teachers and National School managers of Ireland should initiate a vigorous agitation for the reform of primary education. Yet it has evidently been concluded after patient and wise consideration that the time is ripe, and that action should be no longer delayed, for in the month of October a series of important meetings were inaugurated at which the leading public men of Ireland spoke out boldly and determinedly on behalf of the National teachers. The Catholic archbishops and bishops have made distinct pronouncements on the subject, and it is very satisfactory to find the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Peacocke, coming into line with them and declaring that the niggardliness of the British treasury towards primary education in Ireland can no longer be tamely endured. The superior advantages offered to Board School teachers in Scotland and England result in the best trained young men and women of Ireland being attracted to seek employment across the channel. Ireland is being robbed in a way far more serious than even by the taxation robbery which we have grown so inured to; for Irish intellect and talent mean more to our country than money. As matters stand at present every possible discouragement is shown to the teachers, every possible inconvenience bars the erection or improvement of a school building.

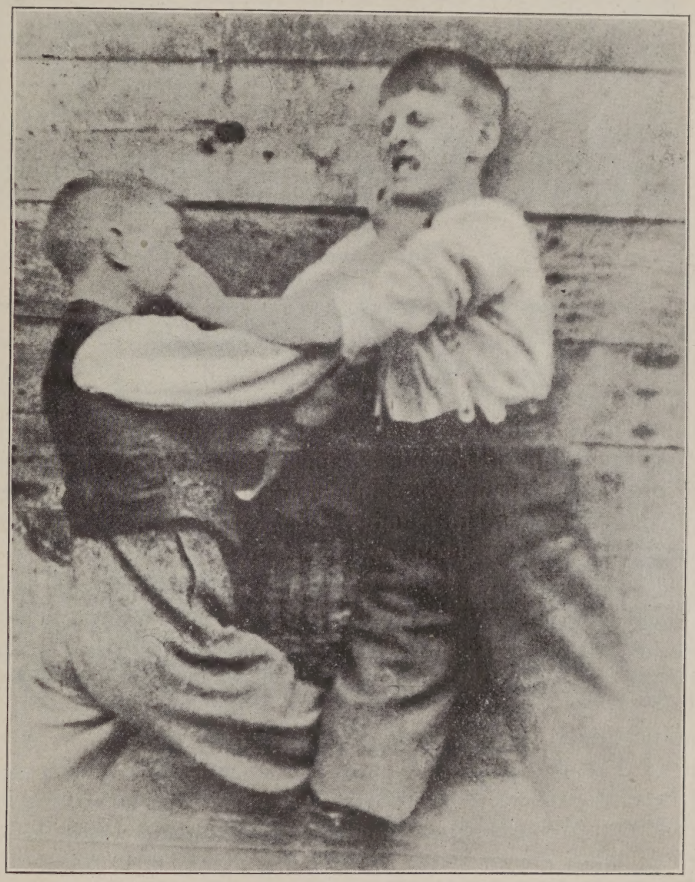
The very slightest pretext results in the exercise of stinginess and economy, and England's criminal expenditure in respect to the recent war of plunder in Africa is being made up for by injustice to Ireland in the matter of one of the most essential rights of a governed people. It is to be hoped that widespread sympathy and support will be forthcoming for the National teachers and their advocates.

The Irish people have a way of persisting in any agitation till it ultimately triumphs. Compromise and concession

GOING TO SCHOOL, GWEEDORE, CO. DONEGAL.

PLAY TIME.

never barred their way in the struggle for civil and religious rights, the Penal code passed away, landlord ascendency has almost vanished. They have but to realize that their want of sound primary education is one of the deepest and cruelest wrongs inflicted on them as a condition of their slavery, and determined and persistent revolt will lead them on to victory. It is not my intention to go into the various aspects of the education question, but simply to draw attention to the agitation which has been started. The points of complaint are positively bewildering for the good reason that they are perpetually changing. New rules, regulations, and experimental systems, have been advanced and withdrawn within the past few years, and a feeling of complete uncertainty as to the future acts as a bar and hindrance in the way of those who aim at the teaching profession. Suffice it to say that at some particular crisis in the era of change, Archbishop Walsh resigned his position on the education board, thus showing that he despaired of being able to use even his own powerful influence in the direction of reform.



"RECREATION HOUR."

The Protestant archbishop, Dr. Peacocke, pointed out that the wages of domestic servants in a gentleman's house in

IN THE CONVENT GARDEN.

Ireland exceed the salaries offered to the teachers at the outset, and someone else points out the superior advantages enjoyed by an ordinary policeman.

In spite of all this, it is my experience that the National teachers of Ireland are a very superior class of people. Educated at high-class intermediate schools and university classes in Ireland and London I am in a position to judge of the manners, character, and qualifications of the primary teachers of Ireland with whom I have of late been associating almost daily.

During the past two years I occupied the position of lecturer to the Gaelic League and in that capacity I travelled through the four provinces of Ireland and have visited many hundreds of National schools.

It was part of my business to give lectures, to organize entertainments on behalf of the Gaelic League funds, and the school buildings were usually very kindly put at my disposal for this purpose. In erecting a bamboo frame to support my magic lantern screen, I incidentally took the measure of floor and ceiling; whilst in the course of darkening over the windows I absorbed a knowledge as to the lighting and ventilation. The manners, tidiness, and general health of the pupils came under my observation, when I went to choose characters to act for me in historical tableaux and to furnish songs, recitations, dances, and choruses, as a part of the program.

The male teacher was at my right hand in arranging the school room for the performance, and the lady teacher in dressing the actors and starting the singing. The children's knowledge of history, their brightness and good discipline, bore witness to the capacity and enthusiasm of the teachers, and sometimes in a town or country district, remote from any place where Irish was spoken, I found that the efforts of some patriotic teacher had been reviving the National tongue of the Gael. Coming as a Gaelic League official I was, of course, glad to recognize the tremendous impulse given to the language study by our own organization. The priests and people of a district where the Gaelic League exists try to maintain a special travelling teacher who goes about giving tuition in Irish only, and whose services are absolutely

necessary; but sometimes the National teacher has been pioneering the Language movement for long, long years.

I could mention teachers, natives of Connaught, Cork, Kerry, and Clare, situated in backward parts of Ulster, who have been spreading the tongue of the Gael in the territories where Elizabeth's and Cromwell's planters have dominated for centuries. In Ulster, at present, County Down, may be said to stand in the very front of the Gaelic revival. From Newry to the Dun of St. Patrick, in the shadow of the beautiful Mourne Mountains, at Portaferry and Ballynahinch, and up near the Orange strongholds of Banbridge and Scarva, the Gaelic revival has spread, and this is largely owing to a few National school teachers who were working there of old.

In County Donegal the educational agitation assumes special importance. I had the pleasure of attending and speaking at an educational congress presided over by the Bishop of Raphoe, Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, last summer. The principal teachers of the diocese were there, and the clerical managers and the local National Board inspector.

The question of school attendance is a very serious one in Donegal. Children are detained at an early age to assist at herding and harvesting. They are sent out from the populous districts of the Rosses and Gweedore, as hired servants, into the adjoining County Tyrone. As a result, illiteracy is very widespread. The problem is a puzzling one, especially as in some respects Donegal is the most satisfactory and industrious territory in all Ireland. The population has not diminished through emigration. The Irish language is more vigorous than ever and the condition of the people has improved materially. In speaking on the question I found it difficult to express an opinion, but I drew a contrast with other districts of Ireland, where the people went in for education, qualified for civil service positions and departed out of Ireland, or remained to swell the constabulary forces to assist in

A THATCHED SCHOOL-HOUSE.

holding their native land in foreign subjection. The people of Donegal are happier without an education which would make them aim at exportation and yet they must not be denied that instruction which would develop their capacity and usefulness to the fullest extent.

Since attending the Congress I was myself for six weeks a scholar in a remote Irish-speaking part of Donegal. Three Donegal masters instructed me, and the boys and girls of the country sat as fellow pupils by my side. This was at a Gaelic League summer school, held at Cloughaneely. In a later paper I hope to deal fully with the part played by the Gaelic League of Ireland in connection with popular education.

In conclusion, however, I would point out that the shortcomings of National education in Ireland have been largely made up for through the exertions of the various teaching Orders. The Christian Brothers have maintained a system of high-class education independent of the British treasury. Other Orders which have gone under the National Board have yet found it possible to erect and equip school buildings of the most complete and perfect character. Amongst the convent schools I have visited I particularly recall those of the Mercy and Presentation Orders in Cork, the splendid industrial and National schools attached to the Convent of Mercy at Roscommon, the Presentation schools at Castle Comer and Doneraile. Mallow, with its Patrician Brothers and Mercy Nuns, is amply supplied with schools of almost collegiate size and equipment. But from these splendid buildings my memory travels tenderly to some little thatched National school on a wild moorland, some two story slated house, half a century old, with an outside stairs, the boys' school below, the girls' above. I recollect the talk I had with the priest and how he told me of the struggle he had been making to secure a school site from a reluctant landlord, a struggle lasting over years and involving expensive litigation.

Ireland will not be fitted for true freedom till her school-masters are free and well endowed to train up the youth of the nation. England knows this and would fain keep them under the yoke.

A TYPICAL NATIONAL SCHOOL.

ST. FRANCIS, PATRON OF HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

SOME SUMMER DRIVES IN TUSCANY.

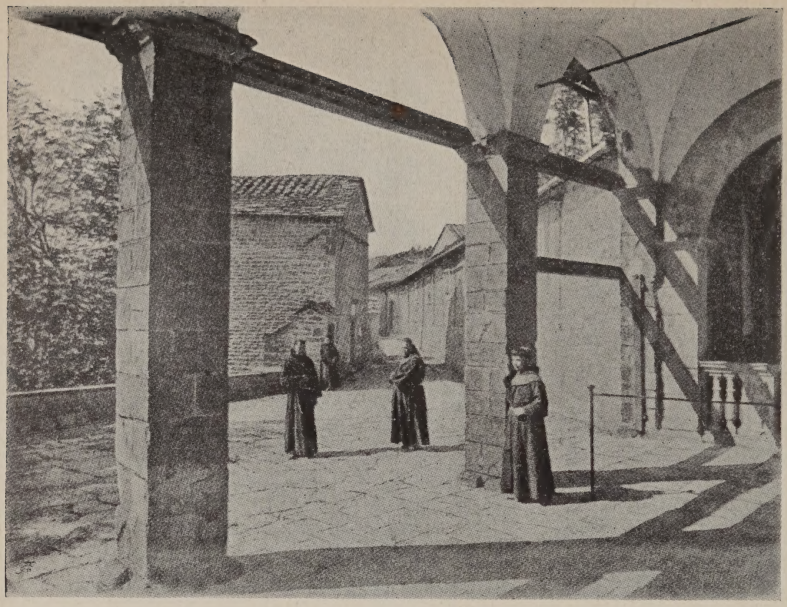
Camaldoli to La Verna.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

About half-way between Camaldoli and La Verna lies Bibbiena, a quaint hill town placed so as to hold its own in the fighting Middle Ages. Its foes had to make a steep ascent on all sides when they attacked it. Some one has said that each little old Tuscan town is like a brown hen spreading her wings over her brood of chickens; and this description applies exactly to Bibbiena. A less homely mind calls the russet congeries of roofs and houses "a mural crown for the hill." Those who ride a simile to death find the hen's neck in the soaring church spire, and the feathered upright tail in the fore-square watch-tower. The fortified walls running down the steeps here and there stand for brown chicks, wandering outside their mother's sheltering wings.

Poppi stands in the plain below, another "strong place" of old, built on a pointed hill. When we reach Bibbiena two horses have done half their day's work, and are exchanged for a fresh pair of ragged, active mountaineers who drag a light, narrow waggonette up and down short, steep hills. The formation of the land is like a solidified "chopping sea." The slopes are covered with vineyards where the grape vines are garlanded in the most graceful festoons from mulberry tree to mulberry tree. There are yellow corn-patches along the way; showy clover grows in the richer spots, and Indian corn; but it is at best a hungry, rocky soil. As we advance, thousands of erratic blocks of stone strew the landscape, and look, in the distance, like great flocks of sheep.

A long time passes in cantering up and crawling down the billow-like hills



IN THE PORTICO OF THE CHURCH. THE ROADWAY LEADS TO THE "SACRED SPOTS."

before we reach the uplands, and see away above us the towering "rock between Tiber and Arno" of which Dante sang. St. Francis' convent clings like a swallow's nest to the living cliff, and is of the same color as the rock. Above it again are woods and the famous Apennino (or La Penna) where in clear weather a gleam of the Mediterranean may be seen to the west, and the shining Adriatic to the east. As carriages can go no farther than the village of La Petscia, humbly nestling at the feet of the friars' territory, the ascent to the convent, in the full force of the July sunshine, was trying enough. Down in La Petscia is the guest-house for ladies. The friars lodge men who come in pilgrimage to La Verna. To all comers the offers of hospitality are most cordial. The Brother who received us seemed hurt when we said we had to drive five hours to a dinner that was awaiting us, and that even our "stirrup cup" of coffee was already ordered at La Petscia. But he kindly provided us with a *treggia* to carry us up to La Penna. This *treggia* is a most primitive carriage drawn by two oxen. The lower part is the roughest of sledges, to the main poles of which the beasts are yoked. On this sledge an inverted empty box is laid. One side of the box has an upright board which serves as a rest for the travelers' backs. On the box are laid cushions, and at the wayfarers' feet there is straw. We marveled at the ease with which our oxen dragged us over roots of trees and stony uneven roads in this novel conveyance.

The way through the forest was delightful, and the view from La Penna magnificent, but there was a little haze and the distant seas were invisible. The last part of the ascent had to be made on foot. The forest paths are so complicated that we were advised to take a guide, and a La Petscia girl accompanied us all day, proving very useful. Our ox driver was amusing, and found our northern love of animals excessively entertaining. "There was another foreign family"—he recounted to our guide—"which would grieve for a dog's death as if it were a Christian's, and that family had been staying at La Petscia." One of our slow moving oxen had one

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE CONVENT OF LA VERNA.

foot, fetlock, and a good part of his hind leg, caught under our ponderous sledge in a soft bit of road. We were horrified at what the poor beast must suffer as he dragged out the limb, but our charioteer laughed at our distress. "I saw it all. I saw it, too," was all he would say; adding: "He did not hurt himself."

The hospitable friar who had first received us, welcomed us back, inviting us to inspect the *Foresteria,* which I ignorantly supposed must be an arboricultural exhibition, diversified by specimens of antlers, or the stuffed bodies of some of the wild creatures of the woods. But *Foresteria* means the place for *forestiere* (strangers), in short the guest-house. Here our reverend guide was not to be denied, and he regaled us with "Elixir of Quinine" (a liquor of his own making) and sponge cake. The friar has a strong, kind face, curiously like the pictures of Savonarola.

We made the round of the side chapels of the principal church, passing by the lately inaugurated monument of St. Francis,—patron of human brotherhood, —a bronze statue on a marble pedestal, with young children clinging to the friar's frock.

The Franciscans were chanting Vespers when an old Brother was told off to accompany us to the "Sacred Spots."

ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA'S ADORATION OF THE HOLY CHILD. LA VERNA.

ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA'S ASCENSION ALTARPIECE, AT LA VERNA.

He had a pale, sweet face and a great enthusiasm for the saint's history. He told us of St. Francis' letter, preserved in the archives of the convent, which says that "the devil would have flung me from a height into the abyss but the kind, soft rock received me, and I was safe;" and he took us to a giddy ledge over-hanging the plain many hundred feet below where we saw the print of the saint's elbow in a deep hollow of the rock. In times past there was also the print of St. Francis' shoulder, but in the lapse of centuries the rock has lost a great part of the impression. The Brother led us to the "Chapel of the Stigmata;" to the first church the saint constructed, past the burial place of the brethren, down the many steps leading to the hidden spot under the over-hanging rock where St. Francis retired to pray; and to the top of the steep flight of steps leading to the little cave where "The Poor Little One," as the saint called himself, used to sleep, a stone for his pillow.

Our friar would have us plunge down these steps also, but the hours were passing all too swiftly, and the strength of the party was ebbing fast. "I should like you to go down there to the lonely, chill discomfort of the saint's lodging. It was by mortification he won his crown,—mortification and prayer and meditation and good deeds." He preached us short, heart-warm sermons at many points on our way. He also told us many things of temporal interest. Queen Victoria of England visited La Verna, but she would not penetrate the grotto which is half-roofed by that marvelously-

THE MADONNA OF THE GIRDLE. ALTARPIECE BY ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA, LA VERNA.

A HANGING ROCK UNDER WHICH ST. FRANCIS USED TO PRAY.

poised mass of rock (*il masso spicco*) until the apparently unsupported side of it had been propped by beams. "It is true the beams fell soon from under the rock as if forced out by its weight," said our guide, "but the high mass hangs there to-day as firmly as ever and without those supports!" In St. Francis' day there were no steps. The saint reached his lonely oratory by climbing down the rough face of the cliff. Last summer our friar told us a stout Frenchman wished to make the descent as the saint had, but he slipped, and fell a considerable distance to the floor of the grotto. "He was not hurt; neither was one of the brothers who fell from the very top of the cliff to the place of the saint's prayers, under the hanging stone mass." The descent must be one hundred and fifty feet. There is a little oratory up above, and a rough picture of the friar, who had fallen, and yet escaped injury.

A part of one of the chapels is railed in opposite a glorious Della Robbia altarpiece. "Here," said our friar, "St. Francis knelt in penance for a whole Lent of forty days. And here the first thing in the morning, and the last thing at night, every one in the community bends the knee in prayer." Our guide kept impressing upon us that St. Francis took no easy way to win heaven. When leaving us he said, "Farewell," adding, "my wish for you is that you may one day be with our saint. May we all meet in the presence of St. Francis." Pale, old, emaciated, the Brother yet seemed stronger than those he led, and was quite radiant with enthusiasm. He had been in China, and also in Jerusalem, and one of the sights he urged our flagging steps towards was a chasm in which great rocks lay piled in utter confusion. "We know," said he, "that those rocks fell together chaotically at the earthquake in Jerusalem, which occurred when Our Lord was crucified, and so they stand ever since that day of days."

Bibbiena and La Verna share a splendid heritage of the works of the Della Robbias. Needless to say those altarpieces are in terra-cotta. In most of them the coloring is very restrained, and there is much white surface, but a *Pieta* (Descent from the Cross) in an open chapel, at La Verna, is colored in rich

deep tints, instead of the usual white blue, pale-gold, and green. The frames of the altar-pieces are in the same material, and their fruit garlands, or angels' heads, or classic pilasters, are of the most delicate beauty, and enclose the figures more suitably than could frames of precious metals. The secret of the Della Robbia glaze seemed to have been lost for centuries, but of late years very successful copies have been made from these fascinating works of art. At Bibbiena, in the Franciscans' church, the frame of a Della Robbia altar-piece is divided into compartments, in one of which there is a touching and beautiful *Noli me tangere*. It is one of those exquisite works where there is all the force of realism with the reticence and dignity of high art. Strange to say the group has not been photographed separately, nor was a print of it obtainable. There is a warning gesture in the tender and noble figure of the risen Saviour. The startled, happy Magdalen is on her knees in the garden. Conventionality in art (the opposite of vulgar realism) is supposed to be far removed from vivid expression, but the *Noli me tangere* has the stateliness of true art combined with intense vividness.

A VIEW OF THE SOUTH SIDE OF ST. FRANCIS' CONVENT, FRANCISCAN FRIARS IN THE FOREGROUND.

"That touches you," said the friar, at my elbow. He added: "It is indeed *commovente* (agitating)." He said that this altar-piece was the work of Luca Della Robbia, an artist even greater than his brother Andrea.

To see Bibbiena and La Verna thoroughly demands much more than one long summer's day.

SAMUEL J. KITSON, SCULPTOR.

BY HENRY COYLE.

Samuel James Kitson, whose recent death has left quite a void in American art, was born at Huddersfield, England, 1848. He died in New York City, in October, his light going out just as the fulness of his fame became his inspiration and reward. As a man, Mr. Kitson was known and respected for his moral purity and worth, and he declined to use his talents in perpetuating in bronze or marble nude or pagan conceptions, which he considered as a degradation of art, and a pandering to the realistic craze of the age.

Even in his early boyhood, Mr. Kitson had a predilection for art, and when very young, he studied anatomy at the Leeds Medical School. Fired with the ambition that usually stirs the heart of genius to great work, he parted with his relatives and friends and went to Rome—Imperial Rome! not only the mother of the Church, but the mother of art as well.

Young Kitson entered the Royal Academy of St. Luke's, where he remained for two years, winning many of the prizes offered. In 1873 the young sculptor opened a studio in the Holy City, and thereafter devoted himself to the work of his life.

His first commission was a three-quarter life-size statue of "Rebecca at the Well"; then followed "Nydia," "Greek Spinning Girl," "David," and many replicas of vases and scroll work in the Vatican. A brother of Mr. Kitson had by this time established himself in business in New York City, and he persuaded his artist brother to come to the United States in 1879. Ole Bull, the eminent violinist, was a passenger on the same steamer, and he gave the young sculptor a commission. Through Ole Bull he met the poet Longfellow, who invited him to Craigie House, and of him, too, he made a portrait bust, which the poet's family considered an excellent likeness.

After a brief visit to Rome, the sculptor returned to New York, and was commissioned by Richard Hunt, the distinguished architect of the W. K. Vanderbilt house, to execute the sculptured interior, which resulted in some of his best work. He also at this time made a bust of the late Samuel J. Tilden, and one of Bishop Potter, and did some work for the interior of the Mutual Life Building. He also executed a fine statuette of Madame Modjeska.

The striking frieze in terra cotta on the north side of the soldiers and sailors monument at Hartford, Conn., was modeled by Kitson in 1885. Among his other works created at this time, are the beautiful monument at the grave of General Phil. Sheridan, at Arlington Cemetery, in the South; busts of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Williams, John Boyle O'Reilly, Generals Butler and Devens, and the late Father McKenna.

In July, 1884, Mr. Kitson married Annie Meredith, and they have ever been a devoted couple. After a short residence in Washington, the Kitsons came to Boston and opened a studio at 18 St. Botolph Street, one of the art colonies of the city. Soon after this, an important change took place in Mr. Kitson's life. He became a convert to the True Faith, and after receiving instructions from Rev. William F. Clark, S.J., was received into the Church, at St. Mary's, Boston, by Rev. Father Langcake, S.J., Dec. 8, 1889.

A few days before his death, Mr. Kitson received a letter from his sister in England announcing that she also had

embraced the True Faith, and had been received into the Church at Lourdes, France, by Very Rev. Ferdinand Brossart, Vicar-General of the Cathedral, Covington, Ky. All of Mr. Kitson's work bears the stamp of Christian purity and beauty. A healthy moral feeling accompanied his talent, a well-balanced character was the basis of his aspirations, and his noble life is an example to younger aspirants to love the good, the true and beautiful in life, as well as in art.

Early in 1899 Mr. Kitson was awarded the commission to execute the memorial monument of Orestes A. Brownson. The design, a bust of heroic size, for a pedestal, was exhibited at the Catholic Club, New York, and at once received the unqualified approval of the Municipal Art Commission. Few men did more than Brownson during the Civil War to inspire loyal devotion to the Union, and he was truly "a man of courage, and a great American!"

Mr. Kitson's greatest work is his statue, "Christ, the Light of the World." It is a sublime creation of the highest order of genuis, divinely inspired. The face is full of poetic beauty and benign expression. It is the God-man—He who was more than human, yet not less Divine. The purity and the sweetness of the face, the simplicity of the figure with the touching love and gentleness of the action, so expressive of the exalted idea which they embody, "Come unto Me all ye who are weary, and I will give you rest," are all exquisitely portrayed.

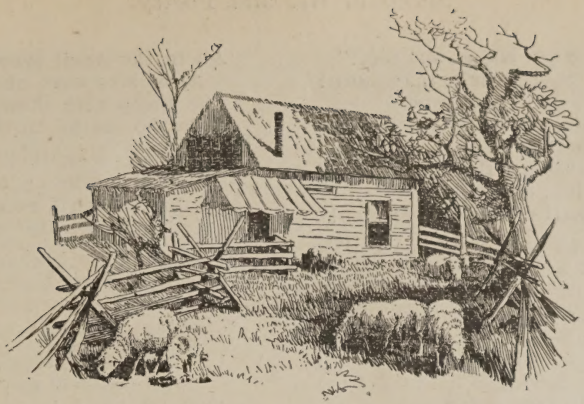
A worthy companion to this great work is "Our Lady of Lourdes," which is in the new Catholic Cathedral at Richmond, Va., erected at the expense of Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, wife of the multi-millionaire, of New York. In describing this statue, a Protestant critic wrote as follows: "There is a spirit of sanctity about the figure which it is difficult to describe—a spiritual feeling in the attitude, in the face and figure throughout, which could only be caught by one deeply imbued with the motive and significance of the subject. The face is lifted in a devout appeal, and the expression has in it something that can only be called Divine!" This is praise indeed, coming from such a source!

One of Mr. Kitson's later works is the magnificent bas-relief tablet in the Boston Holy Cross Cathedral, given by the clergy of Boston as a tribute and memorial to Archbishop Williams. The design is a rectangular piece, with medallions at each corner of Bishops Cheverus, Fenwick, Fitzpatrick and Archbishop Williams. The bas-relief of the late Governor Greenhalge, at the State House, Boston, is also Mr. Kitson's work.

Like most men of true genius, Mr. Kitson hated cant and superficiality. He had no patience with affectation and shams, and it was this intolerance which at times gave the impression to strangers that he was rude and overbearing, when the truth is he was one of the kindest and gentlest of men. He never clamored for recognition, for he believed with the great sculptor who once said: "If my works are good, they will endure; if not, all the laudation in the world will not save them from oblivion."

Mr. Kitson's life and work prove that it is the true heart, the earnest purpose, the well-worked talent, which yields those fruits that are living and imperishable. His earnest aspirations for the pure and true in life and art, his deep religious nature, his sympathy, his charity, his keen delight for the beautiful in nature, the broad and boundless realm of the artist's imagination, where angel visitants lingered to inspire and smile upon him, these were the wealth which he inherited from his Father in heaven.

"His dream of life in marble wrought,
The master's work is done,—
Death killed the flesh, but not the thought!"



MONKS' STUDIO IN VERMONT.
(From a pen and ink sketch drawn by himself for Donahoe's Magazine.)

SHEEP IN ART AND POETRY.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

Among the books of the season is one of unique interest to lovers of animals and students of legendary lore. Under the general title "The Church and Kindness to Animals" are published three essays of which the second—"Animals in the Lives and Legends of the Saints"—will appeal to the greater number of readers, though the others—"Condemnation of Bull Fights" and "A Cloud of Witnesses"—have much to recommend them to the attention of the thoughtful.

The legends are numerous and beautiful, but, having been abridged, are rather incomplete. Numerous references are given, however, to direct the reader to the sources from which the present volume was compiled, thus opening the way to a delightful course of study.

St. Collette and the lamb that went on its knees at the Elevation; the holy Florentius who was served by a bear that went forth with the sheep at the saint's bidding and brought them back at the hour appointed; St. Gerard Majella, summoning the birds at will; St. Gudwal restoring life to the lamb and receiving the submission of the wolf; St. Paul the Hermit, fed by a raven; and St. Anthony of Padua preaching to the fishes, are among the subjects of the legendary tales having place in the collection, with many more that are less familiar to the reader.

As might be expected sheep figure largely in these tales of the lives of the saints. So tender is the feeling cherished for these gentle "irrational creatures" that in every age artists and poets have made them the theme of picture and song.

At Christmastide the shepherds who watched their flocks by night are companioned in their vigil by a Christian world:

"The message of good tidings
That woke the earth before
Comes down to faithful shepherds
As on that night of yore."

Perhaps the shortest story ever written, in prose or verse, of the first Christmas Eve, is "The Argonauts," by Father Tabb, in which he tells in six lines of the quest that ended at the Crib where lay "the spotless Lamb of God."

"To Bethlehem, to Bethlehem,
The Magi move and on with them,
Along the self-same road,—
Still following the Star of Peace,
To find at last the Golden Fleece—
The spotless Lamb of God."

At greater length another poet describes the scene and applies to our daily needs the lesson of the shepherds' perfect trust:

"What means this glory round our feet?"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"
"What means this star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels answering, overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years, and more,
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas! He seems so slow to come!
But it was said, in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All around about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.
So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

James Russell Lowell.

The figure of the lone lamb, as typifying desolation, in contrast to the glory of the opening heavens from which the angel-heralds descended, is employed in the following lines:

Outside the walls of Bethlehem Town,
All in the white starlight,
A little lamb walked up and down,
And cried unto the night.

No other lambkin of the fold
So flawless and so fair,
No other sound upon the wold
Fell on the midnight air.

And tenderly the shepherd said:
"For thee nor gold, nor price,
So pure thou art from foot to head,
Dear Lamb of Sacrifice!"

Inside the walls of Bethlehem Town
A newborn Infant smiled,
And seraphs bright with song looked down
Upon the Holy Child.

Shepherds their Shepherd saw, amazed,
And bowed them to the floor,
Kings on a mightier Monarch gazed,
And gave Him costly store.

But she, whose silent pondering
In paths prophetic trod,
Knew she had borne that Holy Thing
Which was the Lamb of God.

Zitella Cocke.

Sheep with their lambs ascending the hillside on an April evening inspired the thoughts so beautifully expressed in these stanzas:

All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad,
The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road;
All in the April evening
I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary and crying
With a weak, human cry.
I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains
Dewy pastures are sweet,
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet.

But for the Lamb of God
Up on the hilltop green
Only a Cross of shame
Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening
April airs were abroad,
I saw the sheep with their lambs
And thought on the Lamb of God.

Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

The parable of the Lost Sheep is the subject of a chapter in "Moments Before the Tabernacle" in which the reverend author speaks of the delight of recalling the words of Our Lord as written down by the Evangelists, and listening to them not as if they had been spoken 2,000 years ago, but as if coming now from the silence of the tabernacle. Realizing, though, the need of less devotional minds he adds:

"We get so used to Thy tender words and deeds that it may help some of us to feel more keenly this parable of Thy mercy if we hear it now in this unusual form in which it has been re-told by some one whose name is unknown to me."

Then follows the story in verse:

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

FARING HOMEWARD.

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep."
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own."

Another poem, "Back to the Fold," has the same inspiration, the same ring of chastened joy, but the imagery is less vivid:

Ninety and nine are asleep in the fold,
But one little lamb is abroad in the cold:
One little nursling, in pitiful plight,
Alone in the silence and gloom of the night.

Wandering about on the desolate plain,
Seeking its close-sheltered comrades in vain.
What will become of it, tossed by the storm,
The lamb that yestreen was so safe and so warm?

But see! A light glimmers—O joy, it comes near!
And a soft voice is calling—the shepherd is here.
He lifts it and cuddles it close to his breast:
The culprit forgiven, the wanderer at rest.

O thus, Blessed Saviour, whenever we stray,
From sin's darkling paths lead our footsteps away;
Thou dear, watchful Shepherd, whose love is untold,
O welcome us back to the peace of Thy fold!

Sarah Frances Ashburton.

A shelter beside a sagging fence, wherein the sheep gathered in the evening hour, would mean to the ordinary observer nothing beyond the purpose for which it was intended, but to a spiritual mind it was rich in thoughts that found voice in the following words:

THE FOLD.

Beside the sagging fence it stands,
A lone, gray thing the hollows hold;
Wind-bitten in the windy lands,
And yet a fold.

The sky is like a crocus flower;
The shepherd calls his wandering sheep,
And thither brings them in that hour
Ere folk do sleep.

So gentle with each little one,
So careful is he with the old:
They all shall rest at set of sun
Safe in the fold.

What better, than by country wall,
A roofèd space the hollows keep,
Where I may come at end of all,
Like any sheep?

Let me of men be clean forgot;
The Lord in heaven waxes not cold;
He is my Shepherd; I shall not
Fail of the fold.

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

Dialect makes a direct appeal to hearts that hold dear the homely speech to which they are accustomed, and thus the Bible story is effectively told in these stanzas from the pen of one more widely known as a writer of New England stories.

THE LOST SHEEP.

De massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"
Oh, den says de hirelin' shepa'd,
"Dey's some, dey's black and thin,
And some, dey's po' ol' wedda's,
But de res' dey's all brung in'—
But de res' dey's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' sof', "Come in, come in!"
Callin' sof', "Come in, come in!"

Den up tro' de gloomerin' meadows,
Tro' de col' night rain and win',
And up tro' de gloomerin' rain-paf,
Whar de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in.
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

Sally Pratt McLean.

THE SHEPERDESS.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, the colored poet, wrote considerable verse of a profoundly religious character, and "De Lil Black Sheep" is illustrative of the highest form of his dialect poems.

"DE LIL BLACK SHEEP."

Por lil brack sheep, don strayed away,
  Don los in de win and de rain;
And de Shepherd, he say, "O hirelin,
  Go, find my sheep again."
But the hirelin frown—"O Shepherd,
  Dat sheep am brack n' bad."
But de Shepherd, he smile, like de lil brack sheep
  Wuz the onliest lamb he had.

An' he say, "O hirelin, hasten,
  For de win' and de rain am col';
And dat lil brack sheep am lonesom,
  Out dar so far from de fol'."
De hirelin frown, "O Shepherd,
  Dat sheep am ol and gray."
But de Shepherd, he smile, like de lil brack sheep
  Wuz fair as de break ob day!

An' he say, "O hirelin, hasten,
  Lo, here am de ninety-an'-nine;
But dar, way off from de sheep fol',
  Is dat lil brack sheep of mine."
An' de hirelin frown, "O Shepherd,
  De res' ob de sheep am here."
But de Shepherd, he smile, like de lil brack sheep,
  He hol' it de mostest dear.

An' de Shepherd go out in de darkness,
  Where de night was col' and bleak;
An' dat lil brack sheep, he find it,
  An' lay it gains' his cheek.
And de hirelin frown, "O Shepherd,
  Don' bring dat sheep to me."
But de Shepherd, he smile, and he hol' it close,
  An'—dat lil brack sheep—wuz—me!

Sheep and lambs, no doubt owing to their tender association with the Christ-Child, enter largely into nursery literature and decorative schemes and have helped to lull to sleep many a restless, fretful spirit. The "Sleepy Song" is an excellent example:

As soon as the fire burns red and low,
  And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song,
  Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,
  Their colors are gray and white;
They follow their leader nose to tail,
  For they must be home by night.

And one slips over and one comes next,
  And one runs after behind,
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,
  The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill
  They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes next,
  Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go, and over they go,
  And over the top of the hill,
The good little sheep run thick and fast,
  And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,
  The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
  And she says that I fall asleep.

Christian Burke has written a pretty legend of a monastery where the devotions of the monks knew no interruption except the laughter of children at play in a near-by meadow. A Brother, complaining harshly of the interruption, leads the Abbot to give serious thought to the matter. He submits the complaint to the community, for their decision, but enjoins on them to use exceeding care lest in driving out "Christ's lambs" they should also drive Christ from their hearts.

Then the brothers all made answer—
  As each sought his silent cell,—
"In the green and fertile pastures
  Christ's lambs shall surely dwell.
They are welcome, Father Abbot,
  For we see thou speakest well."

So the song-birds sang and mated
  Beside the convent gray,
And the old monks watched the children,
  And smiled upon their play,
Then found a double blessing
  As they knelt to praise and pray.

And the convent grew and flourished
  As a house of holy rest,
And with many a heavenly vision
  Was the saintly abbot blest,
For the Lord who loved the children
  Tarried always as his guest.

J. A. S. Monks, whose sheep led him

ON THE 'WOLD.

THE PET LAMB.

over dreary wastes into the bright light of fame, has painted a fold that is as restful and soothing to the senses as a slumber song to the ears of a child. The warm interior of the old barn, the gathering shadows, the sunset rays on the

MOUNTING THE HILL.

By J. A. S. Monks.

IN THE FOLD.

threshold, and the animals huddling down to sleep make a charming picture of cosiness and repose.

This artist tended sheep for years, keeping them near him at his Vermont studio, while he studied every variety of pose and color that they possess, and acquired the wonderful softness of tone that makes the sheep he paints so true to Nature.

A PLEASANT PASTURE.

Murillo.

ST. JOHN.

"THE SQUARE DEAL."

THE "SQUARE MEAL" IS NOT ALWAYS A "SQUARE DEAL" FOR THE HUMAN STOMACH.

The President has popularized "the square deal." Under the impelling leadership of his vigorous personality men are becoming more and more inclined to recognize each other's right to a "square deal" in business, in government, in law.

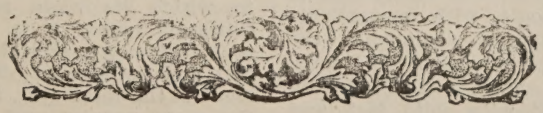
But few persons are willing to give their own bodies a "square deal." Their much abused stomachs cry out against unfair treatment. Many are surprised at their failure to get flesh and strength from what they eat. They are "good eaters." That is, they eat what they like even though the stomach loudly protests—and very little of it is digested.

It isn't what we eat that makes muscle and flesh, but what we digest. The chemist can put together all the elements that are needed for a perfect food for the human body—but it does not follow that the stomach can take up and assimilate these elements. They may not be in digestible form. The test of Shredded Whole Wheat is not alone in the chemist's analysis but in its easy digestibility in the human stomach. It not only contains all the nutritive elements in the whole wheat, but they are made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. Every shred is converted into healthy tissue, bone, brain and muscle.

Mr. W. A. Hillis, Superintendent of The American Sunday School Union, takes the testimony of his own stomach and his own body when he writes from Cleveland: "I so thoroughly believe in Shredded Wheat and its preparation, having gone through the entire plant, that I like to recommend it always to the people who want the cleanest and best of foods. I so thoroughly believe in it and its life-giving qualities that in our own home for the morning meal our boys and myself eat nothing else."

Replying to our request for permission to use his letter, Dr. Hillis wrote: "I am willing that you should use anything that I wrote in my former letter that will be helpful in interesting the people of our own home land in taking up the Natural Food Company's products. I so thoroughly believe in them that I consider I am doing good missionary work when I recommend them to a man and his home."

Many persons suffering from dyspepsia or impaired digestion have found that Shredded agrees with them perfectly and that it is thoroughly and easily digested. The Company has hundreds of letters similar to the one from Dr. Hillis. It is a natural food and its daily use gives the stomach "a square deal." A postal card to The Natural Food Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y., will bring their new illustrated booklet, "The Vital Question."



BOOK REVIEWS.

Catholicity and Progress in Ireland. By Rev. M. O'Riordan, D. Ph., D.D., D.C.L. Second Edition. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

We are all familiar with the oft-repeated charge made by the enemies of the Church that Ireland's hapless economic conditions are due solely to the religion professed by the majority of the inhabitants. Without the shadow of proof, without the slightest shred of evidence, these charges are fulminated against the Church from pulpit and from lecture-hall, through pamphlet and through magazine, by the lettered and the unlettered. Now, there is a sad result of all this perpetual talk against the Church in Ireland, namely, that many people hearing this incessant outcry actually come to accept the assertions as true without inquiring into the grounds upon which those statements rest. As Cardinal Newman so tersely puts it: this ceaseless attack "does not become truer, because it is incessant; but it continually deepens the impression in the minds of those who hear it. I say, there is no increase of logical cogency; a lie is a lie just as much the tenth time it is told as the first; or rather more, it is ten lies instead of one; but it gains in rhetorical influence. Let it be repeated again and again; it matters not; the utterer has only to go on steadily proclaiming it, and first one, then another, will begin to believe it, and at length it will assume the shape of a very respectable fact or opinion, which is held by a considerable number of well-informed persons." And, unfortunately, so often has this treatment been meted out to Ireland, that we frequently hear persons, who would not for a moment be guilty of *conscious* slander, pass the most baseless verdicts about everything connected with Ireland. The cause for defence is therefore both just and urgent; and we are delighted beyond expression that the defender is so worthy a champion as the scholarly Dr. O'Riordan, who, in a splendid volume of over five hundred pages takes up one by one the several charges and refutes them so conclusively that there is not a support left on which to base a single statement. With a well-marshalled array of facts, with unanswerable logic, with unassailable principles, Dr. O'Riordan demolishes the enemy's fortresses and unmasks their sophistries. The book is one to be read, and reread, so replete is it with solid fact, and with stoutly-built argument. We bespeak for it the earnest support of all lovers of truth and of all loyal sons of Erin.

Lex Credendi. By George Tyrrell. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

This book will undoubtedly have a wide circulation, due, in part, to the publicity given to the withdrawal of the distinguished author from the Religious Order of which he had been for so many years an active member, and due also in part, to the high esteem in which he is held by his ardent followers. There are, we doubt not, certain injudicious admirers who wish to hail Father Tyrrell as the founder of a novel, mystic *cult*, and who, in consequence, will strive to find hidden meanings in his words and to attach esoteric interpretations to his statements. This, we believe, is very far from Father Tyrrell's own aims which have been made sufficiently clear by what he has himself given out for publication. He himself bids us look in his writings, only for plain instruction as to the mastery of Christian perfection and of those virtues which mark the higher spiritual life within the Church. Is there anything cabalistic in the following which is a summary of the leading thoughts of the first part:

"True devotion to Christ means believing in Him, heart and soul, as the true life, the divine type of manhood; it means sameness of spirit, identity of interest, unity of aim, conformity of action; it means the only kind of sympathy and discipleship which He supremely desires and values: "Weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves and your children" . . . . that is, Weep not *for* Me; but *with* Me; weep for that divine cause for which I live and die; for Me, only as the embodiment of that cause.

"Looking then to the archetype of perfect manhood as portrayed in the Gospels we find a spirit free from every blemish of "Sentimentality," "Mysticality," or "Practicality," yet in its simplicity, embracing and overpassing the excellencies which these exaggerate and violently tear asunder."

And again: "If we look more closely at the Gospel portrait, we soon realize the utter superficiality of the sentimentalist's impression. We find that the Love there presented to us is the fruit of deep vision; that it is fed from the very foundations of truth to which its roots reach down; that if Christ is tender it is because He is true; that if He is merciful it is because He is just and because so often the gentler judgment is the more just, the harsher judgment the more narrow and irrational. We find that He can also be severe and unyielding just because His love is long-sighted, a strength and not a weakness. Moreover, it

is a love that does not rest in and feed on itself; it is an energy, and enthusiasm that embodies itself in will and action; in labor and suffering on behalf of Righteousness and Truth, on behalf of the Kingdom of God in the soul of man."

Surely, there is nothing mysterious, nothing esoteric in these statements. May we venture to express the hope that Father Tyrrell in his future works will avoid certain involved and needlessly lengthy forms of expression which make the perusal of his books less easy than they might be, and which open the way to misunderstandings. Would it not also be an improvement to choose English titles for his publications? We are sorry that the book is not endorsed by official approval.

Irish-American History of the United States. By the Very Rev. John Canon O'Hanlon, M. R. I. A. With Introduction by the Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan. 2 Vols. New York. P. Murphy & Son. 1906.

It is a well established fact that the broad and deep influence of the Celtic race in the wonderful development of these United States has never received adequate treatment at the hands of those who have written the history of our land. It is, consequently, with feelings of sincere appreciation that we welcome these two splendid volumes of Irish-American History from the pen of the late lamented scholarly Canon O'Hanlon, whose monumental work on the "Lives of the Irish Saints" stands as an abiding proof of his conscientious research, of his extensive knowledge, and of his power of description. The author's aim is two-fold, first to delineate the share taken by Celtic settlers in shaping the destinies of the Republic of the West, and then to set before the people of Ireland a general and complete History of the United States. How admirably he has accomplished this double purpose is evidenced by these two portly volumes and by the long list of authorities cited on nearly every page.

Beginning with the early Irish Traditions regarding a Great Western Ireland, Canon O'Hanlon is led therefrom to admit the probability of an Irish Christian settlement on the Great Western Continent centuries before the arrival of Columbus. The question naturally arises: how is it that these early settlers have disappeared as a race? To this question the author replies: "It is probable that they had been destroyed by the Red Man; or, as some ethnologists have supposed, that inter-marriages with native women took place, which merged the white completely in the colored race."

One by one the various traditions respecting Pre-Columbian occupation are discussed and then Canon O'Hanlon with great clearness and with historical accuracy traces the various periods in our country's history. Throughout we find the spirit of the scholar and of the impartial historian; the connection between cause and effect is carefully traced, and unnecessary details are sedulously excluded. The work on the whole is a splendid monument to the genius, the erudition, the extensive knowledge, and the literary skill of an illustrious Irish priest. The book is issued in such a durable, attractive form that it will carry joy to the heart of every book-loving Celt.

The Religion of our Forefathers. By the Rev. Vincent Hornyhold, S.J. London. Burns & Oates. 1906.

There are many important questions discussed in this valuable booklet—for example, "The Church of the First Four Centuries," "The Early British Church One with the Church of Rome," "The Church of England till the Schism of 1534," "How the Church of England became Protestant," "The Uprooting of the old Religion in England," "The Sacraments of the Catholic Church," "Catholic Doctrines and Practices," "The Church in England, Past and Present," "Catholic Orders and Anglican Orders." Father Hornyhold possesses in an eminent degree the art of synopsizing, so that he compresses into the smallest possible space the largest possible amount of detail and of explanation. This, however, is not done in such fashion as to form a jejune chronicling of faith and of fact, but belief and incident are described, briefly, it is true, but yet in an earnest, pleasant way which carries conviction.

Ordo divini officii recitandi missæque celebrandæ juxta rubricas emendatas breviarii missalisque romani cum officiis votivis ex indulto tam pro clero sæculari statuum fœderatorum officiis generalibus hic concessis utente quam pro iis quibus kalendarium proprium clero romano concessum est. Pro anno domini MCMVII. Pustet & Co. New York & Cincinnati.

Ordo divini officii recitandi missæque celebrandæ juxta rubricas emendatas breviarii missalisque romani cum officiis votivis ex indulto pro clero sæculari statuum fœderatorum officiis generalibus hic concessis utente concessus. Pro anno domini MCMVII. Pustet & Co. New York & Cincinnati.

The firm of Pustet & Co. provides us with two editions of the Ordo, one for those who are allowed to use the Roman Ordo and the other for those who have not this privilege. Both have the approbation of eighteen mem-

bers of the Hierarchy, both have welcome directions for the exact following of the rubrics, both are well-printed, and both contain in a supplement the office of the Blessed Gaspar del Bufalo who died at Rome in the early part of the last century and who was beatified by Pius X. The *monita* in the beginning of the Ordo are full of useful suggestions.

A Primary History of the United States. By Thomas Bonaventure Lawler. Boston. Ginn & Co. 1906.

Mr. Lawler has succeeded admirably in giving us a *brief* survey of our national history from the earliest times to the present day. For its purpose there is no better book in our language. The many maps and the graphic illustrations add much to the general value of the volume for the youthful student. We hope that Mr. Lawler will keep his happy pen busy in writing for our schools, histories of a reliable, impartial nature.

Paying the Price, and Other Tales. By the Rev. D. Bearne, S.J. London. Catholic Truth Society. 1906.

Christian parents and educators, do you want the boys in whom you are interested to grow up brave, manly, God-fearing, white-souled, clean-tongued men? If you do, you will find a most effective aid thereto in the splendid books of Father Bearne. See that at least one of his books is included in your list of presents to each boy; and keep the entire set in a prominent place upon the shelves of the family-library. The present volume, like Father Bearne's preceding works, is on the line of high ideals, sterling principles, and sound boyhood. The incidents are absorbing, the descriptions vivid, and the dash of boyish fun and enthusiasm most delightful; while the language employed shows the author to be a master of the beauties and strength of the English language.

Robert Southwell, S.J., Priest and Poet. By I. A. Taylor. Herder. St. Louis. 1906.

Southwell is a most interesting personage in English history, combining in himself the lofty gifts of poesy with the still rarer qualities of well-tried sanctity. This little sketch is evidently written by an admirer of Father Southwell's, and it is good, as far as it goes, but why does the writer content himself with this outline—why not give us a complete biography of one of the most lovable and apostolic characters during the Elizabethan persecution?

The Moral Damage of War. By Walter Walsh, Gilfillan Memorial Church, Dundee. Boston. Ginn & Co. 1906.

It is wise to call attention to the havoc inflicted by war upon the moral life of individuals and of nations, for it is a general practice, when discussing the subject of war, to dwell solely upon its physical evils. These, assuredly, are beyond adequate description, yet much more worthy of notice are the profound moral miseries which spring therefrom, whereby a people's sense of justice is too frequently blunted and the individual is turned into a frenzied demon. There are, consequently, many admirable points in the book under review; but the chapter entitled: "The Moral Damage of War to the Missionary" ought to be entirely re-written, if the author would abide by the truth of fact. It is not true that "the headship of Christ was vulgarized by the Papal Empire; it is not true that the Church "meekly bows to Cæsar when he commands her . . . to sing *Te Deums* for victories publicly proclaimed as acts of revenge." Throughout this chapter, the writer displays inexplicable ignorance and strange prejudices.

The Sacristy Manual. Compiled by Rev. Paul Griffith. Baltimore. John Murphy Co. 1906.

This is a handy manual, containing those portions of the Roman Ritual which are most frequently used in Parish Church functions, namely, the prayers and ceremonies for Baptism, the Burial Office, Marriage, Churching, the blessing of Holy Water and for investing with the Scapular. In many instances the English translation is given in parallel columns with the Latin. It would be a much-appreciated act if the charitably inclined were to present copies of this manual to the poor churches in the country.

Saint Benedict Joseph Labre—Votary of Holy Poverty and Pilgrim. By C. L. White. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

An interesting sketch of one of the most remarkable saints of modern times—a saint who teaches us most forcefully the value of stern mortification towards the upbuild of a lofty Christian character.

Crosses and Crowns. By Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S.J. Translated from the German by Mary Richards Gray. Herder. St. Louis. 1906.

A glimpse into a thrilling period in the history of the little-known kingdom of Annam.

The Blessed John Vianney—Curé D'Ars. By Joseph Vianney. Translated by C. W. W. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

The Curé D'Ars is pre-eminently the patron of the priest engaged in the active work of the apostolic ministry. To all such this life of one of the most saintly among the many holy parish-priests will prove a daily

inspiration and an abiding comfort. The quiet, unobserved life spent in the administration of the sacrament of penance is surely most precious in the sight of God.

Blessed are the Merciful. By Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S.J. Translated from the German by Mary Richards Gray. Herder. St. Louis. 1906.

A dramatic story of the Negro uprising in Haiti. We are given a vivid picture of the inhabitants of the "garden of the West Indies" and of this wonderful land, styled in days gone by "the planter's paradise." The moral lesson is skillfully applied. Would that all readers might put it into practice!

The Bread of Life. Thirty-two Devotions for Holy Communion. Together with other prayers. Compiled from the works of the Fathers of the Church and other devout writers. By Rev. F. William. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

A book of helpful thoughts, especially for those who approach the Altar frequently. The reflections are well-chosen and practical, well fitted to develop true fervor and manly piety.

The Annual Retreat. By Rev. Gabriel Bouffier, S.J. Translated from the French by Madame Cecilia. Herder. St. Louis. 1906.

Religious who make their annual retreat privately, will find Father Bouffier's meditations and conferences replete with piety and with sound, vigorous spirituality—characteristics most marked in all works upon the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. Here, there are no unfounded rhetorical exaggerations, no outburst of emotionalism, but a plain, straightforward treatment of the subjects laid down for consideration in one of the most marvelous guide-books to the lofty heights of spiritual protection.

History of the Church from its First Establishment to our own Times. By Rev. J. A. Birkhaeuser. Eighth Edition. Pustet & Co. New York and Cincinnati. 1906.

The aim of the author of this highly-valued work on Church History, now in its eighth edition, is not to encumber the student's mind with a mass of details, but to sketch events in a few words, and to give, in as lucid and connected a manner as possible, a plain but carefully drawn outline of ecclesiastical history. In this aim Father Birkhaeuser has been eminently successful. Never dreary in style, never bewildering in detail, never omitting essential incidents, he sketches in clear, impressive outlines the important events which form the drama of Church History. Cause and effect are carefully combined, while the entire volume is penetrated by that spirit of impartiality and of judicial equipoise which give weight and enduringness to a work of this nature.

Why Should I Believe? By Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S.J. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

This little pamphlet is a brief statement of the reasons for the truth of supernatural religion. It is a model of philosophical acumen, of theological accuracy, and of apostolic persuasiveness.

Lectures: Controversial and Devotional. By Father Malachy, C.P. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

The controversial lectures in this book deal with the calumnies and fallacies by which the Church is everywhere assailed. We are glad to note the calmness, the fairness, and the apostolic courtesy with which the author treats his opponents and the skill with which he meets their arguments. The devotional lectures are permeated with the devout spirit of a true son of St. Paul of the Cross.

The Dublin Review. Edited by Wilfrid Ward. October, 1896. St. Louis. Herder.

The October number of the ever-welcome Dublin Review is up to the high standard promised by Wilfrid Ward when he assumed the editorship of this most valuable magazine. In the present issue we are treated, among other excellent features, to an extremely timely article upon "The Catholic Missions in the Congo Free State," by John de Courcy MacDonnell, and to a stimulating discussion by that noted economist, C. S. Devas, entitled, "Is Socialism Right After All?" This latter paper is remarkable in many ways and it deserves a careful reading on the part of all who are interested in economic problems. The tone of this article is calm and persuasive; and hence the article itself will appeal to many. We must own that we should like to have seen Prof. Devas advert emphatically to those propositions in the socialistic programmes which touch upon marriage and the family. We recommend all who are allured by the glamor of the socialistic commonwealth to read in connection with this article the powerful arraignment of the whole scheme by Mr. Goldstein in his book: "Socialism, a Nation of Fatherless Children."

Justice for the Russian Jew. New York. J. S. Ogilvie Pub. Co. 1906.

This is an appeal to the justice of the world for such interference in the present persecutions raging in parts of Russia as to bring this deplorable sanguinary outbreak to an end. The pamphlet is a complete steno-

graphic report of the speeches delivered at the great mass meeting in Washington, D. C., in the month of January of the current year.

After the Ninth Hour. By R. Monleur. Herder. St. Louis. 1906.

A touching story of incidents at the dawn of the Christian era. The plot is cleverly drawn and the descriptions throw considerable light upon the manners and customs of the early Christians.

Pearl. By Olive Katharine Parr. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

A pleasant story, redolent of the sweet virtues which adorn and exalt womanhood.

Our Little Swedish Cousin. By Claire M. Coburn. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. 1906.

A charming book for the little people. How they will enjoy the stories of the Vikings, the descriptions of the Yuletide festivities, and the incidents of the out-of-door sports which help to make our Swedish cousin so rugged and vigorous!

Out of Bondage. By Martin Holt. New York. Benziger Bros. 1906.

A pleasant story, abounding in incident, dramatic situation and entertaining conversation.

Miracles. Westminster Lectures. By Gideon W. R. Marsh. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

The value of this series of lectures upon timely topics in the theological world grows apace. No defender of orthodox Christianity should be without them. The present lecture is a lucid and comprehensive statement of this fundamental credential of the Christian religion.

Science and Faith. Westminster Lectures. By the Rev. Francis Aveling, D.D. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

A learned contribution to the defence of faith. Dr. Aveling's treatment of the subject is scholarly and broad, though at times rather too brief for the uninitiated.

The Higher Criticism. Westminster Lectures. By Rev. William Barry, D.D. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

A splendid summary of the disputed points that have been grouped under the vague title of "The Higher Criticism."

The Divinity of Christ. By Rev. Joseph Ricaby, S.J. St. Louis. Herder. 1906.

A most important broschure for "the whole edifice of Christianity is built upon the Divinity of Christ. If Christianity is Divine, Christ is God. As Christianity is the Kingdom of God, so Christ is its King and He is God. Anything short of the Kingdom of the God-Man on earth is not Christianity." Father Rickaby is always profound, and his style is always pleasing.

The Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco is anxious to publish an immense edition of its five-cent prayer book to be distributed free of charge amongst the thousands of refugees living in camps. The Society lost its entire plant and property in the great fire. Its offices in the Flood Building were burned within an hour after the fires started and all its plates, books and accounts were destroyed.

The Society will be grateful for donations towards the Prayer-Book Fund. Priests and people who had accounts with the Society will please remit to 1100 Franklin St., San Francisco, where all donations should be sent.

QUESTION BOX.

Recently I heard a gentleman advance the statement that the feast of Christmas was unknown before the tenth century. Is it true?

The statement is not correct. We have the testimony of St. John Chrysostom, who flourished in the fourth century, that the Western Churches had from the very commencement of Christianity, celebrated the solemnity of our Saviour's nativity on the twenty-fifth of December. As Gueranger says, "he is not satisfied with merely mentioning the tradition; he undertakes to show that it is well-founded, inasmuch as the Roman Church had every means of knowing the true day of our Saviour's birth, since the acts of the enrollment, taken in Judea by command of Augustus, were kept in the public archives of Rome. But it was not till the fourth century that the Churches of the East began to keep the feast of our Saviour's birth in the month of December. Up to that period, they had kept it, at one time, on the sixth of January, thus uniting it under the generic term of *Epiphany* with the Manifestation of our Lord made to the Magi, and in them, to the Gentiles; at another time, as Clement of Alexandria tells us, they kept it on the 25th of the month Pachon, (May 15), or on the 25th of the month Pharmuth, (April 20). St. John Chrysostom, in the Homily cited, which he gave in 386, tells us that the Roman custom of celebrating the birth of our Saviour on the 25th of December had then only been observed ten years in the Church of Antioch. It is probable that this change had been introduced in obedience to the wishes of the Apostolic See, wishes which received additional weight by the edict of the emperors Theodosius and Valentinian, which appeared towards the close of the fourth century, and decreed that the Nativity and Epiphany of our Lord should be made two distinct festivals." It is thus evident that the feast of Christmas can lay claim to having been established long before the tenth century.

I have a friend who is married to an unbaptized person. This marriage was contracted before a priest, after a dispensation had been obtained. Lately she was told that her marriage was really no marriage at all in the eyes of the Church.

If the individual in question secured the necessary dispensation, as it is claimed she did, then the Church recognizes that matrimonial contract as valid. For the same power which establishes annulling impediments can, of course, give a dispensation from them. But in the matter of matrimonial alliances with the non-baptized there is one point which is not given that consideration which it ought to have. Marriage, according to Catholic teaching, is a Sacrament. Now the unbaptized cannot receive a Sacrament, because they lack a fundamental condition for the reception of these channels of grace; hence they can in no wise be partakers of those spiritual helps which are given by a beneficent Lord to the faithful members of the Church. Now what are we to say of the Catholic party in this case? Palmieri, an eminent authority on matters theological, declares that in his view marriages contracted with the unbaptized, after the requisite dispensation has been secured, are true sacraments on the part of the baptized party, for the marriage contract, which is the cause of grace, and which has been elevated by Our Lord to the dignity of a Sacrament, produces grace in the person capable of receiving this heavenly help. Now it is not repugnant that one party to the contract should receive grace, while the other does not, as we see in the case of the other sacraments, which fail to produce their effects where the essential conditions for their operation are absent. Moreover, if the baptized party in the case could not receive the graces annexed to this Sacrament, it is not clear why the Church would ever permit such alliances. Manifestly such unions are surrounded by so many difficulties that they may well make the earnest Catholic, who believes sincerely in the widely extended blessings of a sacramental system, hesitate a long time before entering into them. We must never lose sight of the truth that Baptism in some form is absolutely necessary for salvation, and that without it, we cannot lay claim to the title of Christian. In these days of general religious indifference, this important truth is frequently forgotten, and there is, consequently, a loss in the valuation which ought to be placed upon membership in Christ's Church and upon the enjoyment of those spiritual aids and privileges which enable the recipient to mount to the higher paths of *supernatural* virtue.

Will you please tell me something about vows. I do not understand the full meaning of binding oneself by a vow.

You will find this explained at length in Father Zulueta's "Letters on Christian Doctrine." A vow is an act of Divine worship, but an entirely *optional* one. It consists in promising God *with full deliberation* to do

a better thing; that is to say, something *more* virtuous than its opposite. Thus the Church teaches that the state of celibacy is in itself more perfect than the state of marriage. Not, indeed, that she belittles this latter condition, for she teaches that it is so sublime that it has been raised to the dignity of a Sacrament. Hence the state of celibacy may be the subject-matter of a vow, since, ordinarily speaking, it is more perfect than its opposite, the married state. The subject-matter of vows is very extensive, for one may vow what is already commanded under pain of sin. For instance, *a vow of chastity* includes the keeping of the Sixth and Nine Commandments, which are already universally binding.

The taking of a vow lends *additional* virtue to the performance of the thing vowed. For it binds the soul to God by *a fresh tie*, that of *religion;* and so a person acting under a vow exercises a fresh virtue of the highest excellence.

The person who takes a vow of *greater perfection, i.e.*, a vow to do what is otherwise not obligatory, imposes upon himself a new law, which God has abstained from imposing. In other words, he binds himself to act according to *God's good pleasure* in some matter, not being content merely to obey His positive commands. But once he has vowed, he commits sin by omitting the thing promised.

It is sometimes urged against the spiritual value of vows that it is surely more virtuous to do a thing freely than to do it under the moral pressure exerted by a vow. This is a sophism. For (1) the vow *itself* is a free act (or it would be *null and void*); (2) it adds to the act performed under it the additional merit of an act of worship; (3) it shows a greater *intensity* of virtue, because the person vowing makes over to the Almighty God the *moral* freedom he originally possessed to omit what he promises.

The comparison by which spiritual writers illustrate this point may help to make it clearer. The difference between acts of virtue performed without a vow and with it is like that which exists between occasionally making a present of the *fruit* of some tree, at will, and handing over once for all the *possession of the tree itself.*

The vow, consequently, must be made *deliberately* and with *absolute freedom.* There must be a clear understanding that the guilt of a *special* sin will be incurred by violating it; otherwise, no more than a *resolution* or a *promise* has been made. The form, "I promise," does not of itself constitute a vow properly so called.

So, too, a vow made under the influence of some sudden fright, under considerable pressure of others, or terrifying threats of spiritual loss, would lack the necessary freedom and deliberation. . . . In this connection, one would say: "Never take vows without *first* consulting some experienced spiritual guide."

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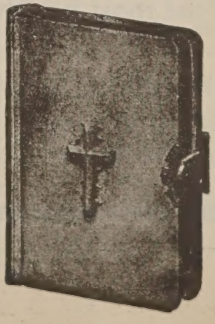

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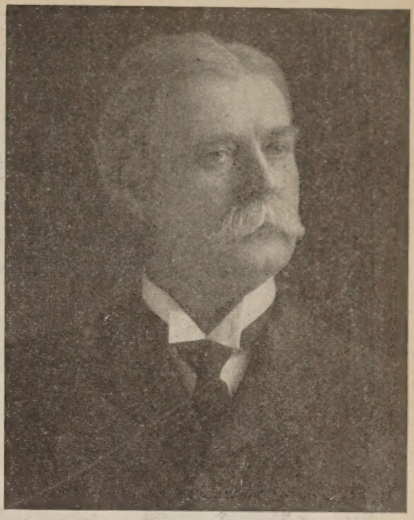

JOHN J. McGRANE

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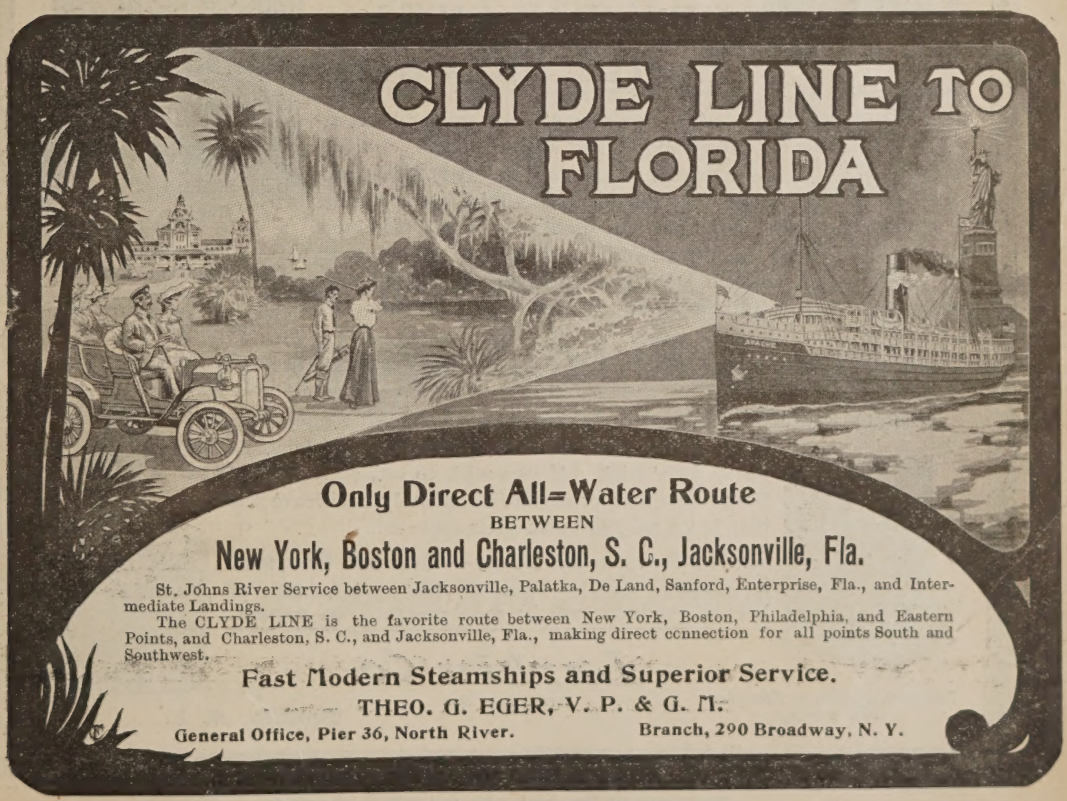
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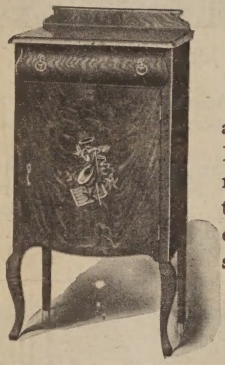

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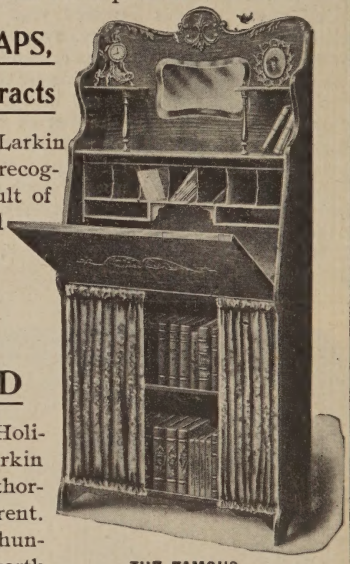

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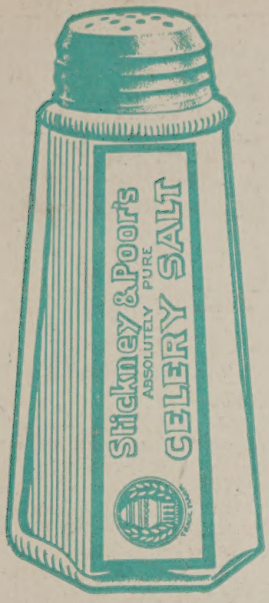

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